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the 1980s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has increased from 250 million to 600 million.

There is a growing awareness of the need to improve the nutritional status of the world's population. The United Nations World Food Conference in 1979 and the World Summit for Children in 1990 have both emphasized the need to improve the nutritional status of the world's population. The United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) has been instrumental in the development of the World Summit for Children, and has been instrumental in the development of the World Food Conference. The World Food Conference has been instrumental in the development of the World Summit for Children, and has been instrumental in the development of the World Food Conference.

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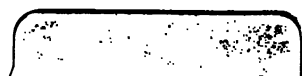
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1856.

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BEAUTIFUL POETRY.

A Record of the Choicest Poetry of the Present
and the Past,

BY

THE EDITORS

OF

The Critic, London Literary Journal.

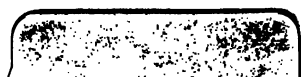
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NOTICE.—This work is designed to form a collection of the choicest Poetry in the English Language. Nothing but what is *really good* will be admitted. No *original* poetry will find a place.

London:

JOHN CROCKFORD, 29, ESSEX STREET,
STRAND.



BEAUTIFUL POETRY.

A SELECTION

OF THE CHOICEST OF

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FOURTH SERIES.

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THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED.

Translated from the Spanish of LUIS PONCE DE LEON.

REGION of life and light !
Land of the good whose earthly toils are o'er !
Nor frost nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore !

There, without crook or sling,
Walks the good shepherd ; blossoms white and red
Round his meek temples cling ;
And to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath his eye is fed.

He guides, and near him they
Follow delighted, for he makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow,
Deathless, and gather'd but again to grow.

He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long-sought Good,
And fountains of delight ;
And where his feet have stood
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

And when, in the mid skies,
 The climbing sun has reach'd his highest bound,
 Reposing as he lies,
 With all his flock around,
 He witches the still air with numerous sound.

From his sweet lute flow forth
 Immortal harmonies, of power to still
 All passions born of earth,
 And draw the ardent will
 Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,
 A wandering breath of that high melody,
 Descend into my heart,
 And change it till it be
 Transform'd and swallow'd up, O love! in thee.

Ah! then my soul should know,
 Beloved! where thou liest at noon of day,
 And from this place of woe
 Released, should take its way
 To mingle with thy flock and never stray.

DREAM OF A WANDERER.

By FRANCIS DAVIS, a living poet of Ireland, having great promise in him.

I LOOK'D upon the ocean,
 And I look'd upon the strand;
 I look'd upon the heaven
 That o'erhung the stranger's land;
 But the brilliant blue was wanting,
 And the robe of many dyes,
 That each sea-sprung vale displayeth
 Where my native mountains rise.
 And the waves, like warlike spirits,
 In their darkly-glistening shrouds,
 Rose and flung their silvery helmets
 In the pathway of the clouds:
 * But the breeze of bracing freshness,
 That my fevered frame did seek,
 In an icy odour only
 Wanton'd o'er my wasted cheek.

And I found me,
As around me,
Rang the elemental roar,
Heart stricken,
And forsaken,
On a sterile, stranger shore.

But a soothing angel hover'd
By that darkly-writhing main,
And on dreamy pinions bore me
To my native isle again.
Oh, the sweetness and the brightness
Of her meadows and her rills,
And the rainbow tinge of beauty
That was sleeping on her hills,
As the rosy lip of morning,
In the ripeness of its sheen,
Burst, and roll'd a golden current
O'er the glistening glancing green;
Where the little shamrock shaded
Stem and leaf from human sight,
Underneath the hoary crystal
Of a chasten'd autumn night:
While the breezes
Woo'd the daisies,
With a heaven in their tone;
And the fountains
On the mountains
All in ruddied silver shone.

How I leap'd upon those mountains!
How I gazed upon that sky!
Till my very spirit revell'd
Through a galaxy of joy:
But the beauteous vision's fading
To a scene of darker hue;
And an ocean strand of strangers
Bursts again upon my view;
And the mountain billows marshall'd
In their merry might advance:
How I trembled as they gamboll'd
In their fearful foamy dance!

What tears of burning bitterness!
 What frenzied words I spoke!
 My home—my home, ah heaven!
 And thus weeping I awoke.
 But I found me,
 As around me
 Waved the tawny autumn's pride,
 'Mid the pleasures,
 Yea, the treasures,
 Of my native Lagan side!

THE THREE FISHERMEN.

By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, author of *Yeast*, &c.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the West,
 Out into the West as the sun went down,
 Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the tow
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
 And gazed at the lamps as the sun went down,
 And they look'd at the sea as it swell'd, and they look'd at the sho
 And the rock is never rolling up ragged and brown:
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 Though sorrow be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three vapours lay out on the shining sands,
 As the morning gleam'd, as the sun went down,
 And the women are waiting and wringing their hands
 For those that will never come back to the town:
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sorrow it's never the women to sleep,
 And the harbour-bar be moaning.

AMERICA.

Two Sonnets by ALEXANDER SMITH.

MEN say, Columbia, we shall hear thy guns.
But in what tongue shall be thy battle-cry?
Not that our sires did love in years gone by,
When all the Pilgrim fathers were little sons
In merrie homes of England! Back and see
Thy satchel'd ancestor! Behold, he runs
To mine, and, clasp'd, they tread the equal lea
To the same village-school, where side by side
They spell "Our Father." Hard by, the twin-pride
Of that gray hall whose ancient oriel gleams
Through yon baronial pines, with looks of light
Our sister-mothers sit beneath one tree.
Meanwhile our Shakspeare wanders past and dreams
His Helena and Hermia. Shall we fight?

Nor force nor fraud shall sunder us! Oh ye
Who north or south, on east or western land,
Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,
Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God
For God; ye, who in eternal youth
Speak with a living and creative blood
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book; live worthy of that grand
Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,
Far yet unsever'd—children brave and free
Of the great Mother-tongue; and ye shall be
Lords of an empire wide as Shakspeare's soul,
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's
dream.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

From THACKERAY'S *Miscellaneous Works*, lately published.
Humour is finely mingled with touches of pathos.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheek'd écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace;
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older,
 "How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?"
 The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—
 "Monsieur is dead this many a year."
 "It is the lot of saint and sinner,
 So honest Terré's run his race."
 "What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
 "Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"
 "Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
 "Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"
 "Tell me a good one."—"That I can, Sir;
 The Chambertin with yellow seal."
 "So Terré's gone," I say, and sink in
 My old accustom'd corner-place;
 "He's done with feasting and with drinking,
 With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustom'd corner here is,
 The table still is in the nook;
 Ah! vanish'd many a tedious year is,
 This well-known chair since last I took.
 When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,
 I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
 But now a grizzled, grim old foggy,
 I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty,
 Of early days here met to dine?
 Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
 I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
 The kind old voices and old faces
 My memory can quick retrace;
 Around the board they take their places,
 And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
 There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
 There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
 There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;
 On James's head the grass is growing:
 Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
 Since here we set the Claret flowing,
 And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
 I mind me of a time that's gone,
 When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
 In this same place—but not alone.
 A fair young form was nestled near me,
 A dear, dear face look'd fondly up,
 And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
 —There's no one now to share my cup.

* * * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it,
 Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes,
 Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
 In memory of dear old times.
 Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
 And sit you down and say your grace
 With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
 —Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

THE OLD MAN'S COUNSEL.

By W. C. BRYANT.

AMONG our hills and valleys, I have known
 Wise and grave men, who, while their diligent hands
 Tended or gather'd in the fruits of earth,
 Were reverend learners in the solemn school
 Of nature. Not in vain to them were sent
 Seedtime and harvest, or the vernal shower
 That darken'd the brown tilth, or snow that beat
 On the white winter hills. Each brought in turn
 Some truth, some lesson on the life of man,
 Or recognition of the Eternal mind
 Who veils his glory with the elements.

One such I knew long since, a white-hair'd man,
 Pithy of speech, and merry when he would;
 A genial optimist, who daily drew
 From what he saw his quaint moralities.

Kindly he held communion, though so old,
With me a dreaming boy, and taught me much
That books tell not, and I shall ne'er forget.

The sun of May was bright in middle heaven,
And steep'd the sprouting forests, the green hills,
And emerald wheatfields, in his yellow light.
Upon the apple-tree, where rosy buds
Stood cluster'd, ready to burst forth in bloom,
The robin warbled forth his full clear note
For hours, and wearied not. Within the woods,
Whose young and half transparent leaves scarce cast
A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks; the shadbrush, white with flowers,
Brighten'd the glens; the new-leaved butternut
And quivering poplar to the roving breeze
Gave a balsamic fragrance. In the fields
I saw the pulses of the gentle wind
On the young grass. My heart was touch'd with joy
At so much beauty, flushing every hour
Into a fuller beauty; but my friend,
The thoughtful ancient, standing at my side,
Gazed on it mildly sad. I ask'd him why.

"Well mayst thou join in gladness," he replied,
"With the glad earth, her springing plants and flowers,
And this soft wind, the herald of the green
Luxuriant summers. Thou art young like them,
And well mayst thou rejoice. But while the flight
Of seasons fills and knits thy spreading frame,
It withers mine, and thins mine hair, and dims
These eyes, whose fading light shall soon be quench'd
In utter darkness. Hearest thou that bird?"

I listen'd, and from midst the depth of woods
Heard the love-signal of the grouse, that wears
A sable ruff around his mottled neck;
Partridge they call him by our northern streams,
And pheasant by the Delaware. He beat
'Gainst his barr'd sides his speckled wings, and made
A sound like distant thunder; slow the strokes
At first, then fast and faster, till at length
They passed into a murmur and were still.

"There hast thou," said my friend, "a fitting type
Of human life. 'Tis an old truth, I know,
But images like these revive the power
Of long familiar truths. Slow pass our days
In childhood, and the hours of light are long
Betwixt the morn and eve; with swifter lapse
They glide in manhood, and in age they fly;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind
As flit the snow-flakes in a winter storm,
Seen rather than distinguished. Ah! I seem
As if I sat within a helpless bark
By swiftly running waters hurried on
To shoot some mighty cliff. Along the banks
Grove after grove, rock after frowning rock,
Bare sands, and pleasant homes, and flowery nooks,
And isles and whirlpools in the stream appear
Each after each; but the devoted skiff
Darts by so swiftly that their images
Dwell not upon upon the mind, or only dwell
In dim confusion: faster yet I sweep
By other banks, and the great gulf is near.

"Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield—
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts
And kind affections, reverence for thy God
And for thy brethren; so when thou shalt come
Into these barren years, thou mayst not bring
A mind unfurnish'd and a wither'd heart."

Long since that white-hair'd ancient slept—but still,
When the red flower-buds crowd the orchard bough,
And the ruff'd grouse is drumming far within
The woods, his venerable form again
Is at my side, his voice is in my ear.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Taken from a Philadelphia magazine, where it appeared as the composition of the Rev. E. H. SEARS.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :—
“Peace on the earth—goodwill to men
From Heaven’s all-gracious King,”—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurl’d,
And still their heavenly music floats
O’er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing !

Yet with the woes of sin and strife,
The world had suffer’d long,
Beneath the angel-strain have roll’d
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring,—
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life’s crushing road
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing—
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

For lo, the days are hastening on
 By prophet bards foretold,
 When with the ever circling years
 Comes round the age of gold ;
 When peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendours fling,
 And the whole world send back the song
 Which now the angels sing !

EVELYN HOPE.

Another extract from the new volumes of Poems by ROBERT BROWNING, entitled *Men and Women*. (Chapman and Hall.)

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead—
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;
 She pluck'd that piece of geranium-flower,
 Beginning to die too, in the glass.
 Little has yet been changed, I think—
 The shutters are shut, no light may pass
 Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
 It was not her time to love : beside,
 Her life had many a hope and aim,
 Duties enough and little cares,
 And now was quiet, now astir—
 Till God's hand beckon'd unawares,
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope ?
 What, your soul was pure and true,
 The good stars met in your horoscope,
 Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
 And just because I was thrice as old,
 And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
 Each was nought to each, must I be told ?
 We were fellow mortals, nought beside ?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love,—
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delay'd it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red,
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gain'd me the the gains of various men,
Ransack'd the ages, spoil'd the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I miss'd or itself miss'd me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? Let us see.

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seem'd full as it could hold;
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
So, hush, I will give you this leaf to keep;
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

THE RIVER.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

THE river rushes—the river falls—
 The sparkling, bounding, breathless river—
 To moors, and rocks, and heights it calls,
 And runs its glittering course for ever.

It sings its merriest morning song,
 Its psalm at noon, its hymn at even ;
 "Thanks! thanks!"—for even to it belong
 Some blessings of a bounteous Heaven.

Perhaps it owns some (unknown) boon—
 Such joy as tends the herb and flower,
 Opening the lily's heart in June,
 Yielding the rose its crimson dower ;

Such life as in the mountain pine
 Confronts the storm, outlasts the thunder;—
 Such life—such strength, perhaps, are thine,
 O river ! who dost wake no wonder,

Because, like all things good and great,
 Thou minglest with each joy and sorrow,
 And each day comest without state,
 Bidding the thankless world " Good morrow !"

A LYRIC.

From a volume recently published in America, entitled *Natio
 Miscellanies*, by Mr. DUGANNE, containing much that is beautiful
 amid more that is extravagant and incoherent.

I sit beside my gentle one :
 Her hand is laid in mine ;
 And thus we watch the parting sun
 In golden haze decline.
 Across the fields the shadows creep,
 And up the misty hill ;
 And we our twilight vigils keep,
 At our own cottage-sill.

The distant brooklet's murmurs come,
Like bell-notes through the leaves ;
And many an insect's mazy hum
Its dreamy music weaves.
The dove's last note, in rippling beats,
Upon the air departs ;
The breath of all our garden sweets
Is creeping to our hearts.

The russet woodbine round our porch
In clustering ringlets twines ;
The honeysuckle's crimson torch
Gleams through the dusty vines ;
The sunset rays are trembling now
Amid the trellis-bars—
They paint upon my darling's brow
A glory like the stars.

Her cheek is nestling on my breast,
Her eyes are bright with tears ;
A prayer, half-breathed and half-represt,
My listening spirit hears.
Oh ! blessed be the changeless love
That glorifies my life !
All doubt, all fear, all guile above—
My own true-hearted wife !

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

By LONGFELLOW.

FILL'D is life's goblet to the brim ;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers, no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen ;
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of *mistletoe*.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is fill'd with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel it is wreath'd and crown'd,
Whose seed and foliage sun-embrown'd,
Are in its waters steep'd and drown'd,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers—
The fennel, with its yellow flowers;
And in an earlier age than ours,
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's Goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colour'd waters less:
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give.

And he who has not learn'd to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow—
He has not learn'd to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He ask'd but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
 Be, too, for light—for strength to bear
 Our portion of the weight of care,
 That crushes into dumb despair
 One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
 O ye afflicted ones, who lie
 Steep'd to the lips in misery,
 Longing, and yet afraid to die,
 Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
 Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf;
 The Battle of our Life is brief,
 The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
 Then sleep we side by side!

THE DYING CHILD.

The following touching poem is extracted from a volume entitled *The Village Paupers*, by a Suffolk poet—Mr. FULCHER, of Sudbury—which was characterised by the *Times* as “containing passages worthy of Crabbe's happiest efforts.” It will be familiar to most of our readers, having appeared in Bernard Barton's *Remains*, and in many of our serials. We regret to record Mr. FULCHER's recent and sudden decease.

COME closer, closer, dear mamma,
 My heart is fill'd with fears,
 My eyes are dark,—I hear your sobs,
 But cannot see your tears.

I feel your warm breath on my lips,
 That are so icy cold;
 Come closer, closer, dear mamma,
 Give me your hand to hold.

I quite forget my little hymn,
 “How doth the busy bee,”
 Which every day I used to say,
 When sitting on your knee.

Nor can I recollect my prayers ;
And, dear mamma, you know
That the great God will angry be
If I forget them too.

And dear papa, when he comes home,
Oh will he not be vexed ?
“ Give us this day our daily bread ;”—
What is it that comes next ?

“ Hush darling ! you are going to
The bright and blessed sky,
Where all God’s holy children go,
To live with him on high.”

But will he love me, dear mamma,
As tenderly as you ?
And will my own papa, one day,
Come and live with me too ?

But you must first lay me to sleep,
Where grand-papa is laid ;—
Is not the churchyard cold and dark,
And sha’n’t I feel afraid ?

And will you every evening come,
And say my pretty prayer
Over poor Lucy’s little grave,
And see that no one’s there ?

And promise me that when you die,
That they your grave shall make
Next unto mine, that I may be
Close to you when I wake ?

Nay do not leave me, dear mamma,
Your watch beside me keep ;
My heart feels cold—the room’s all dark,
Now lay me down to sleep :—

And should I sleep to wake no more,
Dear, dear mamma, good-bye :
Poor nurse is kind, but oh ! do you
Be with me when I die !

THE GIRL OF DUNBWY.

Another of the musical ballads of THOMAS DAVIS, the Irish poet, of whom a critic has truly said, that "the author unites within himself the combined qualities of Pindar, Sappho, and Alcæus, and engrafts the luxuriant fancy of the Persian poets on the wild vigour of the Scandinavian scald."

'Tis pretty to see the girl of Dunbwy
Stepping the mountain statelily—
Though ragged her gown, and naked her feet,
No lady in Ireland to match her is meet.

Poor is her diet, and hardly she lies—
Yet a monarch might kneel for a glance of her eyes;
The child of a peasant—yet England's proud Queen
Has less rank in her heart, and less grace in her mien.

Her brow 'neath her raven hair gleams, just as if
A breaker spread white 'neath a shadowy cliff—
And love, and devotion, and energy speak
From her beauty-proud eye, and her passion-pale cheek.

But, pale as her cheek is, there's fruit on her lip,
And her teeth flash as white as the crescent moon's tip,
And her form and her step, like the red-deer's, go past—
As lightsome, as lovely, as haughty, as fast.

I saw her but once, and I look'd in her eye,
And she knew that I worshipp'd in passing her by;
The saint of the wayside—she granted my prayer,
Though we spoke not a word, for her mother was there.

I never can think upon Bantry's bright hills,
But her image starts up, and my longing eye fills;
And I whisper her softly, "Again, love, we'll meet,
And I'll lie in your bosom, and live at your feet."

TO A SEAGULL.

By GERALD GRIFFIN, better known as the author of *The Collegian* and other popular novels.

WHITE bird of the tempest! oh beautiful thing,
With the bosom of snow, and the motionless wing,
Now sweeping the billow, now floating on high,
Now bathing thy plumes in the light of the sky;
Now poising o'er ocean thy delicate form,
Now breasting the surge with thy bosom so warm;
Now darting aloft, with a heavenly scorn,
Now shooting along, like a ray of the morn,
Now lost in the folds of the cloud-curtained dome,
Now floating abroad like a flake of the foam,
Now silently poised o'er the war of the main,
Like the spirit of charity brooding o'er pain;
Now gliding with pinion, all silently furled,
Like an angel descending to comfort the world!
Thou seem'st to my spirit, as upward I gaze,
And see thee, now clothed in mellowest rays;
Now lost in the storm-driven vapours that fly,
Like hosts that are routed across the broad sky!
Like a pure spirit true to its virtue and faith,
'Mid the tempests of nature, of passion, and death!

Rise! beautiful emblem of purity, rise!
On the sweet winds of Heaven, to thine own brilliant skie
Still higher! still higher! till lost to our sight,
Thou hidest thy wings in a mantle of light;
And I think how a pure spirit, gazing on thee,
Must long for the moment—the joyous and free,
When the soul, disembodied, from nature shall spring,
Unfettered, at once to her Maker and King;
When, the bright day of service and suffering past,
Shapes, fairer than thine, shall shine round her at last,
While, the standard of battle triumphantly furl'd,
She smiles, like a victor, serene on the world!

GOUGANE BARRA.

By a poet, little known, J. J. CALLANAN, an Irishman, who died, like his countryman Davis, prematurely, and whose poems had a posthumous publication. Many of them are extremely beautiful. The following has been termed "as delicious a morsel of minstrelsy as ever feasted the mind of an English or Irish reader."

THERE is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow;
In deep-vallied Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.
And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all bright'ning,
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning;
And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming.
Oh! where is the dwelling in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island!

How oft when the summer-sun rested on Clara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought of thy bards, when assembling together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather;
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water.
High sons of the lyre, oh! how proud was the feeling,
To think, while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains
The songs even echo forgot on her mountains,
And glean'd each grey legend, that darkly was sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty was creeping.
Least bard of the hills! were it mine to inherit,
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our country has bound me,
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me!

Still, still in those wilds may young liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,
The star of the west may yet rise in its glory;
And the land that was darkest, be brightest in story.
I too shall be gone;—but my name shall be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken;
Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,
When freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avon-Buce seeks the kisses of ocean,
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,
O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping for ever.

HOPE.

A fine passage in CAMPBELL's *Pleasures of Hope*.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon pointed to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis nature pictured too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light
That pours remotest rapture on the sight :
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To pleasure's path or glory's bright career.

WOODS IN WINTER.

By LONGFELLOW.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the white-thorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet, I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

On the gray maple's crusted bark
Its tender shoots the hoar-frost nips ;
Whilst in the frozen fountain—hark !—
His piercing beak the bittern dips.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke—
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas ! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay ;
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day !

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods, within your crowd ;
And gathered winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs, and wintry winds, my ear
Has grown familiar with your song ;
I hear it in the opening year—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

By PIERPONT, an American poet.

THE pilgrim fathers—where are they ?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore ;
Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day,
When the May-flower moor'd below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapp'd the pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide ;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name !—
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;—
But the pilgrim—where is he ?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest :
When summer 's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dress'd,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallow'd spot is cast ;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim spirit has not fled :
It walks in noon's broad light ;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

REFLECTIONS ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF
RETIREMENT.

By S. T. COLERIDGE.

Low was our pretty cot : our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd ; and across the porch
Thick jasmies twined : the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion ! Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristow's citizen : methought, it calm'd
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings : for he paused, and look'd
With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around,
Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again,
And sighed, and said, *it was a blessed place.*

And we were bless'd. Oft with patient ear
 Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note
 (Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
 Gleaming on sunny wings) in whisper'd tones
 I've said to my beloved, "Such, sweet girl!
 The inobtrusive song of happiness,
 Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
 When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hush'd,
 And the heart listens!"

But the time, when first
 From that low dell, steep up the stony mount
 I climb'd with perilous toil and reach'd the top,
 Oh! what a goodly scene! here the bleak mount,
 The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;
 Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
 And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,
 Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
 And seats and lawns, the abbey and the wood,
 And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire;
 The channel there, the islands and white sails,
 Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean—
 It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,
 Had built him there a temple: the whole world
 Seem'd imaged in its vast circumference,
 No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart.
 Blest hour! It was a luxury,—to be!

Ah! quiet dell! dear cot, and mount sublime!
 I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right,
 While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled,
 That I should dream away the entrusted hours
 On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
 With feelings all too delicate for use?
 Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
 Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth:
 And He that works me good with unmoved face,
 Does it but half: he chills me while he aids,
 My benefactor, not my brother man!
 Yet even this, this cold beneficence
 Praise, praise it, O my soul! oft as thou scann'st
 The sluggard pity's vision-weaving tribe!
 Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
 Nursing in some delicious solitude

Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies !
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of Science, Freedom, and the truth in Christ.

Yet oft when after honourable toil
Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream,
My spirit shall revisit thee, dear cot !
Thy jasmin and thy window-peeping rose,
And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet abode !
Ah !—had none greater ! and that all had such !
It might be so—but the time is not yet.
Speed it, O Father ! let thy Kingdom come !

A BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

This spirited ballad is by DRAYTON, one of the early English poets.
Its very ruggedness contributes to its vigour.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French General lay,
With all *his* power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 To the king sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
"Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me!
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth be slain,
Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
 No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
 Lopp'd the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
 To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
 Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
 Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went—
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.

Glos'ter, that Duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother ;
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up ;
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which Fame did not delay,
 To England to carry ;
 O when shall English men
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a king Harry !

Brilliant.

CARES.

Like Mekkah's milky stone, which wastes away
 Beneath the kiss of worshippers, so life
 Darkens and wanes beneath its crowd of cares ;
 While Time's last sands silt up the streams of soul,
 Less, gradually decreasing, less and less.

BAILEY.

A GARDEN.

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
 Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
 News from the humming city comes to it
 In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
 And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
 The windy clanging of the minster clock;
 Although between it and the garden lies
 A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,
 That stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
 Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
 Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
 Crown'd with the minster-towers.

TENNYSON.

MEMORY.

Hopes and recollections worn
 Close to the vital seat of human clay:
 Glad meetings—tender partings, that upstay
 The drooping mind of absence.

WORDSWORTH.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

The book of nature He himself hath writ
 God still delights to read, and star by star
 Unfolds the volume of the universe
 Fate-clasped; in time and order by Him fixed.

BAILEY.

A FADED VIOLET.

The odour from the flower is gone,
 Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
 The colour from the flower is flown,
 Which glow'd of thee, and only thee!
 A shrivell'd, lifeless, vacant form,
 It lies on my abandon'd breast,
 And mocks the heart which is yet warm,
 With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not!
 I sigh—it breathes no more on me!
 Its mute and uncomplaining lot
 Is such as mine should be.

SHELLEY.

A LADY WEeping.

So she sate
In mournful attitude and motionless,
Most like the marble weepers upon graves,
Save that as dews gather in half-closed flowers,
Ever the tear-drops in her half-closed eyes
Gather'd, and fell, and gather'd yet again.

OSBORN

NYMPHS.

And now his limbs imbathed
Amid immortal nymphs, serenely pure,
Like living lilies floating on the tide,
In love with their own shadows, as they lay
Beneath the cooling moon.

BAILEY

TO THE RIVER DUDDON.

And may thy poet, cloud-born stream, be free
(The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,
And each tumultuous working left behind
At seemly distance) to advance like thee—
Prepared in peace of heart, in calm of mind,
And soul, to mingle with eternity.

WORDSWORTH.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Oh! woman wrong'd can cherish hate
More deep and dark than manhood may;
But, when the mockery of fate
Hath left revenge its chosen way,
And the fell curse, which years have nurs'd,
Full on the spoiler's head hath burst—
When all her wrong, and shame, and pain,
Burns fiercely on his heart and brain—
Still lingers something of the spell
Which bound her to the traitor's bosom;
Still, 'midst the vengeful fires of hell,
Some flowers of old affection blossom.

WHITTIER.



ATHENS.

A marvellously musical passage from MILTON.

BEHOLD

Where on the *Ægean* shore a city stands,
Built nobly ; pure the air, and light the soil ;
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or surburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long ;
There flowery hill *Hymettus*, with the sound
Of bee's industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing ; there *Ilissus* rolls
His whispering stream : within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages ; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next :
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand ; and various measured verse,
Æolian charms and *Dorian* lyric odes ;
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind *Melesigenes*, thence *Homer* call'd,
Whose poem *Phœbus* challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life ;
High actions, and high passions best describing.
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will the fierce democratic,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and *Artaxerxes'* throne.
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From Heaven descended to the low-roof'd house
Of *Socrates* ; see there his tenement,

Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced
Wise of men ; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams; that water'd all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.

THE POOR MAN SPEAKETH ABOUT TREES.

From an anonymous volume of great merit entitled, *Verses by Poor Man.*

How pleasant are the waving trees,
The oak, the ash, the birch ;
How beautiful the old yew seems,
That grows beside the church :

And those tall linden trees, whose boughs
Bring shadows o'er the dead,
Making a gloomy canopy
Over their cold low bed :

The firs that crown the lofty hills,
Like giants in their pride ;
Or like a darkling thunder cloud,
At even, on their side ;

O yes—they seem to me to point
Upwards, and mock the skies ;
So high their dark plumes wave in air,
So high their spears arise.

The alder tree grows near some stream ;
And the yellow willow slender,
O'er which the large palm throws his arms,
As if he would defend her.

The silky catkins oft we took
Delighted from the twig,
In childish days, and climbed for them,
The trees to us so big.

We filled our little pockets full—
We loved such pretty things :
Oh ! childhood ever flies away
Fast on its golden wings.

And then the fruitful elder tree,
Of whose small juicy berry
The country people make sweet wine,
To drink and to be merry,

I love the shady sycamore,
With its leaves so large and round,
That lie, in dull November hours,
Thick-spotted, on the ground.

And then the trees in some large wood,
Far from the noise of towns,
Wearing in autumn time their leaves,
Like variegated crowns.

The hazel in the hedge and copse,
The holly in the glen,
They beautify this home below,
Given from God to men.

Oh, grant me places where the trees
Are scattered thickly round ;
Where woods are mix'd with waterfalls,
And rocks rise from the ground.

Trees are the things that children love,
And men delight to see ;
And they bring a thousand memories
Of by-gone days to me.

THE DWINA.

A rough but powerful translation, by Mrs. OGILVIE, of a Russ ballad. It is full of poetry, but it wants music.

Stony-brow'd Dwina, thy face is as flint,
Horsemen and waggons cross, scoring no dint,
Cossacks patrol thee and leave thee as hard,
Camp-fires but blacken and spot thee like pard,
For the dead silent river lies rigid and still.

Down on thy sedgy banks picquet the troops,
Scaring the night-wolves with carols and whoops,
Crackle their faggots of drift-wood and hay,
And the steam of their pots fills the nostril of day,
But the dead silent river lies rigid and still.

Sledges pass sliding from hamlet to town,
Lovers and comrades, and none doth he drown,
Harness-bells tinkling in musical glee,
For to none comes the sorrow that came unto me,
And the dead silent river lies rigid and still.

I go to the Dwina, I stand on his wave,
Where Ivan, my dead, has no grass on his grave,
Stronger than granite that coffins a Czar,
Solid as pavement, and polish'd as spar,
Where the dead silent river lies rigid and still.

Stronger than granite? nay, falser than sand!
Fatal the clasp of thy slippery hand,
Cruel as vulture's the clutch of thy claws,
Who shall redeem from the merciless jaws,
Of the dead silent river so rigid and still?

Crisp lay the new-fallen snow on thy breast,
Trembled the white moon through haze in the west,
Far in the thicket the wolf-cub was howling,
Down by the sheep-cotes the wolf-dam was prowling
And the dead silent river lay rigid and still.

When Ivan my lover, my husband, my lord,
Lightly and cheerily stepp'd on the sward,
Light with his hopes of the morrow and me,
That the reeds on the margin lean'd after to see,
But the dead silent river lay rigid and still.

O'er the fresh snow-fall, the winter-long frost,
O'er the broad Dwina the forester crost,
Snarers at his girdle, and gun at his side,
Gamebag weigh'd heavy with gifts for his bride,
And the dead silent river lay rigid and still.

Rigid and silent, and crouching for prey,
Crouching for him who went singing his way,
Oxen were stabled, and sheep were in fold,
But Ivan was struggling in torrents ice-cold,
'Neath the dead silent river so rigid and still.

Home he came never, we search'd by the ford,
Small was the fissure that swallow'd my lord,
Glassy ice-sheetings had frozen above
A crystalline cover to seal up my love
In the dead silent river so rigid and still.

Still by the Dwina my home-torches burn,
Faithful I watch for my bridegroom's return :
When the moon sparkles on hoarfrost and tree
I see my love crossing the Dwina to me,
O'er the dead silent river so rigid and still.

Always approaching, he never arrives,
Howls the north-east wind, the dusty snow drives;
Snapping like touchwood I hear the ice crack,
And my lover is drown'd in the water-hole black,
'Neath the dead silent river so rigid and still.

CRITICS.

A brilliant passage in POPE's *Essay on Criticism*.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls we find
What wants in blood and spirits, fill'd with wind :
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend, and every foe.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind,
But, more advanced, behold, with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise !
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
The increasing prospect tires our wondering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ :
Survey the whole, nor seek some faults to find,
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.

But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep,
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not the exactness of peculiar parts;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force, and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and even thine, O Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprise;
 All comes united to the admiring eyes;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
 The whole at once is bold and regular.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
 And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
 Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover every part,
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.
 True wit is nature to advantage dress'd;
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
 Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
 For works may have more wit than does them good.
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
 And value books, as women men for dress;
 Their praise is still—"the style is excellent:"
 The sense, they humbly take upon content.
 Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
 The face of nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay;
 But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable.
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd ;
 For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As several garbs with country, town, and court.

But most by *numbers* judge a poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong ;
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join ;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line ;
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still-expected rhymes.
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line it "whispers through the trees ;"
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep :"
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow ;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest, who have learned to dance :
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar ;
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow ;
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love :
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow :
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound !

TO A WILD FLOWER.

By WM. ANDERSON.

IN what delightful land,
Sweet-scented flower, didst thou attain thy birth ?
Thou art no offspring of the common earth,
By common breezes fann'd !

Full oft my gladden'd eye,
In pleasant glade, or river's marge, has traced
(As if there planted by the hand of taste)
Sweet flowers of every dye.

But never did I see,
In mead, or mountain, or domestic bower,
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,
One half so fair as thee !

Thy beauty makes rejoice
My inmost heart—I know not how 'tis so,—
Quick coming fancies thou dost make me know,
For fragrance is thy voice.

And still it comes to me,
In quiet night, and turmoil of the day,
Like memory of friends gone far away,
Or, haply, ceased to be.

Together we'll commune,
As lovers do, when, standing all apart,
No one o'erhears the whispers of their heart,
Save the all-silent moon.

Thy thoughts I can divine,
Although not utter'd in vernacular words,
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds ;
Of venerable wine ;

Of earth's fresh shrubs and roots ;
Of summer days, when men their thirsting slake
In the cool fountain, or the cooler lake,
While eating wood-grown fruits.

Thy leaves my memory tell
Of sights and scents and sounds, that come again,
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain
Is echo'd in its shell.

The meadows in their green,
Smooth-running waters in the far-off ways,
The deep-voiced forest where the hermit prays,
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild,
'Mong sylvan shades, near music haunted springs,
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,
The music of the woods, the love that stirs
Wherever nature charms her worshippers,
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget
What thou hast taught me in my solitude,
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,
Sweet flower ! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul
A blessing and a peace, inspiring thought ;
And dost the goodness and the power denote
Of Him who form'd the whole.

SILENCE.

From a volume, just published, of very pleasing poetry, entitled
The Rivulet: a Contribution to Sacred Song, by THOMAS T. LYNCH.

In silence mighty things are wrought—
Silently builded, thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky;
And, like a citadel with towers,
The soul, with her subservient powers,
Is strengthen'd silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow,
The saplings of the forest grow
'To trees of mighty girth;
Each nightly star in silence burns,
And every day in silence turns
The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand,
Fetters the rivers and the land
With universal chain;
And smitten, by the silent sun,
The chain is loos'd, the rivers run,
The lands are free again.

WHY ARE THEY SHUT?

The following stanzas were composed by HORACE SMITH, while
tting outside a country church in Sussex, much regretting that, as it
as a week-day, he could not gain admittance to the interior of the
cred edifice.

Why are our churches shut with zealous care,
Bolted and barr'd against our bosoms' yearning,
Save for the few short hours of Sabbath-prayer,
With the bell's tolling stately returning?
Why are they shut?

If with diurnal drudgeries o'erwrought,
 Or sick of dissipation's dull vagaries,
 We wish to snatch one little space for thought,
 Or holy respite, in our sanctuaries ;
 Why are they shut ?

What ! shall the church, the house of prayer no more,
 Give tacit notice from its fasten'd portals,
 That for six days 'tis useless to adore,
 Since God will hold no communings with mortals ?
 Why are they shut ?

Are there no sinners in the churchless week
 Who wish to sanctify a vow'd repentance ?
 Are there no hearts bereft which fain would seek
 The only balm for death's unpitying sentence ?
 Why are they shut ?

Are there no poor, no wrong'd, no heirs of grief,
 No sick, who, when their strength or courage falters,
 Long for a moment's respite or relief,
 By kneeling at the God of mercy's altars ?
 Why are they shut ?

Are there no wicked, whom, if tempted in,
 Some qualm of conscience, or devout suggestion,
 Might suddenly redeem from future sin ?
 Oh ! if there be, how solemn is the question
 Why are they shut ?

In foreign climes mechanics leave their tasks
 To breathe a passing prayer in their cathedrals :
 There they have week-day shrines, and no one asks,
 When he would kneel to them and count his bead-rolls,
 Why are they shut ?

Seeing them enter sad and disconcerted,
 To quit those cheering fanes with looks of gladness,—
 How often have my thoughts to ours reverted !
 How oft have I exclaim'd in tones of sadness,
 Why are they shut ?

For who within a parish-church can stroll,
 Wrapp'd in its week-day stillness and vacation,
 Nor feel that in the very air his soul
 Receives a sweet and hallowing lustration?
 Why are they shut?

The echoes of our footsteps, as we tread
 On hollow graves, are spiritual voices;
 And, holding mental converse with the dead,
 In holy reveries our soul rejoices.
 Why are they shut?

If there be one—one only—who might share
 This sanctifying week-day adoration,
 Were but our churches open to his prayer,
 Why—I demand with earnest iteration—
 Why are they shut?

THE FAIRIES.

From a volume published anonymously in the year 1816 entitled,
The Naiad, and other Poems.

THE moon was wandering quietly
 Over the starry spotted sky;
 And sending down a silvery light
 To deck the melancholy night;—
 Green leaves caught a pallid hue,
 Fresh grass whiten'd to the view;
 All was still o'er earth and trees,
 So reposing was the breeze;—
 Here and there a cloud was spread,
 Calm and bright above the head,
 Steep'd in light the moon had shed.
 In the mead a little lake
 Seem'd, like nature, not awake;
 Waveless was its cool clear breast,
 By the moonbeams charm'd to rest;—
 And its lilies pure and white,
 Breathed a perfume on the night,
 As if to mingle with the quiet light.

I, by meditation led,
On the turf my limbs had spread,
And was gazing on the skies,
With thought-enamour'd soul and eyes.
Fancy wander'd wildly free,
Herself amusing sportively,—
Peopling all the paly air
With forms fantastically fair :
Or, in fine imaginings,
Calling forth divinest things
From the filmy clouds—deep sky—
And stars that beam'd so watchfully,
There I lay—by fancy wrought
Into most luxurious thought ;
When upon my listening ear
A soft note stole—delicious—clear ;
'Twas such as breathes in distant vale,
From a full-hearted nightingale ;
That bird, so skill'd a soul to move,
Made up of music and of love :—
It came with gentle, gentle swell,
And richly rose—and finely fell.—
I looked upon the placid lake,
From which the music seemed to wake,—
And lo ! from out each lily's cup
A Fairy started, merrily up,
And with a little rushy wand
Push'd its flowery boat to land.
Round the lily's snowy whiteness
Broke a playful, sparkling brightness ;
As if the stars were hurrying there,
Dancing round the watery car,
To gaze on forms so lightly fair.
Deep within the pebbly pool
Stood the palace, bright and cool ;—
Transparent were the walls. By night,
The moon sent down its purest light,—
Which, though at first so soft from heaven,
More mellow through the wave was given ;—
And even the sun's warm ray at noon
Went there as gently as the moon.
From the cups the Fairies darted,
Which, no longer spell-bound, started

Back again to seek for rest
On the lake's translucent breast.
O'er a hillock, daisy-speck'd,
And with drooping cowslips deck'd,
Cluster'd all the Fairy court,
In the moonbeams form'd to sport.
I listen'd, breathless with delight,
To the Elves, all wild and bright,
Fluttering in the charmed night.
Their wings so delicately play'd,
That the dew upon the blade
Trembled not—but, calmly fair,
Beam'd to make the light more rare.
Some shot upward to the moon,—
Went with thought, and came as soon :—
Others on the cloud's edge seated,
All the stars surrounding greeted.
But ere long I saw a Fairy,
Floating on his pinions airy,
Take a honeysuckle horn
And wind it ;—quick the breath was borne
Musically soft, like love,
To the sportive Elves above,
On the clouds, or near the moon :—
And, like falling showers at noon,
In the beams of April-day,
Down they shoot their sparkling way.

“Come,” said one, with such a voice
As bade the listening heart rejoice ;—
'Twas like the air in heaven that lives,
Or like the breath which evening gives,
When the mind is Fancy's guest,
And the sun salutes the west
With his purple light, that flushes
The bashful sky with rosy blushes :—
“Come, ye sparklers, come to earth !
Furl your wings, which fan with mirth :
All, like summer bloom descend—
On our Fairy-queen attend.
Make her couch of flowers, that spring
O'er this meadow ;—deftly bring
The violets, so blue and sweet,
To throw around her pearly feet :—

And the lilies seek and shed,
 To form a pillow for her head.
 On primrose couch her form shall rest,
 With pansies scatter'd near her breast.
 Let the daisy, yellow-hearted,
 With its white leaves starry-parted,
 And the cowslips, yellowy pale,
 Serve her as a flowery vale—
 Catch the moonbeams from her eyes,
 And delight her as she lies !"—
 Oh ! 'twas a bewitching sight,
 To watch those revellers of the night
 Wand'ring o'er the silent mead,
 To gather flowers to form a bed
 For their pretty queen to lie in ;—
 The air grew fresher with their flying,—
 The dew each form's reflection gave,—
 And in its sweet sleep laugh'd the wave.
 The couch was made,—the young queen shed
 Her beauty's brightness o'er the bed ;—
 Alas !—the breezes from the west
 Came to sing her heart to rest ;—
 They set a floating cloud before
 The placid moon, and all was o'er ;—
 The Fairies faded into air,
 And left me lying lonely there.

CHILDREN'S PLAY.

A passage from a dramatic poem, entitled *The Vision*, by
 CONSTANTIA LOUISA REDDELL.

I see a beauteous vale,
 Embosom'd in the mountains, whose proud height
 Seems like a pinnacle for Time to sit
 And watch his generations. In that vale,
 Seeming the very resting place of grace,
 The homes of men are scatter'd ; sunlight rests
 Upon them like a joy ; the dark blue sky
 Smiles on them cloudlessly : the turf is green
 As were the fields of Eden ; and bedropt

With flowers, of hues as varied as the tears
 The rainbow shines with ; and the ringing sound
 Of youthful laughter rises on the air :
 Nature hath found a voice, and speaks in joy
 From the broad mountain and the lowly vale.
 'Tis evening : Labour ceases from his toil ;
 And from each portal issues forth a train
 Of youthful forms with hands linked close, and brows
 All garlanded with flowers ; their dancing feet
 Bound lightly o'er the violet buds, that lie
 Like thick strewn gems around them ; and their sweet
 Clear voices pierce the air, and rise to heaven
 With angel merriment. Some leave the dance
 Wearied, and throw themselves among wild beds
 Of fragrant thyme and roses, where the bees
 Hum over head in sleepy murmurs. Some
 Cull the young buds to make a dazzling shower
 Around each other. Some, with careless tread
 And merry song, take pitchers to the stream,
 That flows so glassily ; with bended knee
 They stoop upon the brink, and when the draught
 Is fill'd, toss back into the breeze the long
 And glossy tresses, that had drank the wave
 In that low bend ; and raising up their eyes,
 Like dewy stars, pause there awhile, to watch
 With playful smiles the childish groups that dip
 Their eager hands to catch the pebble stones
 That shine so cool beneath. O Paradise !
 I see thee once again : blessed are ye,
 My children, for your home is Eden-like !

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS,

IN MEMORY OF A LOST SON.

By JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE. The writer of the following expressive lines is probably not unknown to some of our readers, though his reputation does not extend far beyond Lancashire, his native county. He is workman as well as author. Some of his poetry has been published in humble style, and, from what we have seen of it, it bespeaks the true poetic faculty. But neither the sale of his writings, nor the wages

of his handicraft (that of reed maker), at Ashton-under-Lyne, sufficed to stave off misfortune. "Death in my family," he w
 "my own ill health, and a long want of employment, have reduc
 to the lowest depths of poverty." But since Christmas, when thi
 penned, a manufacturing firm in Manchester, we are glad to find
 offered Mr. Prince as much work at his own trade as he can do
 his own hands ; and we understand that he only requires a small
 to purchase material to enable him to obtain constant employment
 extricate himself from the embarrassments which misfortune has br
 upon him. Should any of our readers be moved by this brief r
 to lend a helping hand to a poor but deserving author (a true spe
 of the workman-poet), we shall be happy to take charge of their
 tributions ; or they can send direct to Mr. Prince, to his address,
 Hill-street West, Ashton-under-Lyne. That his claims are neither
 nor undeserving may be judged from the fact that he obtained a
 of 50*l.* from the Queen's bounty, when administered by Sir Robert

" Oh ! dearest mother, tell me, pray,
 Why are the dew-drops gone so soon ?
 Could they not stay till close of day
 To sparkle on the flowery spray,
 Or on the fields till noon ? "

The mother gazed upon her boy,
 Earnest with thought beyond his years,
 And felt a sharp and sad annoy,
 That meddled with her deepest joy ;
 But she restrain'd her tears.

" My child, 'tis said such beauteous things,
 Too often loved with vain excess,
 Are swept away by angel wings,
 Before contamination clings
 To their frail loveliness.

" Behold yon rainbow, brightening yet,
 To which all mingled hues are given ;
 There are thy dew-drops, grandly set
 In a resplendent coronet
 Upon the brow of Heaven.

" No stain of earth can reach them*there—
 Woven with sunbeams there they shine,
 A transient vision of the air,
 But yet a symbol, pure and fair,
 Of love and peace divine."

The boy gazed upward into space,
 With eager and inquiring eyes,
 Whilst o'er his sweet and thoughtful face
 Came a faint glory, and a grace
 Transmitted from the skies.

Ere the last odorous sigh of May
 That child lay down beneath the sod !
 Like dew, his young soul pass'd away,
 To mingle with the brighter day
 That veils the throne of God.

Mother, thy fond, foreboding heart
 Truly foretold thy loss and pain,
 But thou didst choose the patient part
 Of resignation to the smart,
 And own'd his loss thy gain.

THE PICTURE OF T. C. IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS.

By old ANDREW MARVELL, quaint, but highly fanciful.

SEE with what sweet simplicity
 The nymph begins her golden days !
 In the green grass she loves to lie,
 And there, with her fair aspect, tames
 The wilder flowers, and gives them names :
 But only with the roses plays,
 And them does tell
 What colour best becomes them, and what smell.

• • • • •
 Meantime, whilst every verdant thing
 Itself does at thy beauty charm,
 Reform the errors of the spring ;
 Make that the tulips may have share
 Of sweetness, seeing they are fair ;
 And roses of their thorns disarm :
 But most procure
 That violets may a longer age endure.

But, O young beauty of the woods,
Whom nature courts with fruits and flowers,
Gather the flowers but spare the buds ;
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime,
To kill the infants in their prime,
Should quickly make the example yours,
And e'er we see,
Nip, in the blossom, all our hopes in thee.

THE OLD ELM.

A pretty poem, by an American author called by the very unpoetical name of MCJILTON, will please.

Thou standest on the forest-edge, proud monarch of the
wood,
Thy sturdy form the goings forth of many a storm hath
stood ;
Age doth not seem to weaken thee ; thy greenness doth not
fail ;
In years to come thy hoary head shall bow before the gale.

Thou art a faithful sentinel, and time hath fix'd thee there,
To mark the flight of blighting years as ever on they wear ;
And thou the winter's sweeping blast, thy leaves the young
spring rain,
The flowering summer hath renew'd thy emerald robes again.

Like a true friend, old favoured Elm, thy form to me appears :
Strange visions of wild fantasy come up from other years ;
And shades of dark mysterious gloom are o'er my senses
cast,
While musing on the varied scenes that crowd the fertile
past.

How many young and happy hearts have thrill'd in wild
delight,
Anticipating richer bliss in manhood's glorious might ;
Trusting the world's bright promises—more bright, alas !
than true,
Beneath the deep and ample shade thy towering branches
threw !

And many forms of fairest mould, and cheeks of youthful bloom,
Have passed to manhood, and to age, and to the dreary tomb,
While thou wert waving in thy pride—a prince among the trees,
With all thy glowing pinions spread in beauty on the breeze.

Oft hast thou seen the flaxen locks on childhood's brow of snow,
Uplifted by the slightest breeze, in graceful ringlets flow :
Hast seen them thicken and assume a darker, sterner hue,
Until the hand of age at length the silver o'er them threw.

And thou hast mark'd the ruddy cheek, and forehead bright and fair,
Before time's iron hand had writ on them a line of care ;
The cheek before thy sight has blanch'd, the forehead furrow'd o'er,
And both were placed beneath the sod, to bloom and blanch no more.

My grandsire, when a thoughtless boy, beneath thy boughs has laid ;
My father's form of infancy was cradled in thy shade ;
And thou hast seen life's changing flood full often o'er them sweep ;
Now shelter'd from the winter's storms, and watch'd by thee, they sleep.

And I—the wayward youth, the man—have wander'd near thy side ;
Matured in strength, before thee now I stand in manhood's pride ;
Beside the dead a narrow place untenanted I see ;
Soon with my fathers I may rest,—that place is left for me .

Ere long the greensward at thy base will show another grave—
And over me as green as now will thy long branches wave ;
And other feet shall wander here and other hearts be gay,
When I, like my ancestral race, from earth have pass'd away.

And summer suns will roll on high as brilliantly as e'er,
And summer skies, as broad, as blue, as beautiful, as clear,
Will shine above the busy world, when life with me is done,
And few, ah ! very few indeed, will know that I am gone.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

Several of the productions of BRYANT, the prince of the American poets, have already graced these selections. They are distinguished for refined elegance rather than for power; they are beautiful, not grand. A sweet strain, most musical, most melancholy.

An Indian girl was sitting where
Her lover, slain in battle, slept ;
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
Came down o'er her eyes that wept ;
And wildly, in her woodland tongue,
This sad and simple lay she sung :—

“ I've pull'd away the shrubs that grew
Too close above thy sleeping head,
And broke the forest boughs that threw
Their shadows o'er thy bed,
That, shining from the sweet south-west,
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest. .

“ It was a weary, weary road
That led thee to the pleasant coast,
Where thou, in his serene abode,
Hast met thy father's ghost ;
Where everlasting autumn lies
On yellow woods and sunny skies.

“ 'Twas I the broider'd moc'sin made,
That shod thee for that distant land ;
'Twas I thy bow and arrow laid
Beside thy still, cold hand—
Thy bow in many a battle bent,
Thy arrows never vainly sent.

"With wampum belts I cross'd thy breast,
And wrapp'd thee in thy bison's hide,
And laid the food that pleased thee best
In plenty by thy side,
And deck'd thee bravely, as became
A warrior of illustrious name.

"Thou r't happy now, for thou hast pass'd
The long dark journey of the grave,
And in the land of light, at last,
Hast joined the good and brave—
Amid the flush'd and balmy air,
The bravest and the loveliest there.

"Yet oft thine own dear Indian maid,
Even there, thy thoughts will earthward stray—
To her who sits where thou wert laid,
And weeps the hours away,
Yet almost can her grief forget
To think that thou dost love her yet.

"And thou, by one of those still lakes,
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky,
A bower for thee and me hast made
Beneath the many-colour'd shade.

"And thou dost wait to watch and meet
My spirit sent to join the blest,
And, wondering what detains my feet
From the bright land of rest,
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near."



AND I TOO IN ARCADIA.

MRS. HEMANS will supply us with a very sweet poem, suggest a picture of Poussin, representing a band of youths and maidens denly checked in their wanderings, and affected with various emotions on seeing a tomb with the inscription—*Et in Arcadia ego*.

They have wander'd in their glee
 With the butterfly and bee ;
 They have climb'd o'er heath'ry swells,
 They have wound thro' forest dells ;
 Mountain moss hath felt their tread,
 Woodland streams their way have led ;
 Flowers in deepest shadowy nooks,
 Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,
 Unto them have yielded up
 Fragrant bell and starry cup :
 Chaplets are on every brow—
 What hath stay'd the wanderers now ?
 Lo ! a grey and rusty tomb,
 Bower'd amidst the rich wood gloom ;
 Whence these words their stricken spirits melt
 —“ I too, shepherds ! in Arcadia dwelt.”

There is many a summer sound
 That pale sepulchre around ;
 Thro' the shade young birds are glancing,
 Insect wings in sun streaks dancing ;
 Glimpses of blue festal skies
 Pouring in when soft winds rise ;
 Violets o'er the turf below
 Shedding out their warmest glow ;
 Yet a spirit not his own
 O'er the greenwood now is thrown !
 Something of an under note
 Thro' its music seems to float,
 Something of a stillness grey
 Creeps across the laughing day ;
 Something dimly from those old words felt,
 —“ I too, shepherds ! in Arcadia dwelt.”

Was some gentle kindred maid
 In that grave with dirges laid ?
 Some fair creature with the tone
 Of whose voice a joy is gone,

Leaving melody and mirth
 Poorer on this alter'd earth !
 Is it thus ! that so they stand,
 Dropping flowers from every hand ?
 Flowers and lyres and gather'd store
 Of red wild-fruit prized no more ?
 —No ! from that bright hand of morn
 Not one link hath yet been torn ;
 'Tis the shadow of the tomb
 Falling o'er the summer bloom,
 O'er the flush of love and life
 Passing with a sudden strife.

EPOCHS.

EDWARD L. BULWER will not live as a poet, certainly—perhaps even as a novelist, though he is secure of immortality as a philosopher ; even should he write no more than his *England and the English*. Nevertheless, he is the author of some poetry that may rank far above average of versification, and fairly claim a place in any impartial rating of the best of British minstrelsy.

But there was one at length I met—
 I've not forgot the meeting yet !
 I loved her at first sight ; and though
 I fondly loved, I knew not so ;
 For she was like some saint above,
 And seem'd too beautiful to love.
 I say then that the fire I felt
 Was adoration ; and I knelt,
 Knelt with a holy zeal that none
 Should know but for the Almighty One.
 But soon some shades of earthly feeling
 Came o'er that pure devotion stealing ;
 For there are moments when the spirit,
 The purest, best, seems to inherit
 Some darker feelings of the heart,
 The birthright of its grosser part.

'Twas in an hour such as we find
A summer evening leaves behind,
We were alone—with no eye near,
And nought but our own selves to fear.
The lamp which lit the chamber cast
A ray, like memory's o'er the past,
Which gives all things a sadder hue,
And yet will make them lovelier too.
We lifted ('twas so fair a night)
The curtain that kept out the sight
Of those bless'd orbs that live on high,
Breathing God's glory through the sky.
I gazed upon the scene before me;
And, as its mystery crept o'er me,
My bounding spirit fondly went
Up to its native firmament;
And I exclaim'd, "Oh! wouldst thou, oh!
Wouldst thou not die, if we could go
From this earth's dimness, up to share
One of those bright worlds shining there?—
Say wouldst thou not?"—I paused, ashamed
Of the wild wish that I had framed;
And, casting down my eyes, they met
Her own sweet eyes—I see them yet—
Gently mysterious as they were—
The sight was more than mine could bear;
I dared not trust another look,
But where she sat my seat I took.
A tale there was on either cheek;
But we sat mute and could not speak,—
So much of thoughts had evil made
Our voices of themselves afraid.

And months have gone since then—and there
She sits with that sweet sorrowing air,
More loose than wont her golden hair;
And in those eyes, downcast and dim,
Some tears, like dew-drops, trembling swim.
Her cheek is on her hand reclined,
And paler than you hope to find;
And by her side the book, the flowers,
So cherish'd in more careless hours,
The casket whose lone cells contain
Those letters read to read again,

And aye bedew'd with precious tears—
 What, gentle lady, are thy fears?
 Nay, canst thou idly dream that he,
 So loved, will prove untrue to thee?—
 What! false to such an angel face—
 False to such tenderness and grace?
 No; though he stray'd from all beside,
 Ne'er will he quit thy gentle side:
 He swore so once—he swears so now,
 And Heaven be witness to the vow?

THE RENEGADE'S DAUGHTER.

Friendship's Offering for 1840 presents us with a poem by T. K. FERRY, entitled *The Renegade's Daughter*, and which proves that time has served only to mature his powers. Our readers have been already introduced to many of his writings, which are remarkable for their elegance, having only the single fault of a too great profusion of similes. His fancy is somewhat too sportive, but it is vivid, graceful and original.

METHINKS my mother's voice to-night
 Is whispering through the whispering leaves;
 I hear it often by this light,
 In the long summer eves,—
 A pleasant voice, though mournful quite;—
 To-night, methinks, it grieves!

The vision is not what it was,
 When memory seems her form to see;
 She looketh sadly—and, alas!
 (And yet this cannot be,)
 My mother's shadow seems to pass
 Betwixt my sire and me!

And when, as erst, I lift my hand,
 To lay it on my father's heart,
 I feel as 'twere an icy band,
 That makes the pulses start;
 And there I see my mother stand,
 And wave us two apart!

I go!—A fond and faithful heart
 Hath waited for thy daughter long,—
 To play for him the gentle part,
 She played our halls among.
 Hark!—even now,—oh, memory's art!—
 Methought I heard her song!

Her happy song of other days,
 Bright days!—my father! didst thou hear?
 Oh! hours and hours, her low, sweet lays
 Are murmuring in mine ear!
 Thine answer then was ever praise;—
 Thou answerest with a tear!

Oh! fling the foulness from thy breast,
 The turban from thy christian brow,
 That I upon its native nest
 May lay my head, as now,
 And find—what now I find not—rest;
 I cannot, for thy vow!

Farewell! no kindred heart I leave
 In our old palace of the sea—
 My childhood's home!—I may not grieve,
 To go from it and thee.
 Oh! come thou home, some quiet eve,
 To God—my love—and me!

A sound, as if a spirit's wing
 Had struck a sigh from out the string,
 Pass'd dimly through the hush'd saloon,
 And died away beneath the moon!

THE OLD SEXTON.

From a poem entitled the *Sexton's Daughter*, by JOHN STERLING,
 a large contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Sad seem'd the strong grey-headed man,
 Of lagging thought and careful heed;
 He shaped his life by rule and plan,
 And hoarded all beyond his need.

One daughter, little Jane, had he—
The silent sexton's only child ;
And when she laugh'd aloud and free,
The grave old sexton smiled.

For she within his heart had crept,
Himself he could not tell you why,
But often he had almost wept,
Because he heard her cry.

All else to him appear'd as dead,
Awaiting but the shroud and all ;
It seem'd that to himself he said,
" I soon shall dig the graves of all."

And beast, and home, and man, and wife,
He saw with cold, accusom'd eye ;
Jane only look'd so full of life
As if that she could never die.

And when she still could hardly walk
By holding fast his wrinkled finger,
So well he loved her prattling talk,
He often from his work would linger.

Around her waist in sport he tied
The coffin-ropes for leading-strings,
And on his spade she learnt to ride,
And handled all his churchyard things.

* * * *

One day upon a baby's grave
His morning's work must Simon spend,
And Jane her seat by him must have,
And all his well-known task attend.

Soon, 'mid the herbage soft and green
The little place of rest was made,
Whence daisy-cover'd meads were seen,
And where the hawthorn cast a shade.

Old Simon, almost resting now,
With slacken'd stroke his labour plied,
And raising oft his moisten'd brow,
With longer looks his darling eyed.

Then Jane cried out in sudden glee,
 "Oh, what a pretty grave is there!
 It would be just a bed for me,
 With room enough, and none to spare."

The father's hand let fall the spade,
 His cheek grew pale, he heaved a groan;
 And when the children's graves he made,
 Thenceforth he always work'd alone.

TO THE CICADA.

A singularly happy translation of a poem of ANACREON will please every reader of taste by its extreme elegance.

HAPPY Cicada, perch'd on lofty branches,
 Deep in the forest, cheerful as a monarch,
 Tasting the dew-drops, making all the mountains
 Echo thy chirping.

Thine is each treasure that the earth produces;
 Thine is the freshness of each field and forest;
 Thine are the fruits, and thine are all the flowers,
 Balmy spring scatters.

Husbandmen fondly dote upon thy friendship,
 Knowing thee guiltless of a thought to harm them.
 Thee, mortals honour, sweet and tuneful songster,
 Prophet of summer.

Thee all the Muses hail a kindred being;
 Thee, great Apollo owns a dear companion;
 Oh! it was he who gave that note of gladness,
 Wearisome never.

Song-skilful, earth-born, mirth and music loving;
 Fairy-like being, free from age and suffering;
 Passionless, and pure from earth's defilement,
 Almost a spirit.

Drunk with the dew-drop, perch'd on twig so lofty,
Noisy Cicada, o'er the wild wave sounding,
Saw-like the feet which to thy side thou pressest,
Drawing sweet music.

GOOD NIGHT.

Often before have we spoken of MRS. HEMANS, as a poetess whose name was greater during her life than it will be hereafter, but many of her works will become a part of British literature, to perish only with it. She excelled in short poems.

DAY is past !
Stars have set their watch at last,
Founts that thro' the deep woods flow,
Make sweet sounds, unheard till now,
Flowers have shut with fading light—
Good night !

Go to rest !
Sleep sit, dove-like, on thy breast !
If within thy secret cell,
One dark form of memory dwell,
Be it mantled from thy sight—
Good night !

Joy be thine !
Kind looks o'er thy slumber shine !
Go, and in the spirit land
Meet thy home's long parted band,
Be their eyes all love and light—
Good night !

Peace to all !
Dreams of heaven on mourners fall !
Exile ! o'er thy couch may gleams
Pass from thine own mountain streams ;
Bard ! away to worlds more bright—
Good night !

BRIGHT THOUGHTS FOR DARK HOURS.

An American poet, named HOUSMAN, is the author of the following fanciful poem.

I WOULD I were a fairy, as light as falling snows,
 To do whate'er my fancy bade, to wander where I chose
 I'd visit many a pleasant spot, a merry life I'd lead,
 With all of bright and beautiful to serve me at my need.
 I'd never give a single thought to misery or care,
 My heart should have the gladness of a wild bird in the air
 And if, perchance, a tempest should gather in the sky,
 I'd crouch beneath a little bell until the cloud pass'd by.
 The violet, the cowslip, the warbling little bee,
 That cannot for his life withhold the music of his glee :
 The butterfly, that little thing of many gorgeous dyes,
 The denizen of garden realms—a pilgrim of the skies :
 The starry twinkling glow-worm, that, like a drop of dew
 Sheds faintly on the trembling grass a line of emerald hue
 The daisy and the daffodil, the small gem on the lea,
 Of these I'd make my playmates, and these my friends
 should be.

I'd hie me to the greenwood, I'd sit me down and sing
 Beneath the quiet curtain of the nightingale's soft wing !
 My pillow should be rose leaves without a single thorn;
 And there I'd chant my roundelay until the blush of morn
 The world is full of sorrows, on every side I see
 Shadow instead of sunlight, and grief instead of glee,
 Or, if I hear the trumpet-voice of pleasure cleave the sky
 The mournful echo, sadness, is certain to reply ;
 O, I would I were a fairy, as light as falling snows,
 To do whate'er my fancy bade, to wander where I chose
 I'd visit many a sunny spot, and far away I'd flee,
 Where crime and folly seldom come, beneath the forest tree

THE COLUMN OF LUXOR.

From the new volume of poems, entitled *The Lump of Gold*, just published by CHARLES MACKAY.

Oh! grey-headed column of Luxor!
 Oh! ancient and eloquent stone!
 That standest supreme in thy sadness,
 'Mid splendour and glare—but alone!
 They brought thee with pomp and rejoicing,
 A trophy to pamper their fame;
 With sound of the drum and the trumpet,
 And salvos, and shouts of acclaim:
 Oh! preach to this change-loving people
 From depths of thy memories vast,
 And, proud as they are of the present,
 Tell them the past!

Yet, no, it were idle to show them
 The waifs and the shipwrecks of time;
 They know that the mighty have perish'd,
 Laid low in their folly or crime.
 They know that the kingdoms and empires
 That grew in the ages of old
 Were swept from their places like footmarks
 On sands where the ocean has roll'd.
 Tradition itself has forgot them,
 Their deeds and their names disappear,
 Or live but in falsified echoes,
 Vexing the ear.

* * * *

And yet, only twenty short summers
 Have bloom'd since thou camest to France.
 Come tell them the scenes thou hast witness'd,
 To warn them of change and of chance!
 They bore thee—a pledge of their triumph—
 From shores where their fathers had bled;
 They raised thee 'mid thunder of cannon,
 And tricolour'd banners outspread.
 The king, with his courtiers and children,
 Look'd round him, exulting and proud,
 And said, "I am firm! I am happy!
 Mine is the crowd."

Again came a multitude thronging—
Ashamed of the idol they made;
And lo! the great king and his glory
Came down to the dust as they bade!
He fled, though with none to pursue him—
And left not a relic behind;
Neither son, nor successor, nor mourner;
Dried leaf, on the popular wind!
His throne made a bonfire for outcasts,
And blood-sprinkled beggars lay down,
And trail'd, through the filth of the gutter,
Ermine and crown.

They set up a king to succeed him,
King Liberty, monarch adored;
They told him to rule as it pleased him,
And gave him for sceptre a sword.
They throned him, and crown'd him with garla
And knelt at his feet in the mire;
And call'd him the saviour of nations,
Their model, their friend, their desire.
King Liberty, drunken and frantic,
Let anarchy loose on his slaves,
And plunder'd and murder'd his people,
Dancing on graves.

And they call'd in their desperate anguish
For a potent and resolute will;
For a man with a heart made of iron,
For a hand that was ready to kill;
For a master to curb and to conquer
This pestilent lord of the streets,
To chain him, and gag him, and scourge him,
Or ship him to tropical heats.
And, losing their senses in terror,
They cried from the depths of despair,
"Oh! save us, thou man of the sabre!
Strike, do not spare."

A LYRIC.

From a volume of poems, lately published by Mr. W. R. CASSELS.

Love took me softly by the hand,
 Love led me all the country o'er,
 And show'd me beauty in the land,
 That I had never dreamt before—
 Never before, O Love, sweet Love!

There was a glory in the morn,
 There was a calmness in the night,
 A mildness by the south wind borne,
 That I had never felt aright—
 Never aright, O Love, sweet Love!

But now it cannot pass away,
 I see it wheresoe'er I go,
 And in my heart by night and day
 Its gladness waveth to and fro—
 By night and day, O Love, sweet Love!

A POETICAL SKETCH.

In the following beautiful sketch, Miss LONDON has almost shadowed her own dark destiny. So she left her native land, so she was deserted, so she perished. It is a strange thing to compare the lives of poets with their writings, and trace the destiny of the one running through the other—a dark thread in the mingled yarn of existence.

I do love
 These old remembrances—they are to me
 The heart's best intercourse; I love to feel
 The griefs, the happiness, the wayward fates
 Of those that have been, for these memories
 Hallow the spot whereon they linger, and
 Waken our kindest sympathies.

The shore was reef'd with rocks, whose rugged sides
 Were venturous footing for the fowler's step:
 They were shaped out in wild and curious forms,
 Above all jagg'd and broken, but below

The waves had worn the shaggy points away ;
For there they rave incessantly. When last
I pass'd along the beach, it was at eve,
A summer's eve, stormy, but beautiful ;
I could but look upon the western sky,
The rest was hidden from my view ; but there
The day had spent its glory. One rich light
Broke through the shadow of the tempest's wings,
While the black clouds, with gold and purple edged,
Caught every moment warmer hues, until
'Twas all one sparkling arch, and, like a king
In triumph o'er his foes, the sun-god sought
The blue depths of the sea ;—the waters yet
Were ruffled with the storm, and the white foam
Yet floated on the billows, while the wind
Murmur'd at times like to an angry child,
Who sobs even in his slumber. 'Mid the rocks
That rose stern barriers to the rebel waves,
There was one spot less rugged than the rest :
Some firs had taken root there, and waved o'er
The entrance of a cave, where Grecian bards
Had said some sea-maid dwelt, and deck'd the place
With ocean treasures, for the walls were bright
With crystal spar : in sooth, it seem'd just form'd
For some fair daughter of the main ; at noon
Here she might bind her hair with shells, and wake
Her golden harp. But now a legend's told
Of human love and sorrow—it is call'd
The cavern of the pirate's love :—her fate
Is soon and sadly told : she follow'd one,
A lawless wanderer of the deep, for whom
She left her father's halls. A little while
She might know happiness—it is the heart
That gives the colour to our destiny.
But lovely things are fleeting—blushes, sighs,
The hours of youth, smiles, hopes, and minstrel dres
Spring days and blossoms, music's tones, are all
Most fugitive ; and swifter still than these
Will love dissolve into forgetfulness.
She was deserted. For awhile this cave
Was her sad refuge ; for awhile the rocks
Echo'd her wild complainings. I can deem
How she would gaze upon the sea, and think

Each passing cloud her lover's bark, till, hope
 Sicken'd with hope, she pass'd and left a tale,
 A melancholy tale, just fit to tell
 On such an eve as this, when sky and sea
 Are sleeping in the mute and mournful calm
 Of passion sunk to rest.

A RHAPSODY OF LIFE'S PROGRESS.

A passage from a very fine poem having this title, by Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WE are borne into life—it is sweet, it is strange!
 We lie still on the knee of a mild Mystery,
 Which smiles with a change!
 But we doubt not of changes, we know not of spaces;
 The Heavens seem as near as our own mother's face is,
 And we think we could touch all the stars that we see;
 And the milk of our mother is white on our mouth!
 And, with small childish hands, we are turning around
 The apple of Life which another has found:—
 It is warm with our touch, not with sun of the south,
 And we count, as we turn it, the red side for four—
 O Life, O Beyond,
 Thou art sweet, thou art strange evermore.

Then all things look strange in the pure golden æther;
 We walk through the gardens with hands linked together,
 And the lilies look large as the trees;
 And as loud as the birds, sing the bloom-loving bees,—
 And the birds sing like angels, so mystical fine;
 And the cedars are brushing the archangel's feet;
 And time is eternity,—love is divine,
 And the world is complete!
 Now, God bless the child,—father, mother, respond.
 O Life, O Beyond,
 Thou art strange, thou art sweet.

Then we leap on the earth with the armour of youth,
 And the earth rings again !
 And we breathe out " O beauty,"—we cry out, " O truth,"
 And the bloom of our lips drops with wine ;
 And our blood runs amazed 'neath the calm hyaline,—
 The earth cleaves to the foot, the sun burns to the brain,—
 What is this exultation, and what this despair—
 The strong pleasure is smiting the nerves into pain,
 And we drop from the Fair, as we climb to the Fair,
 And we lie in a trance at its feet ;
 And the breath of an angel cold-piercing the air
 Breathes fresh on the faces in swoon ;
 And we think him so near, he is this side the sun !
 And we wake to a whisper self-murmur'd and fond,
 O Life, O Beyond,
 Thou art strange, thou art sweet !

And the winds and the waters in pastoral measures
 Go winding around us, with roll upon roll,
 Till the soul lies within in a circle of pleasures,
 Which hideth the soul !
 And we run with the stag, and we leap with the horse,
 And we swim with the fish through the broad watercourse,
 And we strike with the falcon, and hunt with the hound,
 And the joy which is in us, flies out with a wound ;
 And we shout so aloud, " We exult, we rejoice,"
 That we lose the low moan of our brothers around,—
 And we shout so adeep down creation's profound,
 We are deaf to God's voice—
 And we bind the rose-garland on forehead and ears,
 Yet we are not ashamed ;
 And the dew of the roses that runneth unblamed
 Down our cheeks, is not taken for tears.
 Help us God, trust us man, love us woman ! " I hold
 Thy small head in my hands,—with its grapelets of gold
 Growing bright through my fingers,—like altar for oath,
 'Neath the vast golden spaces like witnessing faces
 That watch the eternity strong in the troth—
 I love thee, I leave thee,—
 Live for thee, die for thee !
 I prove thee, deceive thee,—
 Undo evermore thee !
Help me God, slay me man ! one is mourning for both !"

And we stand up, though young, near the funeral-sheet
Which covers the Cæsar and old Pharamond ;
And death is so nigh us, Life cools from its heat—
O Life, O Beyond,
Art thou fair,—art thou sweet ?

Then we act to a purpose—we spring up erect—
We will tame the wild mouths of the wilderness-steeds ;
We will plough up the deep in the ships double-decked ;
We will build the great cities, and do the great deeds,—
Strike the steel upon steel, strike the soul upon soul,
Strike the dole on the weal, overcoming the dole,—
Let the cloud meet the cloud in a grand thunder-roll !
While the eagle of thought rides the tempest in scorn,
Who cares if the lightning is burning the corn ?

“ Let us sit on the thrones

In a purple sublimity,
And grind down men's bones
To a pale unanimity !

Speed me God !—serve me man !—I am god over men !
When I speak in my cloud, none shall answer again—

'Neath the stripe and the bond,
Lie and mourn at my feet ! ”—

O thou Life, O Beyond,
Thou art strange, thou art sweet !

Then we grow into thought,—and with inward ascensions,
Touch the bounds of our being !

We lie in the dark here, swathed doubly around
With our sensual relations and social conventions,—
Yet are 'ware of a sight, yet are 'ware of a sound

Beyond hearing and seeing,—

Are aware that a Hades rolls deep on all sides,
With its infinite tides,

About and above us,—until the strong arch
Of our life creaks and bends as if ready for falling,
And through all the dim rolling we hear the sweet calling
Of spirits that speak, in a soft under-tongue,
The interpretative sense of the mystical march :
And we cry to them softly, “ Come nearer, come nearer,—
And lift up the lap of this dark, and speak clearer,
And teach us the song that ye sung.”

And we smile in our thought, if they answer or no,—
For to dream of a sweetness is sweet as to know !

Wonders breathe in our face,
And we ask not their name ;
And love takes all the blame
Of the world's prison-place.

And we sing back the songs, as we guess them, aloud !
And we send up the lark of our music that cuts

Untired through the cloud,
To beat with its wings at the lattice Heaven shuts :
Yet the angels look down, and the mortals look up,
As the little wings beat,

And the poet is bless'd with their pity or hope,
'Twixt the Heavens and the earth, can a poet despond ?

O Life, O Beyond,
Thou art strange, thou art sweet !

FOLDING THE FLOCKS.

FROM BRAUMONT and FLETCHER.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up ; for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops, how they kiss
Every little flower that is ;
Hanging on their velvet heads
Like a string of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead dead night from underground,
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapours, fly apace,
And hover o'er the smiling face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom.
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock :
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout

From the mountain, and ere day
Bear a lamb or kid away ;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
So shall you good shepherds prove,
And deserve your master's love.
Now, good night ! may sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids : so, farewell !
Thus I end my evening knell,

THE CHILD AND THE DEWDROPS.

By J. E. CARPENTER.

" OH ! father, dear father, why pass they away,
The dewdrops that sparkled at dawning of day—
That glitter'd like stars by the light of the moon,
Oh ! why are those dewdrops dissolving so soon ?
Does the sun, in his wrath, chase their brightness away,
As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day ?
The moonlight has faded—the flowers still remain,
But the dew is dried out of their petals again."

" My child," said the father, " look up to the skies,
Behold yon bright rainbow, those beautiful dyes,
There—there are the dewdrops in glory reset,
'Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet.
Then are we not taught by each beautiful ray
To mourn not for beauty, though fleeting away ?
For though youth of its brightness and beauty be riven,
All that withers on earth blooms more brightly in heaven."

Alas ! for the father—how little knew he
The words he had spoken prophetic could be ;
That the beautiful child—the bright star of his day—
Was e'en then, like the dewdrops, dissolving away.
Oh ! sad was father, when lo ! in the skies
The rainbow again spread its glorious dyes ;
And then he remember'd the maxims he'd given,
And thought of his child and the dewdrops—in heaven.

WAR.

The following lines are from *A Treatise of Wars*, by F GREVILLE, Lord Brooke, whose epitaph, by his own desire, "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Councillor to King James, and Friend Sir Philip Sydney."

Never did any public misery
 Rise of itself—God's plagues still grounded are
 On common stains of our humanity.

* * * *

In our nature, rightly understood,
 Rebellion lives, still striving to disfashion
 Order, authority, laws, or any good,
 That should restrain our liberty of pleasure,
 Bound our designs, or give desire a measure.

So that in man the humour radical
 Of violence is, a swelling of desire,
 To win that freedom, captived by his fall,
 Which yet falls more by striving to climb higher
 Men would be tyrants, tyrants would be gods,
 Thus *they* become *our* scourges, *we* *their* rods.

 THE BETTER LAND.

By MRS. HEMANS.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
 Thou call'st its children a happy band:
 Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle-boughs?
 "Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze;
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearls gleam from the coral strand,—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

TO MY BROTHER.

From *Tait's Magazine* we select an elegant poem, very superior to
is poetry that generally drugs the pages of our periodicals.

COME with me, dearest, to the river's side,
Where the bright floods make music as they flow,
And while we wander by its sparkling tide,
Sweet memories will rise of long ago,
And thoughts, that childhood bade these waters keep,
Flash forth once more from their enchanted sleep.

Look where it flows, unchanged, unchangeable,
Foaming o'er rocks and rippling to the sun,
The shy trout plays among its eddies still,
Where dense and dark the restless currents run;
How strange to know that thrice three years have past,
Since we two wander'd by its margin last!

Yet change is here ; when we were wont to stray
From morn till eve these woody banks among,
Thick hung the hawthorn blossoms from the spray,
And birds of spring in every thicket sung ;
And, like a shower of gold, the bonny broom
Flung to the amorous gale her buds of rich perfume.

Now autumn looks o'er fields of ripen'd corn,
And sere leaves rustle where our footsteps fall,
Few and unfrequent now the notes are borne,
That made these solitudes so musical :
And so it is with us, for life no more,
Though happy still, is spring time as of yore.

Ay, we are changed : upon thy noble brow
Dwells the deep musing meet for manhood's prime ;
Thy step is firmer, and thy rich locks now
Are somewhat darken'd by the touch of time,
And graver cares are round thy spirit twined,
Than in these shades thy childhood left behind.

Yet, though time sports with outward forms at will,
In deeper things his breath has scarce been felt,
And the long lapse of years doth find us still
Before the shrines at which our childhood knelt ;
And what in those young days we wont to prize
Are still the same, the dearest in our eyes.

Still, as of yore, 'tis thy delight to bend
Where some bold river thunders on its course,
Where cataracts in whiten'd showers descend,
Deafening the air with clamour loud and hoarse,
Thou lovest to ply the angler's silent art,
Alone with nature, and thy own deep heart.

Thou hast gone forth to mingle with the world,
And breath'd the air of many a foreign clime ;
But from thy spirit never has been hurl'd
The warm, fresh feeling of that early time ;
And I behold the glory of thy youth,
Blest with an honest heart of kindliness and truth.

For we, though years have borne upon their flight
A thousand joys my childhood could not dream,
My soul has ever found its chief delight
By lonely mountain glen, or gushing stream.
And life can yield no pleasure and no pride
Dearer than this,—to wander by thy side.

And should we hither stray, when young romance
Has faded in the world's ungenial air,
And the soft lightning of the eagle glance
In those dark eyes, be seen but faintly there,
Oh! may we find in nature's beauty still
A joy all shadowless, a charm for every ill!

A CHILD PRAYING.

The Rev. R. A. WILLMOTT has lately published a little volume of poems of the sentimental school, very pretty, and some of them very elegantly written. A fair specimen of his style is this one.

Fold thy little hands in prayer;
Bow down at thy mother's knee;
Now thy sunny face is fair,
Shining through thine auburn hair;
Thine eyes are passion free;
And pleasant thoughts, like garlands, bind thee
Unto thy home, yet grief may find thee—
Then pray, child, pray!

Now, thy young heart, like a bird,
Warbles in its summer nest;
No evil thought, no unkind word,
No chilling autumn winds have stirr'd
The beauty of thy rest;
But winter hastens, and decay
Shall waste thy verdant home away—
Then pray, child, pray!

Thy bosom is a house of glee,
With gladness harping at the door ;
While ever, with a joyous shout,
Hope, the May queen, dances out,
Her lips with music running o'er ;
But time those strings of joy will sever,
And hope will not dance on for ever—
'Then pray, child, pray !

Now, thy mother's arm is spread
Beneath thy pillow in the night ;
And loving feet creep round thy bed,
And o'er thy quiet face is shed
The taper's darken'd light ;
But that fond arm will pass away,
By thee no more those feet will stay—
Then pray, child, pray !

TIME.

KNOX is the author of the following vigorous lines.

Time speeds away—away—away ;
Another hour—another day,—
Another month—another year—
Drop from us like the leaflets sere ;
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts ;
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eye grows dim, and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away ;
Like torrent in a stormy day ;
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower ;
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved, the friends that bless'd ;
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away ;
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steed, from stage to stage
He bears us on—from youth to age,
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.

RECOLLECTIONS.

By Mrs. LOUISE P. SMITH, a poetess of America.

I've pleasant thoughts that memory brings, in moments free
from care,
Of a fairy-like and laughing girl, with roses in her hair ;
Her smile was like the starlight of summer's softest skies ;
And worlds of joyousness there shone, from out her witching
eyes.

Her looks were looks of melody, her voice was like the swell
Of sudden music, notes of mirth, that of wild gladness tell ;
She came like spring, with pleasant sounds of sweetness and
of mirth,
And her thoughts were those wild, flowery ones, that linger
not on earth.

A quiet goodness beam'd amid the beauty of her face,
And all she said and did, was with its own instinctive grace ;
She seem'd as if she thought the world a good and pleasant
one,
And her light spirit saw no ill, in all beneath the sun.

I've dream'd of just such creatures, but they never met my
view,
Mid the sober, dull reality, in their earthly form and hue.
And her smile came gently o'er me, like spring's first
scented airs,
And made me think life was not all a wilderness of cares.

I know not of her destiny, or where her smile now stray
 But the thought of her comes o'er me, with my own
 sunny days,
 With moonlight hours, and far-off friends, and many pleas
 things,
 That have gone the way of all the earth on time's resist
 wings.

THE LADY'S YES.

By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"Yes!" I answered you last night;
 "No!" this morning, sir, I say!
 Colours seen by candle-light,
 Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors play'd their best,
 Lamps above, and laughs below—
Love me sounded like a jest,
 Fit for *Yes* or fit for *No*!

Call me false or call me free—
 Vow, whatever light may shine,
 No man on thy face shall see
 Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—
 Time to dance is not to woo—
 Wooer light makes fickle troth—
 Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*!

Learn to win a lady's faith
 Nobly as the thing is high;
 Bravely, as for life and death—
 With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
 Point her to the starry skies,
 Guard her, by your truthful words,
 Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true, as wives of yore—
And her Yes, once said to you,
Shall be yes for evermore.

THE GIAOUR.

A fine descriptive passage in Lord BYRON's poem of that name.

“How name ye yon lone Caloyer?
His features I have scann'd before
In mine own land: 'tis many a year,
Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
I saw him urge as fleet a steed
As ever served a horseman's need,
But once I saw that face, yet then
It was so mark'd with inward pain,
I could not pass it by again;
It breathes the same dark spirit now,
As death were stamp'd upon his brow.

“'Tis twice three years at summer tide
Since first among our freres he came;
And here it soothes him to abide
For some dark deed he will not name.
But never at our vesper prayer,
Nor e'er before confession chair
Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
Incense or anthem to the skies,
But broods within his cell alone,
His faith and race alike unknown.
The sea from Paynim land he crost,
And here ascended from the coast;
Yet seems he not of Othman race,
But only Christian in his face:
I'd judge him some stray renegade,
Repentant of the change he made,

Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
 Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
 Great largess to these walls he brought,
 And thus our abbot's favour bought;
 But were I prior, not a day
 Should brook such stranger's further stay,
 Or pent within our penance cell
 Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
 Much in his visions mutters he
 Of maiden whelm'd beneath the sea;
 Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
 Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.
 On cliff he hath been known to stand,
 And rave as to some bloody hand
 Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,
 Invisible to all but him,
 Which beckons onward to his grave,
 And lures to leap into the wave."

* * * * *

Dark and unearthly is the scowl
 That glares beneath his dusky cowl:
 The flash of that dilating eye
 Reveals too much of times gone by;
 Though varying, indistinct its hue,
 Oft will his glance the gazer rue,
 For in it lurks that nameless spell,
 Which speaks, itself unspeakable,
 A spirit yet unquell'd and high,
 That claims and keeps ascendancy;
 And like the bird whose pinions quake,
 But cannot fly the gazing snake,
 Will others quail beneath his look,
 Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook,
 From him the half-affrighted friar
 When met alone would fain retire,
 As if that eye and bitter smile
 Transferr'd to others fear and guile;
 Not oft to smile descendeth he,
 And when he doth 'tis sad to see
 That he but mocks at misery.

How that pale lip will curl and quiver !
Then fix once more as if for ever ;
As if his sorrow or disdain
Forbade him e'er to smile again.
Well were it so—such ghastly mirth,
From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.
But sadder still it were to trace
What once were feelings in that face :
Time hath not yet the features fix'd,
But brighter traits with evil mix'd ;
And there are hues not always faded,
Which speak a mind not all degraded
Even by the crimes through which it waded :
The common crowd but see the gloom
Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom ;
The close observer can espy
A noble soul, and lineage high :
Alas ! though both bestow'd in vain,
Which grief could change, and guilt could stain,
It was no vulgar tenement
To which such lofty gifts were lent,
And still with little less than dread
On such the sight is riveted.
The roofless cot, decay'd and rent,
Will scarce delay the passer by ;
The tower by war or tempest bent,
While yet may frown one battlement,
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye ;
Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,
Pleads haughtily for glories gone !

“ His floating robe around him folding,
Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle ;
With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
The rites that sanctify the pile.
But when the anthem shakes the choir,
And kneel the monks, his steps retire ;
By yonder lone and wavering torch
His aspect glares within the porch ;
There will he pause till all is done—
And hear the prayer, but utter none.
See—by the half-illumin'd wall
His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,

That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
As if the Gorgon there had bound
The sablest of the serpent-braid
That o'er her fearful forehead stray'd :
For he declines the convent oath,
And leaves those locks unhallow'd growth,
But wears our garb in all beside ;
And, not from piety but pride,
Gives wealth to walls that never heard
Of his one holy vow nor word.
Lo !—mark ye, as the harmony
Peals louder praises to the sky,
That livid cheek, that stony air
Of mix'd defiance and despair !
Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine !
Else may we dread the wrath divine
Made manifest by awful sign.
If ever evil angel bore
The form of mortal, such he wore :
By all my hope of sins forgiven,
Such looks are not of earth nor heaven !”
To love the softest hearts are prone,
But such can ne'er be all his own :
Too timid in his woes to share,
Too meek to meet, or brave despair ;
And sterner hearts alone may feel
The wound that time can never heal
The rugged metal of the mine,
Must burn before its surface shine,
But plunged within the furnace-flame,
It bends and melts—though still the same ;
Then temper'd to thy want, or will,
’Twill serve thee to defend or kill ;
A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed ;
But if a dagger’s form it bear,
Let those who shape its edge, beware !
Thus passion’s fire, and woman’s heart,
Can turn and tame the sterner heart ;
From these its form and tone are ta’en,
And what they make it, must remain,
But break—before it bend again.

SONG OF THE SEA ELVES ;

By GRAHAM.

Silently, silently, over the sea,
The vesper breeze is blowing—
Silently, silently, over the sea,
Our faëry barque is going.

We hoist no sail to the dying gale,
We have no helm to guide :
But we whisper our spell to those who dwell
Beneath that sunless tide.

Our wayward course, where'er we roam,
By star-like eyes is lit ;
Our barque is of the ocean foam,
The tempest fashion'd it.

We greet with a song, as we pass along,
The mariner Nautilus ;
In his ship of pearl the sail he must furl,
For he dare not cope with us.

For ours is every coral cave
That shines beneath the sea :
Within the chambers of the wave—
Aristocrats are we !

Our faëry zone with pearls is strown,
And tiny foambells gem,
When they sparkle bright, in the pale moonlight,
Our elfin diadem.

Our robe is of the rising mist,
Dyed red in morning's ray :
Our small feet, which the waves have kiss'd,
Are sandall'd by the spray.

The waves that leap wild o'er the deep,
Our nimble playmates be :
And the distant wail of the dying gale
Our ocean melody.

AT PARTING.

From a volume of poems recently published by Mr. W. R. CASSEL

PEACE! Let me go, or ere it be too late;
 Dip not your arrows in the honey-mead;
 Paint not the wound through which my heart doth bleed
 Leave me unmock'd, unpitied, to my fate—
 Peace! Let me go.

Think you that words can smoothe my rugged track?
 Words heal the stab your soft white hands have made,
 Or stir the burthen on my bosom laid?
 Winds shook not earth from Atlas' bended back—
 Peace! Let me go.

What though it be the last time we shall meet—
 Raise your white brow, and wreath your raven hair,
 And fill with music sweet the summer air;
 Not this again shall draw me to your feet—
 Peace! Let me go.

No laurels from my vanquish'd heart shall wave
 Round your triumphant beauty as you go.
 Not thus adorn'd work out some other's woe—
 Yet, if you will, pluck daisies from my grave!
 Peace! Let me go.

 DEATH OF GERTRUDE.

A beautiful passage from CAMPBELL'S *Gertrude of Wyoming*.

AND tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swoon'd;
 Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
 Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,
 These drops?—oh! God! the life-blood is her own
 And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown:
 "Weep not, O love!"—she cries, "to see me bleed
 Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
 Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
 These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is death inde

" Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hope of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs, when I am laid in dust!

" Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven: for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

" Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth—
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge; but shall there be none,
In future times—no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, e'en while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonising as he knelt,—
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words: but knew not what they
were.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between
'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their death *had not* divided been.

Touch'd by the music, and the melting scene,
 Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd :
 Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
 To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-loved shroud,
 While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
 Its farewell, o'er the grave of worth and truth :
 Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
 His face on earth : him watch'd, in gloomy ruth,
 His woodland guide ; but words had none to sooth
 The grief that knew not consolation's name ;
 Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
 He watch'd, beneath the folds, each burst that came
 Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame !

BE MINE TO VANISH.

A translation of a famous lyric by HERWEGH, a poet of Germany

Be mine to vanish like the gale's last breath,
 Like the red gleam of evening's fading fire !
 O gentle, peaceful, all unconscious death !
 In the Eternal's bosom thus to expire !

Be mine to vanish like the brilliant star,
 Beaming with brightness unimpaired, unclouded,
 So placidly, so painlessly, afar
 In Heaven's blue depths of endless glory shrouded.

Be mine to vanish like the perfume fair
 That rises lightly from the cups of flowers,
 And on the wing of incense-laden air
 Curls from God's altar in the summer hours.

Be mine to vanish like the early dew,
 When morning's thirsty eye of fire is blinking,
 Would God that so my weary spirit, too,
 The sunbeam of the eternal morn were drinking !

Be mine to vanish like the plaintive tone
That swells from harp-strings touch'd by flying fingers,
And, from the earthly metal scarcely flown,
In the Creator's breast harmonious lingers !

—Thou wilt not vanish like the gale's last breath,
Nor, like the star, in placid beauty sinking ;
Thou wilt not die the flower's unconscious death,
No morning beam shall thy last breath be drinking.

Yes, thou shalt vanish—vanish without trace,
Yet first shall failing strength give many a token ;
In nature only, painless death finds place ;
But man's poor heart must be by pieces broken !

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

By R. MONCKTON MILNES.

No, though all the winds that lie
In the circle of the sky
Trace him out and pray and moan,
Each in its most plaintive tone,—
No, though Earth be split with sighs,
And all the Kings that reign
Over Nature's mysteries
Be our faithfulest allies,
All—all is vain ;
They may follow on his track,
But he never will come back,
Never again !

Youth is gone away,
Cruel, cruel youth,
Full of gentleness and truth
Did we think him all his stay ;
How had he the heart to wreak
Such a woe on us so weak,
He that was so tender-meek ?

How could he be made to learn
To find pleasure in our pain ?
Could he leave us, to return
Never again !

Bow your heads very low,
Solemn-measured be your paces,
Gather'd up in grief your faces,
Sing sad music as ye go ;
In disordered handfuls strew
Strips of cypress, sprigs of rue ;
In your hands be borne the bloom,
Whose long petals once and only
Look from their pale-leavèd tomb
In the darkness lonely ;
Let the nightshade's bearded coral
Fall in melancholy moral
Your wan brows around,
While in very scorn ye fling
The amaranth upon the ground
As an unbelievèd thing ;
What care we for its fair tale
Of beauties that can never fail,
Glories that can never wane ?
No such blooms are on the track
He has past, who will come back
Never again !

Alas, we know not how he went,
We knew not he was going,
For had our tears once found a vent,
We' had stay'd him with their flowing.
It was as an earthquake, when
We awoke and found him gone,
We were miserable men,
We were hopeless, every one !
Yes, he must have gone away
In his guise of every day,
In his common dress, the same
Perfect face and perfect frame ;
For in feature, for in limb,
Who could be compared to him ?
Firm his step, as one who knows
He is free, where'er he goes,

And withal as light of spring
As the arrow from the string ;
His impassion'd eye had got
Fire which the sun has not ;
Silk to feel, and gold to see,
Fell his tresses full and free,
Like the morning mists that glide
Soft adown the mountain's side ;
Most delicious 'twas to hear
When his voice was trilling clear,
As a silver-hearted bell,
Or to follow its low swell,
When, as dreamy winds that stray
Fainting 'mid Æolian chords,
Inner music seem'd to play
Symphony to all his words ;
In his hand was poised a spear,
Deftly poised, as to appear
Resting of its proper will,—
Thus a merry hunter still,
And engarlanded with bay,
Must our Youth have gone away,
Though we half remember now,
He had borne some little while
Something mournful in his smile—
Something serious on his brow :
Gentle heart, perhaps he knew
The cruel deed he was about to do !

Now, between us all and him
There are rising mountains dim,
Forests of uncounted trees,
Spaces of unmeasured seas :
Think, with him how gay of yore
We made sunshine out of shade—
Think with him how light we bore
All the burden sorrow laid ;
All went happily about him,—
How shall we toil on without him ?
How without his cheering eye
Constant strength embreathing ever ?
How without him standing by
Aiding every hard endeavour ?

For when faintness or disease
 Had usurp'd upon our knees,
 If he deign'd our lips to kiss
 With those living lips of his,
 We were lighten'd of our pain,
 We were up and hale again :—
 Now, without one blessing glance
 From his rose-lit countenance,
 We shall die, deserted men—
 And not see him, even then !

We are cold, very cold—
 All our blood is drying old,
 And a terrible heart-dearth
 Reigns for us in heaven and earth :
 Forth we stretch our chilly fingers
 In poor effort to attain
 Tepid embers, where still lingers
 Some preserving warmth, in vain.
 Oh ! if Love, the sister dear
 Of youth that we have lost,
 Come not in swift pity here,
 Come not, with a host
 Of affections, strong and kind,
 To hold up our sinking mind,
 If she will not, of her grace,
 Take her brother's holy place,
 And be to us, at least a part
 Of what he was, in life and heart,
 The faintness that is on our breath
 Can have no other end but death.

ON SPEARING THE SALMON IN UPPER CANADA

The following spirited poem is quoted by Mr. BLAKEY i
Sketches of Angling Literature. It would seem to be taken from
 Canadian periodical.

The lake's gold and purple have vanish'd from sight,
 And the glimmer of twilight is merged into night.
 The woods on the borders in blackness are mass'd,
 And the waters in motionless ebony glass'd :

ars that first spangled the pearl of the west
st in the bright blazing crowds of the rest ;
the torch ! launch the boat ! for to night we are here,
lmon, the quick-darting salmon to spear.

urge our light craft, by the push of the oar
gh the serpent-like stems of the lilies near shore :
e free—turn the prow to yon crescent-shaped cove,
black by the down-hanging boughs of its grove.
eek eddy-gurgle that whirls at our dip,
s low as the wine-bead which bursts on the lip.
e lake, from the flame of our torch, we behold
mid pictured in spangles of gold,
the marble-like depth, on each side of the blaze,
of gray sparkles, far in as we gaze.
his bank-shelter'd nook, the loon utters his cry,
e night-hawk darts down with a rush from on high :

turals hoarse, on his green, slimy log,
shrill piping tribe, croaks the patriarch frog :
he bleat and the bark from the banks mingle faint
the anchorite whip-poor-will's mournful complaint.
ide in the cove—let the torch be flared low,
he spot where our victim is lurking 'twill show ;
he twigs of this dead sunken tree-top he lies,
e spear be poised quick, or good-bye to our prize.
it darts—to the blow our best efforts are bent,
white bubbling streak shows its rapid descent ;
asp it, as upward it shoots through the air ;
cheers for our luck ! our barb'd victim is there !
vay, boys ! give way, boys ! our prow points to shore,
vay, boys ! give way, boys ! our labour is o'er.
e black mass of forest our torch-light receives,
aks into groups of trunks, branches and leaves :
e perch in the hemlock, we've blinded with light
rey-headed owl—see him flutter from sight !
he orator frog, as we gild with the glow,
his speech with a groan, and dives splashing below.
ong and strong pull—the prow grates on the sand,
cheers for our luck, boys ! as spring we to land.

Brilliant.

GENTLENESS.

A crystal river,
 Diaphanous because it travels slowly :
 Soft is the music that would charm for ever ;
 The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

WORDSWORTH

WOMAN.

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
 The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead ?
 No : the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
 And fear and sorrow from the fire of joy !
 And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
 Without the home that plighted love endears,
 Without the smile from partial beauty won,
 Oh ! what were man ?—a world without a sun.
 Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
 There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower !
 In vain the viewless seraph, lingering there,
 At starry midnight charm'd the listening air :
 In vain the wild bird caroll'd on the steep,
 To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep ;
 In vain to soothe the solitary shade,
 Aerial notes in mingling measure play'd :
 The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
 The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee ;—
 Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
 And still the stranger wist not where to stay.
 The world was sad ! the garden was a wild !
 And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled !

CAMPBELL

WOMAN'S MISSION.

'Tis thine to curb the passions madd'ning sway,
 And wipe the mourner's bitter tear away :
 'Tis thine to soothe, when hope itself has fled,
 And cheer with angel smile the sufferer's bed :
 To give to earth its charm, to life its zest,
 One only task—to bless, and to be blest.

GRAHAM.

A GROVE.

And nought within the grove was heard or seen
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom profound,
Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow flutt'ring round !

CAMPBELL.

LEARNING.

The helm may rust, the laurel bough may fade,
Oblivion's grasp may blunt the victor's blade,
But that bright, holy wreath which learning gives,
Untorn by hate, uncharm'd by envy lives—
Lives through the march of tempest and of time,
Dwells on each shore, and blooms in every clime :
Wide as the space that fills yon airless blue,
Pure as the breeze, and as eternal too,
Fair as the night-star's eve-awaken'd ray,
But with no morn to chase its fires away.

GRAHAM.

LOVE.

Oh ! love is deeper than the ocean's waves,
Reckless and stormier far than all his waves :
Yet is he gentler than the doe that cleaves
To the calm solitude of forest leaves.
And love is swifter than the fleece that lies
Over its summer play-ground, the blue skies :
Yet hesitating as a vale-check'd stream
That lingers, lingers, in a mazy dream.
And love is warmer than a Zephyr's breath,
That sighs himself some summer day to death :
Yet seeming strange, he feigns uncaring words,
Cold as the winter pour'd o'er shrinking herds,
And love is plaintive as a cushat dove,
And yet there's nought so silent as sweet love ;
More obstinate than century-founded rocks,
Earth's mighty belt, that mass the ocean shocks :
Yielding as willow that in marshy bed,
The faintest air-stir makes to bend the head :
And all love's humours, 'twixt the smile and tear,
No muse might number in a live-long year :
For all he entertaineth in a mind
Fix'd as earth's centre, changeful as the wind.

WHITMORE JONES.

YOUTH.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

CAMPBELL.

A SUMMER NOON TIDE.

Upon the bosom of the heaving deep
All the day long the pleasant sunbeams sleep:
The lazy streams soft lapsing, deep and slow,
Call you to slumber with their voices low;
Deep in the water stand the sleepy herds,—
The woods are silent all—the voiceless birds
To the sun's eye droop down the gaudy wing,
And hang the drowsy lid, and cease to sing:
From the day's furnace breath, sweetly embower'd
The poet lies, deep heat hath overpower'd
Even his listening thoughts: but through his slumbers
Still waking creep the bright unbidden numbers:
It is the earth's siesta—even the bee
Flies in his deep and dull monotony.

WHITBORN JONES.

RETIREMENT.

Yes, when the sun of life more darkly shines,
When thoughts of solemn gloom
Of high glances rise shall higher bring:
And those perennial flowers and morning pines,
The groves of the mind and the bloom
And all the unaged ravishment of spring.

W. CAMPBELL.

NATURE.

The sun had set, but still his lingering beam
Shook the clouds and stirred the stream:
Sluggish he sat heavy on the mountain's brow,
And round it with his light the forest through.
The sun had set—the stream was heavy as night
Through the deep woods in the tranquil sky:
The mountain's top was in the silent air,
The stream was still a presence and was still.

CAMPBELL.

A LYRIC.

Translated from HEINRICH HEINE.

THEY say that my heart is breaking
 With love and sorrow too ;
 And at last I shall believe it
 As other people do.

Thou, girl, with eyes dark beaming,
 I have ever told thee this,—
 That my heart with love is breaking,
 That thou wert all my bliss.

But only in my chamber
 Dared I thus boldly speak :
 Alas !—when thou wert present,
 My words were sad and weak.

For there were evil angels
 Who quickly hush'd my tongue ;
 And oh !—such evil angels
 Kill many a heart when young.

A PHANTASY.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

I HEAR thy breath : 'tis soft and near,
 'Tis sweeter than the close of day,
 When June o'ertakes the maiden May
 Amidst the unblown eglantines,
 And round her scented bosom twines.
 I hear thy step, 'tis light and near :
 Tell me where dost hide, my dear ?

Voice.—Far away, far away !

Underneath what drooping showers
 Of lilac and laburnum flowers ?

Voice.—Far away !

My love, my lady Lily, fair,
 (Fairer than the crown'd rose is,)
 Is it in the cowslip lair,
 Where sweet south wind reposes,

That thou dost lie
All the spring-time long, and sigh,
With the river by thy side,
Murmuring like a one-day's bride?
Hush!—Give answer, spirit sweet!
Ah, I hear thy tender feet
Rustling in the grass unmown:
Nay, at times, when all alone
On the moonlit moor I walk,
I can see thee, with a star
On thy forehead, from afar.
Shall I ever dare to talk
With thy sweet ghost all alone?
What, though men do swear to me
Thou art all a phantasy,
Thou wilt live with me, as true
As the stars are to the blue.
Time may alter: youth be dead;
And the spring may hide her head;
And the friend, now near my heart,
May desert his better part!
But thou ever wilt remain
In my heart and in my brain,
Truer, to the inward eye,
Than many a gross reality.

THE SOULS OF THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

By CHARLES MACKAY, from his recently published volume, *on The Lump of Gold, and other Poems.*

"WHO bids for the little children,—
Body, and soul, and brain?
Who bids for the little children,—
Young and without a stain?
Will no one bid," said England,
"For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good or evil
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb;
Fever, and pain, and squalor
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling,
"I bid for them one and all!
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie, to skulk, to crawl!
They shall sleep in my lair, like maggots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine;
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime, with wolfish grin;
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay."

"Prison and hulk and gallows
Are many in the land,
'Twere folly not to use them,
So proudly as they stand.
Give me the little children—
I'll take them as they're born,
And feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn."

"Give me the little children,
Ye good, ye rich, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round,
While ye shut your idle eyes;
And your judges shall have work,
And your lawyers wag the tongue,
And the gaolers and policemen
Shall be fathers to the young."

THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

"Who does not recollect the exultation of Vaillant over a flower the torrid wastes of Africa? The affecting mention of the influence a flower upon the mind, by Mungo Park, in a time of suffering despondency, in the heart of the same savage country, is familiar to every one."—*Howitt's Book of the Seasons.*

WHY art thou thus in thy beauty cast,
O lonely, loneliest flower!
Where the sound of song hath never pass'd
From human hearth or bower?

I pity thee, for thy heart of love,
For that glowing heart, that fain
Would breathe out joy with each wind to rove—
In vain, lost thing! in vain!

I pity thee, for thy wasted bloom,
For thy glory's fleeting hour,
For the desert place, thy living tomb—
O lonely, loneliest flower!

I said—but a low voice made reply:
Lament not for the flower!
Though its blossoms all unmark'd must die,
They have had a glorious dower.

Though it blooms afar from the minstrel's way
And the paths where lovers tread;
Yet strength and hope, like an inborn day,
By its odours have been shed.

Yes! dews more sweet than ever fell
O'er island of the blest,
Were shaken forth, from its purple bell,
On a suffering human breast.

A wanderer came, as a stricken deer,
O'er the waste of burning sand,
He bore the wound of an Arab spear,
He fled from a ruthless band.

And dreams of home in a troubled tide
Swept o'er his darkening eye,
And he lay down by the fountain side,
In his mute despair to die.

But his glance was caught by the desert's flower,
The precious boon of Heaven ;
And sudden hope, like a vernal shower,
To his fainting heart was given.

For the bright flower spoke of One above ;
Of the presence felt to brood,
With a spirit of pervading love,
O'er the wildest solitude.

Oh ! the seed was thrown those wastes among
In a bless'd and gracious hour,
For the lorn one rose in heart made strong
By the lonely, loneliest flower !

TO A LADY.

By WILLIAM SPENCER.

Too late I stay'd, forgive the crime ;
Unheeded flew the hours :
How noiseless falls the foot of time,
That only treads on flowers.

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all the sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass ?

Ah ! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftmess brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings ?

THE MOURNER.

By EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE shadows fall from the minster wall,
 Where a weeping mother pray'd,
 Resting the knee in her agony
 On the stone where her son was laid.
 And she thought how her son was asleep below,
 With the grave-cloth bound on his boyish brow,
 And how little he reck'd of his mother now,
 Or her lonely tears ;
 Till she had no heart to end her prayer,
 But almost pray'd to end her pain ;
 To sicken, and die, and be buried there,
 Beside her dear dead boy again.

The sunlight came with its golden flame
 Down through the holy pane,
 Losing its gold in the histories told
 With colours on the pane.
 But it took for the gold, as it flicker'd through,
 Purple and crimson and silver with blue,
 And on like an angel of God it flew
 To the painted wall,
 Where a dead man rose from the place of the dead,
 And, lighting all, it lighted best
 The letters along a scroll that said,
 " Jesus *lachrymans est*."

And her face grew bright at the blessed sight,
 As she rose from the sunny spot ;
 And she spoke in joy to the sleeping boy,
 " Rest on ! I call thee not.
 I will call thee again when the years are done ;
 I can wait till I see thee an angel, son :
 For the Christ that doth sorrow and save is one.
 We shall meet again.

" His pity knows the sad salt tear,
 His power turns the tear to joy :
 And pity and power shall bring us there,
 Where there is never parting, boy."

CUPID LOST AND CRIED.

translated by Dr. BOWRING, from a poem by JACOB CATS, a Dutch poet, who was born at Bronwershaven, a small town in Zealand, 1577, and died in 1660. He was less the poet of imagination than of truth; less the inciter to deeds of heroism and sublimity than the adviser to acts of virtue and enjoyments of innocence; less able of awaking the impulses of the fancy than of calling into action the dormant energies of reason and morality. He was well read in the ancient and modern languages, and as celebrated for the tenor of his life as remarkable for the sound sense and virtuous tenor of his writings.

THE child of Venus, wanton, wild,
The slyest rogue that ever smiled,
Had lately stray'd—where? who shall guess?
His mother pined in sad distress;—

She calls the boy; she sighs, complains,
But still no news of Cupid gains:
For though her sorrow grew apace,
None knew the urchin's resting-place;
She therefore vow'd the boy should be
Cried o'er the country speedily:

“If there be any who can tell
Where little Cupid's wont to dwell,
A fit reward he shall enjoy
If he track out the truant boy;
His recompense a fragrant kiss
From Venus' ruby mouth of bliss;
But he who firmly holds the knave
Shall yet a sweeter guerdon have.
And lest ye should mistake the wight,
List to his form described aright.—
He is a little wayward thing,
That's panoplied on fiery wing;
Two pinions, like a swan, he carries,
And never for an instant tarries,
But now is here, and now is there,
And couples many a curious pair.
His eyes like two bright stars are glowing,
And ever sidelong glances throwing:
He bears about a crafty bow,
And wounds before the wounded know:
His dart, though gilt to please the view,
Is dipp'd in bitter venom too:

His body, though 'tis bare to sight,
Has overthrown full many a knight:
His living torch, though mean and small,
Oft makes the hardiest warrior fall;
The highest dames with cares invades,
And spares not even the tenderest maids;—
Nay, what is worse than all the rest,
He sometimes wounds his mother's breast.

If such an urchin should be found,
Proclaim the joyous news around;
And should the boy attempt to fly,
O seize him, seize him daringly.
But if you have the child at last,
Be careful that you hold him fast,
Or else the roving bird he'll play,
And vanish in thin air away;
And if he seem to pine and grieve,
You must not heed him—nor believe—
Nor trust his tears and feign'd distress,
His winning glance and bland caress;
But watch his cheek when dimples wreath it,
And think that evil lurks beneath it;
For, under his pretended smile,
Are veil'd the deepest craft and guile.
If he a kiss should offer, shun
The proffer'd gift, or be undone;
His ruby lips would thy heart sentence
To brief delight, but long repentance;
But if the cunning boy will give
His dart to you—oh! ne'er receive,
If you would hope for blissful years,
The present that so fair appears;
It is no pledge of love—but shame—
And danger—and destroying flame.
Then, friends—to speak with brevity—
This wholesome warning take from me;
Let those who seize the wily ranger,
Be on their guard 'gainst many a danger;
For, if they venture too securely,
Misfortunes will assail them surely;
And if they trust the boy in aught,
The catchers will themselves be caught.”

THE ALBANIAN LOVE LETTER.

A lively, clever little *jeu d'esprit*, by LEIGH HUNT.

AN exquisite invention this,
Worthy of Love's most honied kiss,
This art of writing billet-doux
In buds, and odours, and bright hues,—
In saying all one feels and thinks
In clever daffodils and pinks,
Uttering (as well as silence may)
The sweetest words the sweetest way :
How fit, too, for the lady's bosom,
The place where billet-doux repose 'em.

How charming in some rural spot,
Combining love with garden plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers
And one's epistolary powers,
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange tubs, and beds of pansies ;
One's sighs and passionate declarations
In odorous rhet'ric of carnations ;
Seeing how far one's stocks will reach ;
Taking due care one's flowers of speech
To guard from blight as well as bathos,
And watering, every day, one's pathos.

A letter comes just gathered, we
Doat on its tender brilliancy ;
Inhale its delicate expression
Of balm and pea ; and its confession,
Made with as sweet a maiden blush
As ever morn bedew'd on bush ;
And then, when we have kiss'd its wit
And heart, in water putting it,
To keep its remarks fresh, go round
Our little eloquent plot of ground !
And with delighted hands compose
Our answer, all of lily and rose,
Of tuberose and of violet,
And little darling (mignonette) ;
And gratitude and polyanthus,
And flowers that say, " Felt never man thus !"

TO A FLOWER.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

DAWN, gentle flower,
From the morning earth!
We will gaze and wonder
At thy wondrous birth!

Bloom, gentle flower!
Lover of the light,
Sought by wind and shower,
Fondled by the night!

Fade, gentle flower!
All thy white leaves close!
Having shown thy beauty,
Time 'tis for repose.

Die, gentle flower,
In the silent sun!
Sob,—all pangs are over,
All thy tasks are done!

Day hath no more glory,
Though he soars on high;
Thine is all man's story,
Live,—and love,—and die!

A BROOK.

By A. J. WADE.

I know a brook that all the livelong day
Babbles the silence of a vale away,
With gurgle, gurgle, for its ceaseless song;
Many a hermit flower is found along
Its mossy banks—some deep secluded, where
None know their being, save the prying air,
That is their faithless confidant, and tells
The fragrant sighs he heard within their cells.
Some, less retired, bent vainly o'er the brook,
For their sweet image in its mirror look;

broken reflex in the water-glass
 all they find—they gaze—they hope—alas!
 hey die despairing, amorous of themselves!—
 Why still ye not the waters, sylphs and elves!
 and let me, in my lonely musing walk,
 hear a wild blossom to its beauty talk!

What would it say? delight and purity,
 and music, surely would its language be
 to its sweet rival-self within the stream—
 alas! this minds me of a long-fled dream!

NELLY'S FUNERAL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

we's New Spirit of the Age, we find it noticed thus:—"A circumstance is observable in a great portion of the scenes of *er*, pathos and tenderness, contained in various parts of Mr. *works*, which it is possible may have been the result of *har-* accident, and the author not even subsequently conscious of it. they are written in blank verse, of irregular metre and which Southey, and Shelley, and some other poets, have *y* adopted. Witness the following description from *The Old Shop*."

And now the bell—the bell
 had so often heard by night and day
 listen'd to with solid pleasure,
 E'en as a living voice—
 g its remorseless toll for her,
 oung, so beautiful, so good.

Decrepit age, and vigorous life,
 blooming youth, and helpless infancy,
 r'd forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength
 And health, in the full blush
 promise—the mere dawn of life—
 gather round her tomb. Old men were there
 Whose eyes were dim
 And senses failing—

Granddames, who might have died ten years ago,
And still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame,
 The palsied,
The living dead in many shapes and forms,
To see the closing of this early grave!
 What was the death it would shut in,
To that which still would crawl and creep above it!

Along the crowded path they bore her now;
 Pale as the new-fallen snow
That cover'd it; whose day on earth
 Had been so fleeting.
Under that porch where she had sat when Heaven
In mercy brought her to that peaceful spot,
 She pass'd again and the old church
 Received her in its quiet shade.

“Throughout the whole of the above, only two unimportant words have been omitted—*in* and *its*; “granddames,” has been substituted “grandmothers,” and “e'en” for almost.” All that remains is exact as in the original, not a single word transposed, and the punctuation same to a comma. The brief homily that concludes the funera profoundly beautiful.”

Oh! it is hard to take
The lesson that such deaths will teach,
 But let no man reject it,
For it is one that all must learn
And is a mighty universal truth,
When death strikes down the innocent and young.
For every fragile form from which he lets
 The parting spirit free,
 A hundred virtues rise,
In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,
 To walk the world and bless it.
 Of every tear
That sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves,
Some good is born some gentler nature comes.

THE LEGACY OF THE ROSES.

By Miss L. E. LONDON.

Oh ! plant them above me, the soft, and the bright,
The touch'd with the sunset's crimson light,
The warm with the earliest breath of spring,
The sweet with the sweep of the west wind's wing ;
Let the green bough and the red leaf wave—
Plant the glad rose tree upon my grave.

Why should the mournful willow weep
O'er the quiet rest of the dreamless sleep ?
Weep for life with its toil and care,
Its crime to shun, and its sorrow to bear ;
Let tears, and the signs of tears, be shed
Over the living, not over the dead !

Plant not the cypress, nor yet the yew,
Too heavy their shadow, too gloomy their hue,
For one who is sleeping in faith and love,
With a hope that is treasur'd in heaven above ;
In a holy trust are my ashes laid—
Cast ye no darkness, throw ye no shade.

Plant the green sod with the crimson rose,
Let my friends rejoice o'er my calm repose,
Let my memory be like the odours shed,
My hope like the promise of early red ;
Let strangers share in their breath and bloom—
Plant ye the bright roses over my tomb !

LAMENT FOR SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

By his Sister.

Woods, hills, and rivers now are desolate,
Since he is gone, the which did all them grace :
And all the fields do wail their widow'd state,
Since death their fairest flower did late deface.
The fairest flower in field that ever grew,
Was Astrophel, that was, we all may rue.

What cruel hand of cursed foe unknown
Hath cropt the stalk that bore so fine a flower ?
Untimely cropt before it well was grown,
And clean defaced it in untimely hour.
Great loss to all that ever him did see,
Great loss to all, but greater loss to me !

Break now your garlands, O ! ye shepherd lasses,
Since the fair flower that them adorn'd is gone ;
The flower that them adorn'd is gone to ashes ;
Never again let lass put garland on ;
Instead of garland, wear sad cypress now,
And bitter elder, broken from the bough.



SONG OF FAIRIES ROBBING AN ORCHARD.

Translated by LEIGH HUNT, from some Latin verses in the
English drama of *Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry*.

WE the Fairies, blithe and antic,
Of dimensions not gigantic,
Though the moonshine mostly keep us,
Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter,
Stolen kisses much completer,
Stolen looks are nice in chapels,
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

When to bed the world are bobbing,
Then 's the time for orchard robbing ;
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling
Were it not for stealing, stealing.



THE CHILD IN THE WILDERNESS.

From *The Wanderings of Cain*; a MS. Poem. By S. T. COLERIDGE.

Encinctur'd in a twine of leaves,
 That leafy twine his only dress,
 A lovely boy was plucking fruits,
 In a moonlight wilderness.
 The moon was bright, the air was free,
 And fruits and flowers together grew,
 And many a shrub, and many a tree;
 And all put on a gentle hue,
 Hanging in the shadowy air,
 Like a picture rich and rare.
 It was a climate where they say
 The night is more beloved than day.
 But who that beauteous boy beguiled—
 That beauteous boy!—to linger here?
 Alone by night, a little child,
 In place so silent and so wild—
 Has he no friend, no loving mother near?

 CHILDREN.

A fine passage from POLLOCK'S *Course of Time*.

WHAT tongue?—no tongue shall tell what bliss o'erflow'd
 The mother's tender heart, while round her hung
 The offspring of her love, and lisp'd her name,
 As living jewels dropp'd unstain'd from heaven,
 That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem,
 Than every ornament of costliest hue:
 And who hath not been ravish'd as she pass'd
 With all her playful band of little ones,
 Like Luna, with her daughters of the sky,
 Walking in matron majesty and grace?
 All who had hearts, here pleasure found: and oft
 Have I when tired with heavy tasks, for tasks
 Were heavy in the world below, relax'd
 My weary thoughts among their guileless sports,

And led them by their little hands afield,
 And watch'd them run and crop the tempting flower,
 Which oft, unask'd, they brought me, and bestow'd
 With smiling face, that waited for a look
 Of praise, and answer'd curious questions, put
 In much simplicity, but ill to solve;
 And heard their observations strange and new,
 And settled whiles their little quarrels, soon
 Ending in peace, and soon forgot in love.
 And still I look'd upon their loveliness,
 And sought through nature for similitudes
 Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss;
 And fairest imagery around me throng'd:
 Dewdrops at dayspring on a seraph's locks,
 Roses that bathe about the well of life,
 Young loves, young hopes, dancing on morning's cheek
 Gems leaping in the coronet of love!
 So beautiful, so full of life, they seem'd
 So made entire of beams of angels' eyes.
 Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely, little things!
 Playing around the den of sorrow, clad
 In smiles, believing in their fairy hopes,
 And thinking man and woman true! all joy,
 Happy all day, and happy all the night.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

By HORACE SMITH.

DAYSTARS! that ope your eyes with man, to twinkle
 From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
 And dewdrops on her lonely altars sprinkle
 As a libation:

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
 Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
 Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
 Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics ! that, with storied beauty,
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create !

'Neath cloister'd boughs, each floral bough that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath plann'd.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply ;
Its choir the winds and waves,—its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There, as in shade and solitude I wander,
Through the green aisles, or stretch'd upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God ;—

Your voiceless lips, O flowers ! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles ! that in dewy splendour,
“ Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,”
Oh ! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lovè sublime !

“ Thou wert not, Solomon ! in all thy glory,
Array'd,” the lilies cry, “ in robes like ours ;
How vain your grandeur ! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers !”

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist !
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, flowers ! though made for pleasur
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages ! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope ?
Each fading calyx a memento mori,
Ye founts of hope.

Posthumous glories ! angel-like collection !
Upraised from seed or bulb, interr'd in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God ! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines !

STANZAS.

Translated from HEINRICH HEINE, by C. G. LELAND.

I would I could blend my sorrows
Into a single word ;
It should fly on the wilful breezes,
As wildly as a bird.

They should carry to thee, my loved one,
That saddest, strangest word ;
At every hour it would meet thee
In every place be heard.

And as soon as those eyes in slumber
Had dimm'd their starry gleam ;
That word of my sorrow should follow,
Down to thy deepest dream.

THE LAMENT OF THE CAPTIVE.

RICHARD WILDE, an American. Of this very beautiful song FOLD thus writes:—"There has been some dispute respecting authorship of this song. The statement of Captain Basil Hall, that it was written in Germany; of others, that it was by an Irish and of a third party, that it was from the Greek of Alcæus, rise to an amusing controversy, in which, I scarcely need state, finality and Mr. Wilde's authorship of it were established."

My life is like the summer-rose
That opens to the morning sky,
And ere the shades of evening close,
Is scatter'd on the ground—to die!
Yet on that rose's humble bed
The softest dews of night are shed,
As though she wept such waste to see—
But none shall drop a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet, when that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The wind bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe one sigh for me!

My life is like the track of feet
Left upon Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Their marks shall vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none shall thus lament for me!

A LYRIC.

Another of HEINRICH HEINE's strange and wild, but highly poetic fancies, translated by LELAND.

My heart, my heart is weary,
Yet merrily beams the May ;
And I lean against the linden,
High up on the terrace gray.

The town-moat far below me
Runs silent and sad, and blue ;
A boy in a boat floats o'er it,
Still fishing and whistling too.

And a beautiful varied picture,
Spreads out beyond the flood,
Fair houses, and gardens, and people,
And cattle, and meadow, and wood.

Young maidens are bleaching the linen,
They laugh as they go and come ;
And the mill-wheel is dripping with diamonds
I list to its far away hum.

And high on yon old gray castle
A sentry-box peeps o'er ;
While a young red-coated soldier
Is pacing beside the door.

He handles his shining musket,
Which gleams in the sunlight red,
He halts, he presents, and shoulders :—
I wish that he'd shoot me dead !

ALLEGRA.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I WOULD more natures were like thine,
That never casts a glance before,—
Thou Hebe, who thy heart's bright wine
So lavishly to all dost pour,
That we who drink forget to pine,
And can but dream of bliss in store.

Thou canst not see a shade in life ;
With sunward instinct thou dost rise,
And leaving clouds below at strife,
Gazest undazzled at the skies,
With all their blazing splendours rife,
A songful lark with eagle's eyes.

Thou wast some foundling whom the hours
Nursed, laughing, with the milk of mirth ;
Some influence more gay than ours
Hath ruled thy nature from its birth,
As if thy natal stars were flowers
That shook their seeds round thee on earth.

And thou, to lull thine infant rest,
Wast cradled like an Indian child ;
All pleasant winds from south and west
With lullabies thine ears beguiled,
Rocking thee in thine oriole's nest,
Till nature look'd at thee and smiled.

Thine every fancy seems to borrow
A sunlight from thy childish years,
Making a golden cloud of sorrow,
A hope-lit rainbow out of tears,—
Thy heart is certain of to-morrow,
Though 'yond to-day it never peers.

I would more natures were like thine,
So innocently wild and free,
Whose sad thoughts, even, leap and shine,
Like sunny wavelets in the sea,
Making us mindless of the brine
In gazing on the brilliancy.

THE LOST PATH.

By THOMAS DAVIS.

SWEET thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
All comfort else has flown ;
For every hope was false to me,
And here I am alone.

What thoughts were mine in early youth !
Like some old Irish song,
Brimful of love, and life, and truth,
My spirit gush'd along.

I hoped to right my native isle,
I hoped a soldier's fame,
I hoped to rest in woman's smile,
And win a minstrel's name—
Oh ! little have I served my land,
No laurels press my brow,
I have no woman's heart or hand,
Nor minstrel honours now.

But fancy has a magic power,
It brings me wreath and crown,
And woman's love, the self same hour
It smites oppression down.
Sweet thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
I have no joy beside ;
Oh ! throng around, and be to me
Power, country, fame, and bride.

A HOLIDAY.

FROM CHARLES MACKAY'S recent volume.

ALONE, alone, let me wander alone !
There's an odour of hay o'er the woodlands blow
There's a humming of bees beneath the lime,
And the deep blue heaven of a southern clime
Is not more beautifully bright
Than this English sky with its islets white,
And its alp-like clouds, so snowy fair !—
The birch leaves dangle in balmy air ;
And the elms and oaks scarce seem to know
When the whispering breezes come or go ;
But the bonnie sweet-briar, she knows well ;
For she has kiss'd them—and they tell !
And bear to all the west and south
The pleasant odours of her mouth.
Let me alone to my idle pleasure ;
What do I care for toil or treasure ?

To-morrow I'll work, if work you crave,
Like a king, a statesman, or a slave;
But not to-day, no! nor to-morrow,
If from my drowsy ease I borrow
No health and strength to bear my boat
Through the great life-ocean where we float.

Under the leaves, amid the grass,
Lazily the day shall pass,
Yet not be wasted. Must I ever
Climb up the hill-tops of endeavour?
I hate you all, ye musty books!
Ye know not how the morning looks;
Ye smell of studies long and keen;—
I'll change the white leaves for the green!
My Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, Pope,
I'll leave them for the grassy slope,
Where other singers sweet as they
Chant hymn, and song, and roundelay.
What do I dare for Kant or Hegel,
For Leibnitz, Newton, Locke, or Schlegel?
Did they exhaust philosophy?
I'll find it in the earth or sky,
In woodbine wreaths, in ears of corn,
Or flickering shadows of the morn;
And if I gather nothing new,
At least I'll keep my spirits true
And bathe my heart in honey dew.

This day I'll neither think nor read
Of great Crimean toil or deed.
To-morrow, as in days ago,
I'll pray for peace by valour won,
For speedy triumph of the right,
And earth's repose in love's own light.
To-day I need a truce myself
From books and men, from care and pelf;
And I will have it in cool lanes,
O'er-arching like cathedral fanes,
With elm and beech of sturdy girth;
Or on the bosom of green earth
Amid the daisies;—dreaming, dozing,
Fallow, fallow, and reposing!

A POET'S PLEASURES.

This exquisite catalogue of the delights which the poet can find in nature and art, in beauty as in rarest objects, is from a poem by Keats entitled *Sleep and Poetry*.

For sweet relief I'll dwell
On humbler thoughts, and let this strange assay
Begun in gentleness die so away.
E'en now all tumult from my bosom fades :
I turn full-hearted to the friendly aids
That smooth the path of honour ; brotherhood,
And friendliness, the nurse of mutual good.
The hearty grasp that sends a pleasant sonnet
Into the brain ere one can think upon it ;
The silence when some rhymes are coming out ;
And when they're come, the very pleasant rout :
The message certain to be done to-morrow.
'Tis perhaps as well that it should be to borrow
Some precious book from out its snug retreat,
To cluster round it when we next shall meet.
Scarce can I scribble on ; for lovely airs
Are fluttering round the room like doves in pairs ;
Many delights of that glad day recalling,
When first my senses caught their tender falling.
And with these airs come forms of elegance
Stooping their shoulders o'er a horse's prance,
Careless, and grand—fingers so soft and round
Parting luxuriant curls ; and the swift bound
Of Bacchus from his chariot, when his eye
Made Ariadne's cheek look blushinglly.
Thus I remember all the pleasant flow
Of words at opening a portfolio.

Things such as these are ever harbingers
To trains of peaceful images : the stirr
Of a swan's neck unseen among the rushes :
A linnet starting all about the bushes :
A butterfly, with golden wings broad-parted,
Nestling a rose, convulsed as though it smarted
With over-pleasure—many, many more,
Might I indulge at large in all my store
Of luxuries : yet I must not forget
Sleep, quiet with his poppy coronet :

For what there may be worthy in these rhymes
I partly owe to him : and thus, the chimes
Of friendly voices had just given place
To as sweet a silence, when I 'gan retrace
The pleasant day, upon a couch at ease.
It was a poet's house who keeps the keys
Of pleasure's temple—round about were hung
The glorious features of the bards who sung
In other ages—cold and sacred busts
Smiled at each other. Happy he who trusts
To clear Futurity his darling fame!
Then there were fauns and satyrs taking aim
At swelling apples with a frisky leap
And reaching fingers, 'mid a luscious heap
Of vine-leaves. Then there rose to view a fane
Of liney marble, and thereto a train
Of nymphs approaching fairly o'er the sward :
One, loveliest, holding her white hand toward
The dazzling sun-rise : two sisters sweet
Bending their graceful figures till they meet
Over the trippings of a little child :
And some are hearing, eagerly, the wild
Thrilling liquidity of dewy piping.
See, in another picture, nymphs are wiping
Cherishingly Diana's timorous limbs ;
A fold of lawny mantle dabbling swims
At the bath's edge, and keeps a gentle motion
With the subsiding crystal : as when ocean
Heaves calmly its broad swelling smoothness o'er
Its rocky marge, and balances once more
The patient weeds ; that now unshent by foam
Feel all about their undulating home.
Sappho's meek head was there half smiling down
At nothing ; just as though the earnest frown
Of over-thinking had that moment gone
From off her brow, and left her all alone.
Great Alfred's too, with anxious, pitying eyes,
As if he always listen'd to the sighs
Of the goaded world ; and Kosciusko's, worn
By horrid suffrance—mightily forlorn.
Petrarch, outstepping from the shady green,
Starts at the sight of Laura ! nor can wean
His eyes from her sweet face. Most happy they !
For over them was seen a free display

Of outspread wings, and from between them shon
The face of Poesy: from off her throne
She overlook'd things that I scarce could tell,
The very sense of where I was might well
Keep sleep aloof: but more than that there came
Thought after thought to nourish up the flame
Within my breast; so that the morning light
Surprised me even from a sleepless night;
And up I rose refresh'd, and glad, and gay,
Resolving to begin that very day
These lines; and howsoever they be done,
I leave them as a father does his son.

IN MEMORY OF LUCY HOOPER.

By J. G. WHITTIER, an American poet.

THEY'VE laid thee 'midst the household graves
Where father, brother, sister lie;
Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,
Above thee bends the summer sky.
Thy own loved church in sadness read
Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,
And blest and hallow'd with her prayer
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.
That church, whose rites and liturgy,
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,
Undoubted to thy bosom taken,
As symbols of a faith unshaken.
Even I, of simpler views, could feel
The beauty of thy trust and zeal;
And, owning not thy creed, could see
How deep a truth it seem'd to thee,
And how thy fervent heart had thrown
O'er all, a colouring of its own,
And kindled up, intense and warm,
A life in every rite and form,
As, when on Chebar's banks of old,
The Hebrew's gorgeous vision roll'd,
A spirit filled the vast machine—
A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell ! A little time, and we
Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,
One after one shall follow thee
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,
Which opens on eternity.
Yet shall we cherish not the less
All that is left our hearts meanwhile ;
The memory of thy loveliness
Shall round our weary pathway smile,
Like moonlight when the sun has set—
A sweet and and tender radiance yet.
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong—
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty
Which blended in thy song,
All lovely things by thee beloved,
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee ;
These green hills, where thy childhood roved,
Yon river winding to the sea—
The sunset light of autumn eves
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves
Of rainbow tinted woods—
These, in our view, shall henceforth take
A tenderer meaning for thy sake ;
And all thou lov'dst of earth and sky,
Seem sacred to thy memory.

THE DEATH OF GABRIEL.

This is the concluding passage of LONGFELLOW'S *Evangeline*.

Across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes in their
church at Wicaco.
As descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her
spirit ;
Something within her said : " At length thy trials are
ended !"
And with light in her looks, she enter'd the chamber of
sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip and the aching brow, and in
silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead and concealing their
faces.

* * * *

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline enter'd,
Turn'd on its pillow of pain, to gaze while she pass'd; for
her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a
prison.

* * * *

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowrets dropp'd
from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the
morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible
anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretch'd the form of an old
man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his
temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seem'd to assume once more the form of its earlier manhood
(So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying).
Motionless, senseless, dying he lay, and his spirit, exhausted,
Seem'd to be sinking down through infinite depths in the
darkness—
Darkness of slumber and death—for ever sinking and
sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that
succeeded
Whisper'd a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like:
"Gabriel! O my beloved!"—and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his
childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,

Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and walking under
 their shadow,
 As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
 Tears came into his eyes ; and, as slowly he lifted his eye-
 lids,
 Vanish'd the vision away, but Evangeline kneel'd by his
 bedside.
 Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents,
 unutter'd,
 Died on his lips, and their motion reveal'd what the tongue
 would have spoken.
 Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling beside
 him,
 Kiss'd his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
 Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly sank into
 darkness,
 As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a case-
 ment.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

A fine old patriot lyric, from Mr. BARRY'S collection of *The Songs of Ireland*. The author is not known.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight ?
 Who blushes at the name ?
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame ?
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,
 Who slights his country thus ;
 But a true man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave—
 Some sleep in Ireland too ;
 All—all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died—
 All true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made ;
 But, though their clay be far away
 Beyond the Atlantic foam—
 In true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit 's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth ;
 Among their own they rest ;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast ;
 And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land ;
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas ! that might can vanquish right—
 They fell and pass'd away ;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day,

Then here 's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite.
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs your fate ;
 And true men be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

Brilliant.

BEAUTY ETERNAL.

Scenes must be beautiful which daily view'd
 Please daily, and whose novelty survives
 Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.

COWPER

FILIAL LOVE.

Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of expiring age ;
With lenient art extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile and smooth the bed of death :
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And save awhile one parent from the sky.

POPE.

LOVE ALL.

Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty ;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues.

SHAKSPERE.

EVENING.

A paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

BYRON.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender spires
Were close against the sky !
It was a childish ignorance—
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy !

HOOD.

SAD MEMORIES.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide was in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or lighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affection no sting !

MOORE.

MEMORY.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser-care ;
 Time but th' impression deeply makes,
 As streams their channels wider wear.

BURN

HOPE OF FUTURITY.

Oh ! ne'er in Delphi, or Dodona's shade,
 Such music startled all the slumbering glade,
 Nor frantic Sibyl on Italia's shore,
 When wanton breezes swept her leaf-strewn floor,
 Gave to the desert air such words of peace
 As those which chase our fear, our hope increase.
 Bless we the oracles whose aid is given
 When the wean'd spirit rears the gate of Heaven,
 Like those sweet visitors Columbus bless'd
 When care and doubt sat brooding o'er his breast,
 The birds that ere they sought the neighbouring trees
 Sung round his mast, or skimm'd the stagnant seas :
 The curious carving, and the painted oar,
 That bade him welcome to their dusky shore—
 Such are the heralds of our heavenly bourne,
 Till the soul's Phthia basks in endless morn ;
 The gladden'd spirit spurns these fields of air,
 Nor needs a sun—for God himself is there.

CLEMENT BERKELEY HUI

A SWAN.

From the gloom emerging o'er the tide,
 The lion-standard of Venetia's pride
 Floats like a stately swan, when o'er the bay
 Of some lone lake she cleaves her silent way,
 Or oft asleep on its blue bosom lies,
 White as a cloud becalm'd in summer skies.

THOMAS WHYTEHEAD

MOURN FOR THE DEAD.

Heav'n, that knows
 The weakness of our natures, will forgive,
 Nay, must applaud love's debt, when decent paid :
 Nor can the bravest mortal blame the tear
 Which glitters on the bier of fallen worth.

SHIRLEY

MY THREE TORMENTORS.

Translated from the German. It is full of poetry, and very original in design and expression. These three tormentors are Intemperance, Avarice, and Love.

THREE spirits there be who haunt me always,
Plaguing *my* spirit in sundry small ways.

One is apparell'd in purple and red ;

He sits on a barrel—a chaplet of laurel

Which ought to be mine, and *was* before he

Robb'd me of brains, and bread, and glory,

Wreathèd around his globular head,

And a royal and richly bubbling cup

Of the blood that he drains from his victims' veins

In his hand, that shakes as he lifts it up !

Oh, woe, woe,

And sorrow,

To me, to be

His slave,

Through every coming morrow,

Till years lay me low,

Low in an honourless grave !

My second tormentor, a weazen'd old pigmy,

Delves in a mine, as though he would dig my

Grave, or his own—I'd hardly care which !

His visage is wrinkled and dust-besprinkled,

His clothes are in rags, yet he heaps together

Bright gold by the bushel ; one scarce knows whether

The hateful old hunks be poor or be rich !

His gold is ever before his view :

He worships it, he—and, alas ! makes *me*

In spite of my conscience, worship it too !

Oh, woe, woe,

And sorrow,

To me, to be

His slave,

Through every coming morrow,

Till years lay me low,

Low in an honourless grave !

The third—Oh! the third is a marvellous creature,
Infant-like, and of heavenly feature!

His voice is rich as the song of the spheres;

But ah! what tragic unrest its magic

Doth bring to the bosom who shall tell of?

To me that voice has been as the knell of

Death and despair through bitterest years!

And, then, his bright but mischievous eyes!

Their mildest glance is the wound of a lance,

'Neath which the heart's blank innocence dies!

Oh, woe, woe,

And sorrow,

To me, to be

A slave

To these through every morrow,

Till years lay me low,

Low in mine honourless grave!

A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN.

A passage of richest description from KEATS's *Endymion*.

WHENCE that completed form of all completeness?

Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?

Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where

Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?

Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun;

Not—thy soft hand, fair sister! let me shun

Such follying before thee—yet she had,

Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad;

And they were simply gordian'd up and braided,

Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,

Her pearl round ears, white neck, and orb'd brow;

The which were blended in, I know not how,

With such a paradise of lips and eyes,

Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs,

That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings

And plays about its fancy, till the stings

Of human neighbourhood envenom all.

Unto what awful power shall I call?

To what high fane?—Ah! see her hovering feet,

More bluely vein'd, more soft, more whitely sweet

Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose
From out her cradle shell. The wind out-blows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion;
'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed,
Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,
Handfuls of daisies.

AND MUST WE PART?

A beautiful lyric by J. J. CALLANAN.

AND must we part? then fare thee well!
But he that wails it—he can tell
How dear thou wert, how dear thou art,
And ever must be, to this heart;
But now 'tis vain—it cannot be;
Farewell! and think no more on me.

Oh! yes—this heart would sooner break,
Than one unholy thought awake;
I'd sooner slumber into clay
Than cloud thy spirit's beauteous ray;
Go, free as air—as angel free,
And, Lady, think no more on me.

Oh! did we meet when brighter star
Sent its fair promise from afar,
I then might hope to call thee mine;
The minstrel's heart and harp were thine;
But now 'tis past—it cannot be;
Farewell! and think no more on me.

Or do!—but let it be the hour
When Mercy's all-atoning power
From his high throne of glory hears
Of souls like thine, the prayers, the tears;
Then, whilst you bend the suppliant knee,
Then—then, oh Lady! think on me.

PARIS.

A beautiful description of stone-built Paris, from the powerful poet CROLY, whose writings are suffused with the rich crimson and purple hues of Oriental poetry. It is an excerpt from a longer poem entitled *Paris in 1815*.

LOVELY the stranger's land—the tawny meads,
Track'd by the sleepy Seine's meanders blue ;
The vintage ripening on its sloping beds,
Like sheets of emeralds, dropping purple dew ;
The forest belting with its waste of yew
The chateau lonely as the exile's tomb
Where rests its lord ; the hills' exotic hue ;
The umbraged roads, that from th' horizon come,
Like arrows to one point, where still broods morning's glo-

There sleep'st thou, Paris ! What profounder sleep
Were thine, had matchless hearts not sieged thee round
When those who sow'd in blood, in blood should reap,
When the bold hunter from earth's farthest bound
At length the tiger in his cavern found :
Then, not yon cloud that wraps thy giddy dream,
But the red vapour of the bloody ground,
Such as o'er Moscow hung, had caught the gleam ;
The midnight fires of death, thy last, wild, waking beam

The gale has come,—at once the fleecy haze
Floats up,—then stands a purple canopy,
Shading th' imperial city from the blaze.
Glorious the vision ! tower and temple lie
Beneath the morn, like waves of ivory,
With many an azure streak and gush of green,
As grove and garden on the dazzled eye
Rise in successive beauty, and between
Flows into sudden light the long, slow, serpent Seine.

For Paris now :—Now farewell hill and vale,
And silence sweet, fresh blooms, and dewy sky !
Farewell the gentle moral of the gale,
The wisdom written in the rose's dye !

go to meet the wizard city's eye,
that puts on splendour but to dim the soul.
thousand years of crime beneath me lie !
ne glance !—I stand as on a mighty mole,
round whose base not waves, but evil ages roll.

THE WIDOW'S PRAYER.

A quaint and humorous ballad from ADALBERT VON CHAMISSE, a ranchman by birth, but a poet belonging to the school of Germany, here he and his family were exiles. He is the noted author of *Peter Schlemihl*—the unlucky wight who lost his shadow.

AN old widow watches and prays alone
In the deep dark night, by her lamp's pale light,
"O Lord, who the prayer of the widow dost hear,
May his Lordship be spared to rule over us here !—
Thus sorrow has taught me to pray."

The Lord of the soil stands listening there,
But cannot interpret the widow's prayer ;
To enter the cottage he bows his head,
And begs the old dame to explain what she said—
"How has misery taught you to pray ?"

"My Lord, I had eight fine cows : one day,
The great Lord your grandfather took one away ;
The best of my cattle he carried from me,
Nor cared for my age, and my poverty—
Oh, sorrow has taught me to pray !

"I cursed him, my Lord ('twas wicked and vain),
As I afterwards found to my sorrow and pain ;
For he died, and your father ruled over the land,
Who took two of my cows with a violent hand—
Oh, sorrow has taught me to pray !

"I cursed him (I own to your Lordship's face),
And he soon broke his neck in pursuing the chase ;
Then your Lordship was heir to the property,
And four of my cows you have stolen from me,
And sorrow has taught me to pray.

"If your son comes to rule in his father's hall,
 He will take the last cow that I have in the stall;
 So I pray to the Lord, with fervour sincere,
 May your Lordship be spared to rule over us here!
 Thus sorrow has taught me to pray!"

NEUHA.

By LORD BYRON.

AND who the first that, springing on the strand,
 Leap'd like a nereid from her shell to land,
 With dark but brilliant skin, and dewy eye
 Shining with love, and hope, and constancy?
 Neuha—the fond, the faithful, the adored—
 Her heart on Torquil's like a torrent pour'd:
 And smiled, and wept, and near, and nearer clasp'd,
 As if to be assured 'twas him she grasp'd:
 Shudder'd to see his yet warm wound, and then,
 To find it trivial, smiled and wept again.
 She was a warrior's daughter, and could bear
 Such sights, and feel, and mourn, but not despair.
 Her lover lived—nor foes nor fears could blight
 That full-blown moment in its all delight:
 Joy trickled in her tears, joy fill'd the sob
 That rock'd her heart till almost heard to throb:
 And paradise was breathing in the sigh
 Of nature's child in nature's ecstasy.

TO A WOUNDED SINGING BIRD.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

Poor singer! hath the fowler's gun,
 Or the sharp winter done thee harm?
 We'll lay thee gently in the sun,
 And breathe on thee, and keep thee warm:
 Perhaps some human kindness still
 May make amends for human ill.

We'll take thee in and nurse thee well,
And save thee from the winter wild,
'Till summer fall on field and fell,
And thou shalt be our feather'd child.
And tell us all thy pain and wrong
When thou can'st speak again in song.

Fear not, nor tremble, little bird,—
We'll use thee kindly now,
And sure there's in a friendly word
An accent even thou shouldst know :
For kindness which the heart doth teach
Disdaineth all peculiar speech.

'Tis common to the bird, and brute,
To fallen man, to angel bright,
And sweeter 'tis than lonely lute
Heard in the air at night—
Divine and universal tongue,
Whether by bird or spirit sung.

But hark ! is that a sound we hear
Come chirping from its throat—
Faint—short—but weak, and very clear,
And like a little grateful note !
Another ? ha !—look where it lies ;
It shivers—gasps—is still,—it dies !

'Tis dead—'tis dead ! and all our care
Is useless. Now, in vain,
The mother's woe doth pierce the air,
Calling her nestling bird again ;
All's vain,—the singer's heart is cold,
Its eye is dim,—its fortune told !

THE FIRESIDE.

By COTTON. A fine specimen of our older English poetry, which no collection would be complete.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance :
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs :
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our heart this jewel lies ;
And they are fools who roam.
The world has nothing to bestow :
From our own selves our joy must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark ;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring :
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise :
We'll form their minds with studious care
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs :
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest love repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys,—they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot :
Monarchs, we envy not your state :
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large indeed ;
But then how little do we need !
For nature's calls are few :
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power :
For if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given :
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance swells to heaven.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter life is seldom sweet ;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our son with envious eye
The relic of our store.

STANZAS.

By WHITTIER, the American poet.

OH! backward-looking son of time,
The new is old, the old is new—
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through,

As idly as in that old day
Thou mournest did thy sires repine,
So in his time thy child, grown grey,
Shall sigh for thine.

Yet not the less for them or thou
The eternal step of progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats!

Take heart!—the Master builds again,
A charmed life old goodness hath:
The tares may perish—but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night.
Ho! wake and watch, the world is grey
With morning light.

FLOWERS.

A very pretty poem which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* with signature of JOHN PALMER.

WILDINGS of nature, or cultured with care,
Ye are beautiful, beautiful everywhere!
Gemming the woodland, the glen, and the glade,
Drinking the sunbeams or courting the shade;
Gilding the moorland and mountain afar,
Shining in glory in garden parterre.

Ye bloom in the palace, ye bloom in the hall,
Ye bloom on the top of the mouldering wall;
Ye bloom in the cottage, the cottager's pride—
The window looks cold with no flowers by its side;
Ye twine up the trellis, ye bloom in our bowers,
Ye carpet creation, ye beautiful flowers.

Did angels descend from their home in the skies,
To pencil those petals with exquisite dyes?
To store in your cells the rich odours of heaven,
Was employment so meet unto seraphim given?
Ye answer me: No; 'twas an Almighty hand
That clothed ye in beauty, and bade ye expand.
Rich gems of creation, that ravish the sight,
And pour on the senses supernal delight;
Wildings of nature, or cultured with care,
Ye are beautiful, beautiful everywhere.

When morn's early beams gild the glorious east,
Your incense ascends unto nature's high priest;
When sunset foreshadows the day's dewy close,
Ye fold up your petals for welcome repose;
Your odours impregnate with odours the breeze,
Ye furnish a feast for the banqueting bees;
Ye promise in eloquent language, though mute,
Boughs bending with offerings of delicate fruit;
Ye tell, when your glory and fragrance is o'er,
That autumn shall come with his rich gushing store.

Sweetness of life, ye are infancy's play;
To boyhood's bright dream, O what charms ye display!
In years more mature we but love ye the more,
As tracing veil'd beauties undreamt of before.
To childhood, to manhood, to age ye are dear;
Ye are strewn at the bridal and strewn on the bier;
Fair flowers even there soothe the lone mourner's woes,
And hallow the turf where loved ashes repose.
Wildings of nature, or cultured with care,
Ye are beautiful, beautiful everywhere!

AN ENIGMA.

Another of W. M. PRAED's clever fancies.

A **TEMPLAR** kneel'd at a friar's knee;
He was a comely youth to see,
With curling locks, and forehead high,
And flushing cheek, and flashing eye;
And the monk was as jolly and large a man
As ever laid lip to a convent can,
Or called for a contribution;
As ever read, at midnight hour,
Confessional in lady's bower,
Ordain'd for a peasant the penance whip,
Or spoke for a noble's venial slip
A venal absolution.

"Oh, Father! in the dim twilight
I have sinn'd a grievous sin to-night;
And I feel hot pain e'en now begun
For the fearful murder I have done.

"I rent my victim's coat of green;
I pierced his neck with my dagger keen;
The red stream mantled high;
I grasp'd him, Father, all the while
With shaking hand, and feverish smile,
And said my jest, and sang my song,
And laugh'd my laughter, loud and long,
Until his glass was dry!

"Though he was rich, and very old,
I did not touch a grain of gold,
But the blood I drank from the bubbling vein,
Hath left on my lip a purple stain."

"My son! my son! for this thou hast done,
Though the sands of thy life for aye should run,"
The merry monk did say;
"Though thine eye be bright, and thine heart be li
Hot spirits shall haunt thee all the night,
Blue devils all the day."

The thunders of the Church were ended,
Back on his way the Templar wended ;
But the name of him the Templar slew
Was more than the inquisition knew.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS CRAVEN'S PICTURE.

By HORACE SMITH.

Oh ! what a likeness ! is the gazers' cry—
There is the faultless oval of the face,
The lofty brow, and the commanding eye,
The raven tress, the expression's thoughtful grace ;
The noble figure, and the highborn mien,
Whose dignity might well become a queen.

Oh ! what a likeness ! even in the dress
The fair original we recognise,
Whose rare propriety shuns each excess
Of fashion's jewell'd or familiar guise.
At court, at home, in park, or in the dance,
Unrival'd still in tasteful elegance.

Yet how unlike ! the engraver's happiest art
Shows but the beauty of the form—not mind :
The social kindness prompted by the heart,
The frank good sense, the cheerfulness refined :
The winning, affable, and gracious ease
Which all adore—he cannot copy these.

E'en could this charm of polish'd manners meet
Our eyes, as Craven's portrait we behold ;
The likeness would be faulty—incomplete :
Still should we miss the virtues manifold :
The principle, truth, duty that endear
The prototype to all within her sphere.

THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

A characteristic poem, by EBENEZER ELLIOTT, glowing with gaiety
—but diamonds roughly set.

Go, Mary, to the summer-house,
And sweep the wooden floor,
And light the little fire, and wash
The pretty varnish'd door;
For there the London gentleman,
Who lately lectured here,
Will smoke a pipe with Jonathan,
And taste our home-brew'd beer.

Go, bind the dahlias, that our guest
May praise their fading dyes;
But strip of every wither'd bloom
The flower that won the prize!
And take thy father's knife, and prune
The roses that remain;
And let the fallen hollyhock
Peep through the broken pane.

And sponge his view of Blacklowscar,
Till bright on moor and town
The painted sun and stormy crest
O'er leagues of cloud look down.
He rose at three, to work till four—
The evenings still are long—
And still for every lingering flower
The redbreast hath a song.

I'll follow in an hour or two;
Be sure I will not fail
To bring his flute and spying-glass,
The pipes and bottled ale;
And that grand music which he made
About the child in bliss,
Our guest shall hear it sung and play'd,
And feel how grand it is!

TO PERDITA, SINGING.

This very graceful little poem is from the pen of JAMES RUSSELL
WELL, a poet of America.

Thy voice is like a fountain,
Leaping up in clear moonshine;
Silver, silver, ever mounting,
Ever sinking,
Without thinking,
To that brimful heart of thine.

Every sad and happy feeling,
Thou hast had in bygone years,
Through thy lips come stealing, stealing,
Clear and low;
All thy smiles and all thy tears
In thy voice awaken,
And sweetness, wove of joy and woe,
From their teaching it hath taken:
Feeling and music move together,
Like a swan and shadow ever
Heaving on a sky-blue river
In a day of cloudless weather.

It hath caught a touch of sadness,
Yet it is not sad;
It hath tones of clearest gladness,
Yet it is not glad;
A dim, sweet, twilight voice it is
Where to-day's accustom'd blue
Is over-gray'd with memories,
With starry feelings quiver'd through.

Thy voice is like a fountain
Leaping up in sunshine bright,
And I never weary counting
Its clear droppings, lone and single,
Or, when in one full gush they mingle,
Shooting in melodious light.

Thine is music such as yields
 Feelings of old brooks and fields,
 And, around this pent-up room,
 Sheds a woodland, free perfume;
 O, thus for ever sing to me!
 O, thus for ever!

The green, bright grass of childhood bring to me
 Flowing like an emerald river,
 And the bright blue skies above!
 O, sing them back, as fresh as ever,
 Into the bosom of my love,—
 The sunshine and the merriment,
 The unsought, evergreen content,
 Of that never cold time,
 The joy, that, like a clear breeze, went
 Through and through the old time!

Peace sits within thine eyes,
 With white hands cross'd in joyful rest,
 While, through thy lips and face, arise
 The melodies from out thy breast;

She sits and sings
 With folded wings
 And white arms crost,

“Weep not for pass'd things,
 They are not lost:

The beauty which the summer time
 O'er thine opening spirit shed,
 The forest oracles sublime
 That fill'd thy soul with joyous dread,
 The scent of every smallest flower
 That made thy heart sweet for an hour,—
 Yea, every holy influence,
 Flowing to thee, thou knewest not whence,
 In thine eyes to-day is seen,
 Fresh as it hath ever been;
 Promptings of Nature, beckonings sweet,
 Whatever led thy childish feet,
 Still will linger unawares
 The guiders of thy silver hairs;
 Every look and every word
 Which thou givest forth to-day,
 Tell of the singing of the bird
 Whose music still'd thy boyish play.”

Thy voice is like a fountain,
 Twinkling up in sharp starlight,
 When the moon behind the mountain
 Dims the low East with faintest white,
 Ever darkling,
 Ever sparkling,
 We know not if 'tis dark or bright;
 But, when the great moon hath roll'd round,
 And, sudden-slow, its solemn power
 Grows from behind its black, clear-edged bound,
 No spot of dark the fountain keepeth,
 But, swift as opening eyelids, leapeth
 Into a waving silver flower.

 THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

line passage in a *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, by SHELLEY.

of Beauty, that dost consecrate
 thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
 human thought or form, where art thou gone?
 lost thou pass away and leave our state,
 in vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
 ask why the sunlight not for ever
 Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;
 ought should fail and fade that once is shown;
 Why fear and dream and death and birth
 ast on the daylight of this earth
 gloom; why man has such a scope
 ve and hate, despondency and hope?

ice from some sublimer world hath ever
 'o sage or poet these responses given:
 herefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
 in the records of their vain endeavour;
 pells, whose utter'd charm might not avail to sever,
 rom all we hear and all we see,
 ouble, chance, and mutability.

Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

AN APRIL DAY.

By LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
Seed time and harvest, has return'd again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming on of storms.

From the earth's loosen'd mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives ;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colour'd wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollow'd out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the grey rocks, and trembling shadows throw
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed ;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

THE SWALLOW.

By H. ROWLAND BROWN.

THOU'RT come again, oh ! bonnie bird ! with joy we welcome
thee,
Who, borne on hope's exultant wings, hath cross'd the
billowy sea.
But wherefore didst thou come to us from brighter lands
than ours ?
Say, was it love that made thee fly back to thy native
bowers ?

Thou camest from a sunny clime, where whispering zephyrs
sigh,
Where orange blossoms waft their scents beneath a cloud-
less sky ;
Where, like a brilliant shower of pearls, down many a
grotto's side,
With music sweet as sweetest song, the crystal waters glide.

Who taught thee that those skies would change the breeze's
chilling blow,
The waters that in sunshine gleam'd would frozen cease
to flow ?
Could not those scenes of joyous life prevail on thee to stay ?
Who taught thee that, though beautiful, the flowers would
soon decay ?

Sweet bird, thou heard'st the voice of Him who speaks to
man in vain,
'Twas God who bade thee rest not there, but come to us
again :
And underneath the frowning skies, above the bubbling
wave,
With strength He nerved thy fluttering wings, with faith He
made thee brave.

And now, thy voyage is safely past, blest emblem of His care,
 Thou teachest us of transient scenes and changes to beware;
 And front with truth life's billowy sea, and brave the battling
 blast,
 If we would hope in Heaven to find a resting place at last.
 Then welcome home, oh! bonnie bird! with joy I welcome
 thee,
 Thy journey o'er the pathless deep sweet hope has given
 to me:
 The world from which I fly, though bright, I feel is fading too,
 So teach me, God, to hear Thy voice, and like this bird
 be true!

THE DEATH OF ENOCH WRAY.

The closing passage of the *Village Patriarch*, by EBENEZER ELLIOTT.
 The poem is somewhat tedious, but abounding in grand and beautiful
 thoughts. There are few finer in the whole range of British poetry
 than the following solemn strain, with its dying fall.

AND when the woodbine's cluster'd trumpet blows;
 And when the pink's melodious hues shall speak,
 In unison of sweetness with the rose,
 Joining the song of every bird that knows
 How sweet it is of wedded love to sing;
 And when the fells, fresh-bathed in azure air,
 Wide as the summer day's all golden wing,
 Shall blush to Heaven, that nature is so fair,
 And man condemn'd to labour in despair;
 Then the gay gnat that sports its little hour;
 The falcon, wheeling from the ancient wood;
 The redbreast, fluttering o'er its fragrant bower;
 The yellow-bellied lizard of the flood;
 And dewy morn, and evening—in her hood
 Of crimson, fringed with lucid shadows grand—
 Shall miss the Patriarch; at his cottage door
 The bee shall seek to settle on his hand,
 But from the vacant bench haste to the moor,
 Mourning the last of England's high-soul'd poor,
 And bid the mountains weep for Enoch Wray;
 And for themselves!—albeit of things that last
 Unalter'd most: for they shall pass away

Like Enoch, though their iron roots seem fast
 Bound to the eternal future, as the past ;
 The Patriarch died ! and they shall be no more.
 Yes, and the sailless worlds, which navigate
 The unutterable deep, that hath no shore,
 Will lose their starry splendour soon or late !
 Like tapers, quench'd by Him whose will is fate !
 Yes, and the Angel of Eternity,
 Who numbers worlds, and writes their names in light,
 Ere long, oh Earth, will look in vain for thee !
 And start, and stop, in his unerring flight,
 And, with his wings of sorrow and affright,
 Veil his impassion'd brow and heavenly tears !

DESCRIPTION OF THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

By THOMSON.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;
 And there a season atween June and May,
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
 A listless climate made, where sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, ne caréd e'en for play.

Was nought around but images of rest ;
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet laws between ;
 And flowery beds, that slumbrous influence kest,
 From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
 And hurléd everywhere their waters sheen :
 That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,

Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep :
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclinéd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;
 Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
 As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood :
 And up the hills, on either side a wood
 Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
 And where this valley winded out, below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky :
 There eke the soft delights that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures, always hover'd high ;
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance or unrest,
 Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
 Close hid his castle 'mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
 And made a kind of chequer'd day and night.
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was placed : and to his lute, of cruel fate,
 And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
 Ne cursed knocker, plied by villain's hand,
 Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
 The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
 And couches stretch'd around in seemly band ;
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
 So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And everywhere huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortured heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd Echo to resound their smart,
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed;
Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay gloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclined,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease.
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising, oft by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees

It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs
As did, alas! with soft perdition please :
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forget all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind ;
Full easily obtain'd ; behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined ;
From which, with airy-flying fingers tight,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The God of winds drew sounds of deep delight ;
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah, me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd ; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings, through the heart ;
And now a graver, sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart :
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state
Of caliphs old, who, on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdad, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store ;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore ;
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the muse's lore ;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell ;
At doors and windows threatening seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all ;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

By DRUMMOND.

SWEET bird! thou sing'st away the early hours!
Of winters past or coming void of care,
Well pleas'd with delights which present are,—
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet smelling flowers!
To rocks, to springs, to rills from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare.
O stain to human sense, in sin that lowers!
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven!
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yea, and to angels' lays!

PARADISE.

From MILTON's *Paradise Lost*.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and over-head up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round:
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,

rapid current, which, through veins
earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
sh fountain, and, with many a rill
ie garden ; thence united fell
steep glade, and met the nether flood,
m his darksome passage now appears,
divided into four main streams,
se, wandering many a famous realm
ry, whereof here heeds no account ;
to tell how, if art could tell,
that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
orient pearl and sands of gold,
error under pendent shades
r, visiting each plant, and fed
orthy of Paradise ; which not nice art
d curious knots, but nature boon
th profuse on hill, and dale, and plain ;
e the morning sun first warmly smote
field, and where the unpierced shade
the noon-tide bowers. Thus was this place
ural seat of various view ;
rose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;
ose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
ible (Hesperian fables true,
re only), and of delicious taste.
em lawns, or level downs, and flocks
e tender herb, were interposed,
illock ; or the flowery lap
riguous valley spread her store ;—
all hue, and without thorn the rose.
de, umbrageous grots, and caves
cess, o'er which the mantling vine
her purple grape, and gently creeps
: meanwhile, murmuring waters fall
slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
e fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
l mirror holds, unite their streams.
their quire apply : airs, vernal airs,
the smell of field and grove, attune
ling leaves ; while universal Pan,
the Graces and the Hours in dance,
eternal Spring. Not that fair field
where Proserpine gathering flowers,
airer flower, by gloomy Dis

Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet-grov
Of Daphné by Orontes, and the inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive.

A REQUIEM.

By J. R. LOWELL, an American.

Ay, pale and silent maiden,
Cold as thou liest there,
Thine was the sunniest nature
That ever drew the air,
The wildest and most wayward,
And yet so gently kind,
Thou seemedst but to body
A breath of summer wind.

Into the eternal shadow
That girds our life around,
Into the infinite silence
Wherewith Death's shore is bound,
Thou hast gone forth, beloved!
And I were mean to weep,
That thou hast left life's shallows,
And dost possess the deep.

Thou liest low and silent,
Thy heart is cold and still,
Thine eyes are shut for ever,
And death hath had his will;
He loved and would have taken,
I loved and would have kept,
We strove,—and he was stronger,
And I have never wept.

Let him possess thy body,
Thy soul is still with me,
More sunny and more gladsome
Than it was wont to be:

Thy body was a fetter
 That bound me to the flesh,
 Thank God that it is broken,
 And now I live afresh !

Now I can see thee clearly ;
 The dusky cloud of clay,
 That hid thy starry spirit,
 Is rent and blown away :
 To earth I give thy body,
 Thy spirit to the sky,
 I saw its bright wings growing,
 And knew that thou must fly.

Now I can love thee truly,
 For nothing comes between
 The senses and the spirit,
 The seen and the unseen ;
 Lifts the eternal shadow,
 The silence bursts apart,
 And the soul's boundless future
 Is present in my heart.

Brilliant.

THE STARS.

What are the stars ? There is the sun, the sun !
 And the most patient brilliance of the moon !
 And stars by thousands ! Point me out the way
 To any one particular beauteous star,
 And I will flit into it with my lyre,
 And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss.

KEATS.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

Meditation here
 lay think down hours to moments. Here the heart
 lay give an useful lesson to the head,
 and learning wiser grow without his books.

COWPER.

MUSIC.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
 And mine are the murmuring dying notes,
 That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
 And melt in the heart as instantly !
 And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
 Refines the bosom it trembles through,
 As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
 Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

MOOR

COMPASSION.

Oh ! sweet the flow
 Of grief that mourns an erring brother's woe :
 Sweet is the tear that gems the downcast eye
 When love implores, nor beauty dare reply :
 But sweeter yet to see the warrior rude,
 Iron of limb, and stern in mien and mood,
 Bow to his God the strong but willing knee,
 And drop the tear of meek humility.

WILLIAM CHAPMAN KINGLAK

A POET.

Nature denied him much,
 But gave him at his birth what most he valued—
 A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
 For poetry, the language of the gods,
 For all things here, or grand or beautiful—
 A setting sun, or lake among the mountains,
 The light of an ingenuous countenance :
 And, what transcends them all, a noble action.

ROGER

THE TROPIC SUN.

And now my race of terror run,
 Mine be the eve of tropic sun ;
 No pale gradations quench his ray,
 No twilight dews his wrath allay ;
 With disk like battle-target red,
 He rushes to his burning bed :
 Dyes the wide wave with bloody light ;
 Then sinks at once—and all is night.

SCOT

RURAL JOYS.

Here in solitude and peace
My soul was nurst, amid the loveliest scenes
Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was,
As the white mists of morning roll'd away,
To see the mountain's wooded heights appear
Dark in the early dawn, and mark its slope
With gorse-flowers glowing, as the rising sun
On the golden ripeness pour'd a deepening light ;
Pleasant at noon beside the vocal brook
To lay me down, and watch the floating clouds,
And shape to fancy's wild similitudes
Their ever-varying forms : and oh ! how sweet !
To drive my flock at evening to the fold,
And hasten to my little hut, and hear
The voice of kindness bid me welcome home.

SOUTHEY.

EYES.

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well :
As large, as languishingly dark,
But soul beam'd forth in every spark
That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.

BYRON.

LOWLINESS OF HEART.

Change me some God into that breathing rose,
The love-sick stripling fancifully sighs,
The envied flower beholding, as it lies
On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose :
Or he would pass into her bird, that throws
The darts of song from out its wiry cage :
Enraptured—could he for himself engage
The thousandth part of what the nymph bestows,
And what the little careless innocent
Ungraciously receives—too daring choice !
There are whose calmer mind it would content
To be an uncull'd floweret of the glen
Fearless of plough and scythe : or darkling wren
That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender voice.

WORDSWORTH.

HYPERION.

Ere half this region-whisper had come down
 Hyperion arose, and on the stars
 Lifted his curvèd lids, and kept them wide
 Until it ceased; and still he kept them wide:
 And still they were the same bright patient stars.
 Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
 Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
 Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
 And plunged all noiseless into the deep night.

KEATS

PHILOSOPHY.

How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

MILTON

A CATARACT.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
 Like Hope upon a death-bed; and, unworn
 Its steady edges, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues, with all their beams unshorn:
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

BYRON

PARTING.

As slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still look'd back
 To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
 So loath we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us:
 So turn our hearts where'er we rove
 To those we've left behind us.

MOORE



SPRING IS COME.

From *Day and Night Songs*, by WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Ye coax the timid verdure
Along the hills of Spring,
Blue skies and gentle breezes,
And soft clouds wandering!
The quire of birds on budding spray,
Loud larks in ether sing;
A fresher pulse, a wider day,
Give joy to everything.

The gay translucent morning
Lies glittering on the sea,
The noonday sprinkles shadows
Athwart the daisied lea;
The round Sun's sinking scarlet rim
In vapour hideth he,
The darkling hours are cool and dim,
As vernal night should be.

Our earth has not grown aged,
With all her countless years;
She works, and never wearies,
Is glad, and nothing fears:
The glow of air, broad land and wave,
In season re-appears:
And shall, when slumber in the grave
These human smiles and tears.

Oh, rich in songs and colours,
Thou joy-reviving Spring!
Some hopes are chill'd with winter
Whose term thou canst not bring.
Some voices answer not thy call
When sky and woodland ring,
Some faces come not back at all.
With primrose-blossoming.

The distant-flying swallow,
The upward yearning seed,
Find nature's promise faithful,
Attain their humble meed.

Great parent! thou hast also form'd
 These hearts which throb and bleed!
 With love, truth, hope, their life hast warm'd,
 And what is best, decreed.

◆

A LEGEND OF ELSINORE.

Taken from a recent number of Putnam's *American Magazine*.
 manifestly the production of a practised poet.

O, BUT she had not her peer
 In the kingdom, far or near;
 For God's hand had never made
 Such royalty before.
 All proud passions seem'd to dwell,
 Like the voices in a shell,
 In the snowy bosom's swell
 Of Queen Maud of Elsinore.

As the folds of midnight cloud,
 With their starry splendours, shroud
 Pale Diana, as she moves
 Across the western skies;
 So her midnight clouds of hair
 Trail'd upon her shoulders bare,
 Shrouded all her forehead fair,
 And made shadows in her eyes.

From the dizzy castle tips,
 She would watch the silent ships,
 Like sheeted phantoms, coming
 And going evermore;
 While the twilight settled down
 On the sleepy little town,
 On the gables, quaint and brown,
 That had shelter'd kings of yore.

Her blue eyes drank in the sight,
 With a full and still delight;
 For it was as fair a scene
 As aught in Arcadie:
 Through the yellow-beaded grain—
 Through the hamlet-studded plain—
 Like a trembling azure vein,
 Pulsed the river to the sea.

Spotted belts of cedar-wood
Partly clasp'd the widening flood ;
Like a knot of daisies lay
 The hamlets on the hill ;
In the ancient town below,
Sparks of light would come and go,
And faint voices, strangely low,
 From the garrulous old mill.

Here the land, in grassy swells,
Gently rose ; there, sunk in dells
With wide mouths of crimson moss,
 And teeth of rock and peat ;
And, in statue-like repose,
An old wrinkled mountain rose,
With its hoary head in snows,
 And musk-roses at its feet.

While the silver-sounding bells,
That came trembling through the dells,
Like rich swells of music broke
 On the enchanted ear :
There was something in their chimes
That called up the minstrel times,
Olden poets, and their rhymes,
 Like toucht cymbals fine and clear.

And so oft she sat alone,
In the turret of gray stone,
Looking o'er red miles of heath,
 Dew-dabbled, to the sea,
That there grew a village cry,
How Maud's cheeks did lose their dye,
As a ship once, sailing by,
 Melted past the sapphire lea.

"Lady Maud," they said, "is vain ;
With a cold and fine disdain
She walks o'er mead and moor,
 She walketh by the sea—
Sitteth in her tower alone,
Like *Cenone* carved in stone—
Like the queen of half a zone—
 Ah, so icy-proud is she !"

When Maud walked abroad, her feet
Seem'd far sweeter than the sweet
Wild flowers that would follow her
 With iridescent eyes :
And the spangled eglantine,
And the honeysuckle vine,
Running round and round the pine,
 Grew tremulous with surprise.

But she pass'd by with a stare,
With a half unconscious air,
Making waves of golden froth
 Upon a sea of maize ;
With her large and clouded eyes
Looking through and through the skies,
As if God's rich paradise
 Were growing upon her gaze.

Her lone walks led all one way,
And all ended at the gray,
And the ragged, jagged rocks
 That tooth the dreadful beach :
There Queen Maud would stand, the sweet !
With the white surf at her feet,
While above her wheel'd the fleet
 Sparrow-hawk, with startling screech

When the stars had blossom'd bright,
And the gardens of the night
Seem'd all full of marigolds
 And violets astir ;
Maiden Maud would sit alone,
And the sea with inner tone,
Half of melody and moan,
 Would rise up and speak with her.

And she ever loved the sea—
God's half utter'd mystery—
With its million lips of shells,
 Its never-ceasing roar ;
And 'twas well that, when she died,
They made Maud a grave beside
The blue pulses of the tide,
 'Mong the crags of Elsinore.

One red-leaf falling morn,
 Many russet Autumns gone,
 A lone ship with folded wings
 Lay dozing off the lea;
 It came silently at night,
 With its wings of murky white
 Folded, after weary flight—
 The worn nursling of the sea!

Crowds of peasants flock'd the sands;
 There were tears and clasping hands;
 And a sailor from the ship
 Pass'd through the grave-yard gate.
 Only "Maud," the head-stone read;
 Only Maud? Was't all it said?
 Why did he bow his head,
 Weeping, "Late, alas! too late?"

And they call'd her cold. God knows. . . .
 Underneath the winter snows
 The invisible hearts of flowers
 Grow ripe for blossoming;
 And the lives that look so cold,
 If their stories could be told,
 Would seem cast in gentler mould,
 Would seem full of love and spring.

CHURCH BELLS.

This beautiful poem is taken from *Lyra Innocentium*, said to be by Professor KEBLE.

"WAKE me again, my mother dear,
 That I may hear
 The peal of the departing year.
 O well I love the step of time
 Should move to that familiar chime!
 Fair fall the tones that steep
 The old year in the dews of sleep,
 The new guide softly in
 With hopes to sweet sad memories akin!
 Long may that soothing cadence ear, heart conscience win."

In the dark winter, ere the snow
Had lost its glow,
This melody we learn'd; and lo!
We hear it now in every breeze
That stirs on high the summer trees.
We pause and look around—
Where may the lone church-tower be found,
That speaks our tongue so well?
The dim peal in the torrent seems to dwell,
It greets us from afar in ocean's measured swell.

Perhaps we sit at home, and dream
On some high theme,
And forms, that in low embers gleam,
Come to our twilight fancy's aid:
Then, wavering as that light and shade,
The breeze will sigh and wail,
And up and down its plaintive scale
Range fitfully, and bear
Meet burden to the lowly whisper'd air,
And ever the sweet bells, that charm'd life's morn, are

The pine-logs on the hearth sometimes
Mimic the chimes,
The while on high the white wreath climbs,
Which seething waters upward fling,
In prison wont to dance and sing,
All to the same low tune.
But most it loves in bowers of June
At will to come and go,
Where, like a minster roof, the arch'd boughs show,
And court the pensive ear of loiterer far below.

Be mine at vesper hour to stray
Full oft that way,
And when the dreamy sounds decay,
As with the sun the gale dies down,
Then far away, from tower or town,
A true peal let me hear,
In manifold melodious cheer,
Through all the lonely grove
Wafting a fair good-night from His high love,
Who strews our world with signs from His own world:

So never with regretful eye
Need we descry
Dark mountains in the evening sky,
Nor on those ears with envy think,
Which nightly from the cataract shrink
In heart-ennobling fear,
And on the rushing whirlwind hear
(When from his highland cave
sweeps unchain'd over the wintry wave)
r the same deep chords, such as home fancies crave.

THE RAIN.

A pretty little ballad published in an American magazine.

I HAD a friend in youth
My purse and my heart to share,
And no brother could be more true than he—
For my fortune then was fair !
But when it grew clouded he left me—
Fled like a bird i' th' air ;
And the world was dark, so dark,
For the rain rain'd everywhere !

I had a true love, too,
A maiden with soft, brown hair ;
The clasp of her hand was warm in mine—
And her eyes had a loving shine—
For my fortunes then were fair !
But now she, too, has left me
To battle alone with care ;
And the world is dark, dark, dark,
And the rain rains everywhere !

THE LAVA FLOOD.

The closing passage in ATHERSTONE'S fine poem, *The Last De Herculanæum*.

Now like a mighty river when with rains
Surcharged it swells above its banks, and makes
New channels for its fury,—rolling on
Its heavy waves of liquid fire, came down
The all-destroying lava. Like the hiss
Of million angry serpents was the sound
That went before it as the reeking earth,—
The rain-streams, and whate'er of moist was near,
Dried sudden up. The clear red torrent look'd
Like molten iron from the furnace mouth
Pouring;—but such in bulk as if all earth
Her mines had emptied—and in the vast fires
Of hell their mingled metals had been cast,—
And thence from its wide jaws, in such hot flood,
Spew'd forth again.—The tumbling of its waves
Was like the rush of ocean, with deep moans
Of thunder mix'd,—and the loud jar and shake
Of countless armies,—and ten thousand cars
Of iron fiercely rolling.—Not like stream
From o'er-gorged river, shallow at the first
And gently deepening as the floods descend,
But high in air its horrid ridge came on,
Abrupt—like billow rushing to the shore
In a strong tempest;—or as when the deeps
Roll'd back, and stood like walls for Israel's host
To pass the Red Sea's bed.

At its approach
The earth shook :—rocks split open and fell in,
Melting like snow that sinks into the brook :—
Green trees were turn'd to cinder at its touch :—
Houses and streets to liquid fire were changed
And swell'd the dreadful tide :—the air above
Seem'd melting too, and glow'd with fervent heat
Like the terrific atmosphere of hell.—
Onward it moves;—o'er half the city sweeps;—
O'er mighty towers—and battled walls—and holds
Of strength, flows easy as the swelling wave
Above the sea shore pebbles.

Shriek nor groan
 Arose at its approach,—for there was none
 That saw—or heard—or felt it; all were dead :—
 With such destructive fury late the storm
 Of lightning and of wind had raged :—so thick
 The labouring earth had shook the ruins down ;—
 So suffocating blew the scorching air.
 Close as along some heath that peasants fire
 At night, the curling flames ascend,—so fell
 The streaming flashes, as if heaven had sent
 A shower of fire for rain :—ten thousand bolts
 Fell every instant, battling through the air
 Like sun-rays divers glinting from the face
 Of restless waters.

Through the city now
 The fire-flood goes, and in a cataract huge
 From the steep rocks pours down into the sea.—
 Right o'er, with sweep tremendous, the red stream
 Launches into the deep :—the deep shrinks back
 Hissing and roaring—steaming to the skies—
 Seething like hottest cauldron :—flashing up
 Torrents of boiling brine, and darkening all
 With clouds of densest mist. Again the waves
 Return ;—again the fiery cataract meets
 And drives it bellowing back.—

But look ! the earth
 In its last pang seems quaking :—back recoils
 The burning lava—rolling on itself :—
 The ground is lifted up :—the city rides
 On the huge swell like bark upon the waves :—
 The sea, loud thundering, from the shore retires
 Far as the eye can reach.—Then sinks again
 The earth ;—the city sinks :—the sea comes back,
 Piled in a ridge that seems to touch the sky :—
 Swift as the wind it comes ;—it roars—it foams—
 It shakes the inmost earth :—above the cliffs—
 Above the loftiest hills it towers ;—it bursts :—
 The fires are instant quench'd :—the lava stream
 Stops———solid.—But again
 The ground with last convulsive struggle heaves ;
 The sea hastes back :—the dark and drench'd remains

Of that ill-fated city are lift up
High, trembling, in the air :—the giant rocks
That gird the shores fall shivering to th' abyss :—
The earth like a tempestuous ocean rolls,
Sinking in hollows—rising into steeps.—
Here in a trough the tallest pines sink down :—
There, rivers lifted up on high, their floods
Pour forth in vast cascades :—a forest here
With its innumerable trees loud howling rides
Aloft through air to seek another bed :—
There, tumbled o'er, its branches root in earth,
Its roots shoot out like branches.

From the sea,
Shouldering aside the waves, new islands peer,
That look abroad awhile, then dive again,
Making huge whirlpools as the waters rush
To fill the mighty void :—and from the deeps
Flames issue, shaking high their bloody flags,
As for destruction's triumph.—Hill 'gainst hill
Clashes ;—mountain to mountain nods.—

Yawns then
The ground—a dark terrific gulf :—at once
The city sinks as in a sepulchre ;—
Deep down it sinks in that tremendous pit,
Like ship that goes into the bottomless deep,—
And the huge earth-waves close above, and seal
Its everlasting tomb.—

'Tis gone! where late
The mighty city stood no trace is left ;—
Its costly palaces—its splendid streets—
Its awful temples—all are gone. Remains
A dark-hued plain alone, whose rugged face
The lessening lightnings plough ;—o'er which the flood
Of lava slowly settles in a lake.—
Years—ages—centuries—shall pass away—
And none shall tell where once that city stood.

SPRING.

From the *Dublin University Magazine*.

A FLUSH of green is on the boughs,
A warm breath panteth in the air,
And in the earth a heart-pulse there
Throbs underneath her breast of snows:

Life is astir among the woods,
And by the moor, and by the stream,
The year, as from a torpid dream,
Wakes in the sunshine on the buds;

Wakes up in music as the song
Of wood bird wild, and loosen'd rill
More frequent from the windy hill
Comes greening forest aisles along;

Wakes up in beauty as the sheen
Of woodland pool the gleams receives
Through bright flowers, overbraided leaves,
Of broken sunlights, golden-green.

She sees the outlaw'd winter stay
Awhile, to gather after him
Snow robes, frost-crystall'd diadem,
And then in soft showers pass away.

She could not love rough winter well,
Yet cannot choose but mourn him now;
So wears awhile on her young brow
His gift—a gleaming icicle.

Then turns her, loving, to the sun,
Upheaves her bosom's swell to his,
And, in the joy of his first kiss,
Forgets for aye that sterner one:

Old winter's pledge from her he reaves—
That icy-cold, though glittering spar—
And zones her with a green cymar,
And girdles round her brow with leaves;

The primrose and wood-violet
He tangles in her shining hair.
And teaches elfin breezes fair
To sing her some sweet canzonet.

All promising long summer hours,
When she in his embrace shall lie,
Under the broad dome of bright sky,
On mossy couches starr'd with flowers,

Till she smiles back again to him
The beauty beaming from his face,
And, robed in light, glows with the grace
Of Eden-palaced cherubim.

O earth, thy glowing loveliness
Around our very hearts has thrown
An undimmed joyance all its own,
And sunn'd us o'er with happiness.

THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

By S. T. COLERIDGE.

Oft, oft methinks, the while with thee
I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear
And dedicated name, I hear
A promise and a mystery,
A pledge of more than passing life,
Yea, in that very name of wife!

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep!
A feeling that upbraids the heart
With happiness beyond desert,
That gladness half requests to weep!
Nor bless I not the keener sense
And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys, that ask no sting
 From jealous fears, or coy denying;
 But born beneath love's brooding wing,
 And into tenderness soon dying,
 Wheel out their giddy moment, then
 Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein
 Of notes, that eddy in the flow
 Of smoothest song, they come, they go,
 And leave their sweeter understrain
 Its own sweet self—a love of thee
 That seems, yet cannot greater be!

ORCHESTRAL.

The following poem descriptive of the power of music over the soul, and the various entrancing sensations occasioned by various instruments, will prove that some at least of the poets of these latter days possess a more delicate appreciation of the more subtle and hidden beauties of nature and the "universe of things" than those of almost any former period. It is by C. M. KENT, the author of *Aletheia*; or, *The Doom of Mythology*. It is thoroughly original.

As a gorgeous vision to a slumber,
 Are the sounds of music to the soul,
 When each throbbing note's poetic number
 Inward thro' the ravish'd sense doth roll.

Dreams of more than oriental splendour
 Issue from the crush of coiled tromp,
 When its brazen throat's vibrations render
 Audible the velvet-tread of pomp.

Vistas of interminable glory
 Open with the din of rattling drum,—
 Memories of earth's heroic story,
 Visibly from gongs of battle come!

Sylvan haunts of exquisite seclusion,
 Glimmer in the warbling of the flute;
 Shady dells of verdurous delusion,
 Rich with fragrant blooms and mellow fruit.

Ecstasies of most divine emotion
Tremble in the viol's tiny strings,
Like angelic thoughts of pure devotion
Soaring to the heaven on seraph wings.

When the silver bugle's shrill resounding,
Or the woodland's stag-alarming horn,
Wake the covert echoes oft' rebounding,
Blows the cooling breeze of ruddy morn !

Gliding blithely round in dances nimble,
Hordes of frolic Bacchanals appear,
When the ringing clash of golden cymbal
With metallic concord greets the ear.

Shadows of all lovely shapes assemble
Round the twangling harp's redundant wires,
Phantoms such as houri-forms resemble
Kindling in the heart celestial fires.

Meadows gemm'd with cowslip-bells in clusters
Glitter 'neath the trill of shepherd-pipe,
Glades where on the grass the dewy lustres
Twinkle on the acorns dropping ripe.

Of all dead affection's fond caresses,
Speaks the plaintive lyre in trickling tones,
Tones that azure eyes and ebon tresses
Summon back to earth from mouldering bones.

Long remember'd Christmas game and revel
Gurgle in the breath of the bassoon,
When the striplings sought, with curls dishevel,
Kisses 'neath the mistletoe's green boon.

Circling round the maypole of a village,
At the dinning fife's exultant call,
Bound the jocund peasant bands that pillage
Blossoms from the woodbine-trellis'd wall.

Lo ! corruption's dire abodes unclosing
At the dismal serpent's loud complaint,
Ever to the mind of man disclosing
Horrors that no mortal hand can paint.

Verdant lawns enamell'd o'er with flowers,
Smile beneath the hautboy's dulcet voice,
Gardens where the joy-abounding hours
Under blooming orange-boughs rejoice.

Peals like muffled thunder in the valleys
From the ophecleide in gushes roll,
When o'er groaning oak the storm-blast rallies
Flick'ring bolts electric 'round its bole.

Ripening mists o'er autumn's twilight beauty,
At the softly bleating clarionet,
Seem again to clothe that season fruity—
Red as though its sun would never set.

In the droning bag-pipe's shilly treble
Hark! the wail of death and gory feud,
Blended with the clatter of the pebble
Draggled by the rill that threads the wood.

Spectral depths of dens sepulchral yawning
At the sullen clang of the trombone,
Mutter of the dead on whom are dawning
Daybeams from the Godhead's awful throne.

Last, the ready organ's solemn roaring,
Echo'd thro' cathedral cloisters dim,
Palpitates as though man's heart adoring
Syllabled earth's rapture in a hymn.

Sentiments of variable pleasure
Thus from instrumental tones emerge—
Melodies evoked in equal measure
From the cradle song, the coffin dirge.

Calling forth the ghosts of buried sorrow
From the tombs of the remembering brain,
Music from the soul's abyss can borrow
Charms that never speak to us in vain.

Tears of joy from closéd eyelids stealing,
Welling from the bosom's inmost core,
Ever thus are nature's depths revealing
Smitten by the sounds that all adore.

THE PASSING BELL.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

HARK ! how chimes the passing-bell !
There's no music to a knell :
All the other sounds we hear
Flatter, and but cheat the ear.
This doth put us still in mind
That our flesh must be resign'd,
And, a general silence made,
The world be muffled in a shade.
Orpheus' lute, as poets tell,
Was but moral of this bell,
And the captive soul was she
Which they call Euridice,
Rescued by our holy groan,
A loud echo to this tone.
He that on his pillow lies
Tear-embalm'd before he dies,
Carries, like a sheep, his life
To the sacrificer's knife.

THE SAILOR.

A beautiful Romaic ballad, exquisitely rendered by ALLINGHAM

THOU that hast a daughter
For one to woo and wed,
Give her to a husband
With snow upon his head ;
Oh, give her to an old man,
'Though little joy it be,
Before the best young sailor
That sails upon the sea !

How luckless is the sailor
When sick and like to die ;
He sees no tender mother,
No sweetheart standing by.
Only the captain speaks to him,—
Stand up, stand up, young man,
And steer the ship to haven,
As none beside thee can.

Thou sayst to me, "Stand, stand up;"
I say to thee, Take hold,
Lift me a little from the deck,
My hands and feet are cold.
And let my head, I pray thee,
With handkerchiefs be bound;
There, take my love's gold handkerchief,
And tie it tightly round.

Now bring the chart, the doleful chart;
See where these mountains meet—
The clouds are thick around their head,
The mists around their feet:
Cast anchor here; 'tis deep and safe
Within the rocky cleft;
The little anchor on the right,
The great one on the left.

And now to thee, O captain,
Most earnestly I pray,
That they may never bury me
In church or cloister gray;—
But on the windy sea-beach,
At the ending of the land,
All on the surfy sea-beach,
Deep down into the sand.

For there will come the sailors,
Their voices I shall hear,
And at casting of the anchor
The yo-ho loud and clear;
And at hauling of the anchor
The yo-ho and the cheer,—
Farewell, my love, for to thy bay
I nevermore may steer!

LIROPE THE BRIGHT.

By DRAYTON.

In the whole world there scarcely was
So delicate a wight.
There was no beauty so divine
That ever nymph did grace,
But it beyond itself did shine
In her more heavenly face :
What form she pleased each thing would take
That e'er she did behold,
Of pebbles she could diamonds make,
Gross iron turn to gold :
Such power there with her presence came,
Stern tempests she allay'd,
The cruel tiger she could tame,
She raging torrents stay'd.
She chid, she cherish'd, she gave life,
Again she made to die ;
She raised a war, appeased a strife,
With turning of her eye.
Some said a god did her beget,
But much deceived were they ;
Her father was a rivulet,
Her mother was a fay.
Her lineaments so fine that were,
She from the fairy took ;
Her beauties and complexion clear,
By nature from the brook.

THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING-TREE.

By STODDART.

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing !
Meet the morn upon the lea !
Are the emeralds of spring
On the angler's trysting tree ?
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me,
Are there buds on our willow tree ?
Buds and birds on the trysting-tree ?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing !
Have you met the honey bee,
Circling upon rapid wing
Round the angler's trysting-tree?
Up, sweet thrushes, up and see ;
Are there bees at our willow tree ?
Birds and bees at the trysting-tree ?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing !
Are the fountains gushing free ?
Is the south wind wandering
Through the angler's trysting-tree?
Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me,
Is the wind at our willow tree ?
Wind or calm at the trysting-tree ?

Sing, sweet thrushes, up and sing !
Wile us with a merry glee
To the flowery haunts of spring—
To the angler's trysting-tree.
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me,
Are there flowers 'neath our willow tree ?
Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree ?

SONGS OF THE PIXIES.

By S. T. COLERIDGE.

The Pixies, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small distance from a village in that county, half way up a wood-covered hill, is an excavation called the Pixies' Parlour. The roots of old trees form its ceiling; and on its sides are innumerable cyphers, among which the author discovered his own cypher and those of his brothers, cut by the hand of their childhood. At the foot of the hill flows the river Otter.

To this place the Author conducted a party of young Ladies, during the summer months of the year 1793; one of whom, of stature elegantly small, and of complexion colourless yet clear, was proclaimed the Faëry Queen. On which occasion the following irregular ode was written.

WHOM the untaught shepherds call
 Pixies in their madrigal,
 Fancy's children, here we dwell :
 Welcome, ladies ! to our cell.
 Here the wren of softest note
 Builds its nest and warbles well ;
 Here the blackbird strains his throat ;
 Welcome, ladies ! to our cell.

When fades the moon all shadowy-pale
 And scuds the cloud before the gale,
 Ere morn with living gems bedight
 Purples the east with streaky light,
 We sip the furze-flower's fragrant dew
 Clad in robes of rainbow hues :
 Or sport amid the rosy gleam
 Soothed by the distant-tinkling team,
 While lusty labour scouting sorrow
 Bids the dame a glad good-morrow.
 Who jogs the accustom'd road along,
 And paces cheery to her cheering song.

But not our filmy pinion
 We scorch amid the blaze of day,
 When noontide's fiery-tressed minion
 Flashes the fervid ray.
 Aye from the sultry heat
 We to the cave retreat
 O'er-canopied by huge roots intertwined
 With wildest texture, blacken'd o'er with age :
 Round them their mantle green the ivies bind,
 Beneath whose foliage pale,
 Fann'd by the infrequent gale,
 We shield us from the tyrant's mid-day rage.

Thither, while the murmuring throng
 Of wild-bees hum their drowsy throng,
 By indolence and fancy brought.
 A youthful bard, unknown to fame,
 Wooes the queen of solemn thought,
 And heaves the gentle misery of a sigh
 Gazing with tearful eye,
 As round our sandy grot appear

Many a rudely-sculptured name
To pensive memory dear!
Weaving gay dreams of sunny-tinctured hue
We glance before his view:
O'er his hush'd soul our soothing witcheries shed
And twine our faëry garlands round his head.

When evening's dusky car,
Crown'd with her dewy star,
Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight!
On leaves of aspen trees
We tremble to the breeze
Veil'd from the grosser ken of mortal sight.
Or, haply, at the visionary hour,
Along our wildly-bower'd sequester'd walk,
We listen to the enamour'd rustic's talk;
Heave with the heavings of the maiden's breast,
Where young-eyed loves have built their turtle nest;
Or guide of soul-subduing power,
The electric flash, that from the melting eye
Darts the fond question and the soft reply.

Or through the mystic ringlets of the vale
We flash our faëry feet in gamesome prank;
Or silent sandal'd, pay our defter court
Circling the spirit of the western gale,
Where, wearied with his flower-caressing sport,
Supine he slumbers on a violet bank;
Then with quaint music hymn the parting gleam
By lonely Otter's sleep-persuading stream;
Or where his waves, with loud unquiet song,
Dash'd o'er the rocky channel froth along;
Or where his silver waters smoothed to rest,
The tall tree's shadow sleeps upon his breast.

Hence thou lingerer, light!
Eve saddens into night.
Mother of wildly-working dreams! we view
The sombre hours, that round thee stand
With down-cast eyes (a duteous band!)
Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew.
Sorceress of the ebon throne!
Thy power the Pixies own,

When round thy raven brow
 Heaven's lucent roses glow,
 And clouds, in watery colours drest,
 Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest :
 What time the pale moon sheds a softer day,
 Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam :
 For 'mid the quivering light 'tis ours to play,
 Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

Welcome, ladies ! to the cell
 Where the blameless Pixies dwell :
 But thou, sweet nymph, proclaim'd our faëry quee
 With what obeisance meet
 Thy presence shall we greet ?
 For lo ! attendant on thy steps are seen
 Graceful ease in artless stole,
 And white-robed purity of soul,
 With honour's softer mien ;
 Mirth of the loosely-flowing hair,
 And meek-eyed pity eloquently fair,
 Whose tearful cheeks are lovely to the view,
 As snow-drop wet with dew.

Unboastful maid ! though now the lily pale
 Transparent grace thy beauties meek ;
 Yet ere again along the impurpling vale,
 The purpling vale and elfin-haunted grove,
 Young zephyr his fresh flowers profusely throws,
 We'll tinge with livelier hues thy cheek ;
 And, haply, from the nectar-breathing rose
 Extract a blush for love !

~*~

TEVIOT.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SWEET Teviot, on thy silver tide
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more :
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and willow'd shore :
 Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
 All, all is peaceful, all is still,

As if thy waves, since time was born,
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doom'd to know :
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stain'd with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee.
Why, when the volleying musket play'd
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was I not beside him laid !
Enough—he died the death of fame:
Enough—he died with conquering Græme.'

THE RAINBOW.

From *Lyra Innocentium*, by KEBLE.

A FRAGMENT of a rainbow bright
Through the moist air I see,
All dark and damp on yonder height,
All bright and clear to me.

An hour ago the storm was here,
The gleam was far behind,
So will our joys and grief appear,
When earth has ceased to blind.

Grief will be joy if on its edge
Fall soft that holiest ray,
Joy will be grief if no faint pledge
Be there of heavenly day.

WOMAN.

By HAMILTON SIDNEY BERESFORD.

THERE is a bud in life's dark wilderness,
Whose beauties charm, whose fragrance soothes distress
There is a beam in life's o'erclouded sky,
That gilds the starting tear it cannot dry :
That flower, that lonely beam, on Eden's grove
Shed the full sweets and heavenly light of love.
Alas ! that aught so fair could lead astray
Man's wavering foot from duty's thornless way.
Yet, lovely woman ! yet thy winning smile,
That caused our cares, can every care beguile ;
And thy soft hand amid the maze of ill
Can rear one blissful bower of Eden still.
To his low mind thy worth is all unknown,
Who deems thee pleasure's transient toy alone :
But oh ! how most deceived, whose creed hath given
Thine earthly charms a rival band in heaven !
Yet thou hast charms that time may not dispel,
Whose deathless bloom shall glow where angels dwell :
Thy pitying tear in joy shall melt away,
Like morn's bright dew beneath the solar ray :
Thy warm and generous faith, thy patience meek,
That plants a smile where pain despoils the cheek ;
The balm that virtue mingles here below
To mitigate thy cup of earthly woe—
These shall remain, when sorrow's self is dead,
When sex decays, and passion's stain is fled.

SERENADE.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FROM the close-shut windows gleams no spark,
The night is chilly, the night is dark ;
The poplars shiver, the pine-trees moan,
My hair by the autumn breeze is blown,
Under thy window I sing alone,
Alone, alone, ah woe ! alone !

The darkness is pressing coldly around,
The windows shake with a lonely sound,
The stars are hid and the night is drear,
The heart of silence throbs in thine ear,
In thy chamber thou sittest alone,
Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

The world is happy, the world is wide,
Kind hearts are beating on every side;
Ah, why should we lie so coldly curl'd
Alone in the shell of this great world?
Why should we be any more alone?
Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

O, 'tis a bitter and dreary word,
The saddest by man's ear ever heard!
We each are young, we each have a heart,
Why stand we ever coldly apart?
Must we for ever, then, be alone?
Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

FAR AWAY.

By J. J. BRITTON. Extracted from the *Critic*.

I GAZE on the tufted cloudlets flying
O'er the land and the shaken sea,
And I say—"Oh cloud! on thy fleecy wings
Dost thou bear no memory?"

I list to the Norland breezes blowing
From their icy homes to me,
And I cry—"Oh, wind of the silver shores,
Hast thou brought no history?"

I watch the happy bird as it nears
From the blue horizon line,
And I yearn to hear in its song a word
From Her true, true heart to mine!

Then I turn and search in mine own true heart,
And I need nor breeze nor bird,
For Her name I breathe in an undertone,
And its innermost pulse is stirr'd;

And her fair face lives in my soul, and glows
 As a star on the sea's broad breast,
 When the Eastern waves are topp'd with the dawn
 And the moon is low in the West.

And her sweet, sweet voice, as in happy days,
 Still it lives in my list'ning ear,
 Like a melody out of a long-lost heaven—
 Like a song from a sunny sphere.

I search my heart, and I need no voice
 From the cloud or bird or breeze,
 For her truth and her love lie nestling there
 'Mid a myriad memories !

HOPE THE CONSOLER.

From *Griselda, a Tragedy*; and other Poems, by EDWIN ARNO.

WHERE waitest thou,
 Lady I am to love ? thou comest not ;
 Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot ;
 I look'd for thee ere now !

It is the May
 And each sweet sister soul hath found its brother,
 Only we two seek fondly each the other,
 And seeking, still delay.

Where art thou, sweet ?
 I long for thee, as thirsty lips for streams !
 Oh, gentle promised Angel of my dreams,
 Why do we never meet ?

Thou art as I,—
 Thy soul doth wait for mine, as mine for thee ;
 We cannot live apart, must meeting be
 Never before we die ?

Dear soul, not so !
 That Time doth keep for us some happy years,
 That God hath portion'd out our smiles and tear
 Thou knowest, and I know.

Yes, we shall meet !
And therefore let our searching be the stronger,
Dark ways of life shall not divide us longer,
Nor doubt, nor danger, sweet !

Therefore I bear
This winter-tide as bravely as I may,
Patiently waiting for the bright spring-day
That cometh with thee, dear.

'Tis the May-light
That crimson all the quiet college gloom ;
May it shine softly in thy sleeping-room ;
And so, dear wife, good night !

THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

Translated from HEINRICH HEINE, by Leland. How vague and
ild—yet how many pictures does it summon to the mind's eye! What
tone there is about it! Heine is the Rembrandt of poets.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
And look'd at the stormy tide ;
The evening mist came rising,
And floating far and wide.

One by one in the light-house
The lamps shone out on high ;
And far on the dim horizon
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
Of sailors and how they live ;
Of journeys 'twixt sky and water,
And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,
In regions strange and fair ;
And of the wondrous beings
And curious customs there.

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges,
Which are launch'd in the twilight hour ;
And the dark and silent Brahmins,
Who worship the lotus flower.

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland,
Broad-headed, wide-mouth'd and small ;
Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,
And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listen'd,
Till at last we spoke no more :
The ship like a shadow had vanish'd,
And darkness fell deep on the shore.

ODE TO NEPTUNE.

This fine Ode is from KEATS's *Endymion*.

KING of the stormy sea !

Brother of Jove, and co-inheritor
Of elements ! Eternally before
Thee the waves awful bow. Fast, stubborn rock,
At thy fear'd trident shrinking, doth unlock
Its deep foundations, hissing into foam.
All mountain-rivers lost, in the wide home
Of thy capacious bosom ever flow.
Thou frownest, and old Æolus thy foe
Skulks to his cavern, 'mid the gruff complaint
Of all his rebel tempests. Dark clouds faint
When, from thy diadem, a silver gleam
Slants over blue dominion. Thy bright team
Gulfs in the morning light, and scuds along
To bring thee nearer to that golden song
Apollo singeth, while his chariot
Waits at the doors of heaven. Thou art not
For scenes like this : an empire stern hast thou ;
And it hath furrow'd that large front : yet now,
As newly come of heaven, dost thou sit
To blend and interknit
Subdued majesty with this glad time.

O shell-born King sublime!
We lay our hearts before thee evermore—
We sing, and we adore!

“Breathe softly, flutes;
Be tender of your strings, ye soothing lutes;
Nor be the trumpet heard! O vain, O vain!
Not flowers budding in an April rain,
Nor breath of sleeping dove, nor river's flow—
No, nor the Æolian twang of love's own bow,
Can mingle music fit for the soft ear
Of goddess Cytherea!
Yet deign, white Queen of Beauty, thy fair eyes
On our souls' sacrifice.

“Bright-wing'd child!
Who has another care when thou hast smiled?
Unfortunates on earth, we see at last
All death-shadows, and glooms that overcast
Our spirits, fann'd away by thy light pinions.
O sweetest essence! sweetest of all minions!
God of warm pulses, and dishevell'd hair,
And panting bosoms bare!
Dear unseen light in darkness! eclipser
Of light in light! delicious poisoner!
Thy venom'd goblet will we quaff until
We fill—we fill!
And by thy mother's lips——”

THE WEST WIND.

By W. C. BRYANT.

BENEATH the forest's skirts I rest,
Whose branching pines rise dark and high,
And hear the breezes of the West
Among the threaded foliage sigh.

Sweet Zephyr! why that sound of woe?
Is not thy home among the flowers?
Do not the bright June roses blow,
To meet thy kiss at morning hours?

And lo! thy glorious realm outspread—
 Yon stretching valleys, green and gay,
 And yon free hill-tops, o'er whose head
 The loose white clouds are borne away.

And there the full broad river runs,
 And many a fount wells fresh and sweet,
 To cool thee when the mid-day suns
 Have made thee faint beneath their heat.

Thou wind of joy, and youth, and love;
 Spirit of the new waken'd year!
 The sun in his blue realm above
 Smooths a bright path when thou art here.

In lawns the murmuring bee is heard,
 The wooing ring-dove in the shade;
 On thy soft breath, the new-fledged bird
 Takes wing, half happy, half afraid.

Ah! thou art like our wayward race;—
 When not a shade of pain or ill
 Dims the bright smile of Nature's face,
 Thou lovest to sigh and murmur still.

Brilliantz.

HUSH OF NATURE.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep
 But breathless as we grow when feeling most:
 And silent as we stand in thoughts too deep:
 All heaven and earth are still, from the high hos
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain coast:
 All is concentr'd in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all creator and defence.

BYRON

A SOFT BREEZE.

Why such a golden eve? The breeze is sent
Careful and soft, that not a leaf may fall
Before the serene father of them all
Bows down his summer head below the west.

KEATS.

CHEER UP.

Never so gloomily, man with a mind,
Hope is a better companion than fear;
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile what we ask with a tear.

LONGFELLOW.

RELIGION OF COMMON LIFE.

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting clime:
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
And ply their daily task with busier feet
Because their hearts some holy strain repeat.

KEBLE.

EVENING.

So pass'd the day—the evening fell,
'Twas near the time of curfew bell:
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm:
E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,
Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret loved and bless'd
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret, sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone;
Touch'd a wild note, and all between
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
Her golden hair stream'd free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

SCOTT.

A TEAR AND A BLUSH.

So bright the tear in beauty's eye,
 Love half regrets to kiss it dry :
 So sweet the blush of bashfulness
 Even pity scarce can wish it less.

BYRON.

BEAUTY IN WOMEN.

But oh ! how unlike marble was that face :
 How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
 There was a listening fear in her regard,
 As if calamity had but begun ;
 As if the vanward clouds of evil days
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
 Was with its stored thunder labouring up.

KEATS.

ANALOGIES.

Mortal ! all the world is mirror'd in that restless heart of
 thine ;
 Seas of sorrow ; worlds of pleasure ; skies where starry
 visions shine ;
 Mountains of high aspiration ; valleys of luxurious ease,—
 Hope's broad rainbow, arching over grief's tear-nourish'd,
 tideless sea ;
 Tempests of eternal conflict, summer days of peace and
 calm,—
 Fires of burning, fierce temptation, where the soul is purged
 from harm ;
 Edens of child's innocence—hells of manhood's guilt and
 sin ;—
 Heavens whose gates to all are open'd that have faith to
 enter in ;—
 Starry paths for souls ascending, skies where guiding beacons
 shine—
 Mortal ! look within and find them, all in that large heart
 of thine !

F. E. MILLONS.



THRENODIA.

by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, one of the sweetest of the American poets.

GONE, gone from us ! and shall we see
Those sibyl-leaves of destiny,
Those calm eyes, nevermore ?
Those deep, dark eyes so warm and bright,
Wherein the fortunes of the man
Lay slumbering in prophetic light,
In characters a child might scan ?
So bright, and gone forth utterly !
O stern word—Nevermore !

The stars of those two gentle eyes
Will shine no more on earth ;
Quench'd are the hopes that had their birth,
As we watch'd them slowly rise,
Stars of a mother's fate ;
And she would read them o'er and o'er,
Pondering, as she sate.
Over their dreary astrology,
Which she had conn'd and conn'd before,
Deeming she needs must read aright
What was writ so passing bright.
And yet, alas ! she knew not why,
Her voice would falter in its song,
And tears would slide out from her eye,
Silent, as they were doing wrong.
O stern word—Nevermore !

The tongue that scarce had learn'd to claim
An entrance to a mother's heart
By that dear talisman, a mother's name,
Sleeps all forgetful of its art !
I loved to see the infant soul
(How mighty in the weakness
Of its untutor'd meekness !)
Peep timidly from out its nest,
His lips, the while,
Fluttering with half-fledged words,
Or hushing to a smile
That more than words express'd,

When his glad mother on him stole
And snatch'd him to her breast !
O, thoughts were brooding in those eyes,
That would have soar'd like strong-wing'd birds
Far, far, into the skies,
Gladding the earth with song,
And gushing harmonies,
Had he but tarried with us long !
O stern word—Nevermore !

How peacefully they rest,
Crossfolded there
Upon his little breast,
Those small, white hands that ne'er were still before,
But ever sported with his mother's hair,
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore !
Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm,
That ever seem'd a new surprise
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes
To bless him with their holy calm,—
Sweet thoughts ! they made her eyes as sweet.
How quiet are the hands
That wove those pleasant bands !
But that they do not rise and sink
With his calm breathing, I should think
That he were dropp'd asleep.
Alas ! too deep, too deep
Is this his slumber !
Time scarce can number
The years ere he will wake again.
O, may we see his eyelids open then !
O stern word—Nevermore !

As the airy gossamer,
Floating in the sunlight clear,
Where'er it toucheth clingeth tightly,
Round glossy leaf or stump unsightly,
So from his spirit wander'd out
Tendrils spreading all about,
Knitting all things to its thrall
With a perfect love of all :
O stern word—Nevermore !

He did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
Or listening their fairy chime;
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale;
He did but float a little way,
And, putting to the shore
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more!
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel;
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land
Where he was seen no more:
O stern word—Nevermore!

Full short his journey was; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals clave;
The weary weight that old men must,
He bore not to the grave.
He seem'd a cherub who had lost his way
And wander'd hither, so his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God:
O blest word—Evermore!

A FRAGMENT.

By HEINRICH HEINE, translated by C. G. Leland.

Far on the dim horizon,
As in a land of dreams;
Rises a white-tower'd city,
Fading 'mid sunset gleams.

The evening breeze is wreathing
The water where I float ;
And in solemn measure, the sailor
Keeps time as he rows my boat.
Once more the sunlight flashes,
In wondrous glory round,
And lights up the foaming water,
Where she I loved was drown'd.

THE POOR-HOUSE.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

CLOSE at the edge of a busy town,
A huge quadrangular mansion stands ;
Its rooms are all fill'd with the parish poor ;
Its walls are all built by pauper hands ;
And the pauper old and the pauper young
Peer out through the grates, in sullen bands.

Behind, is a patch of earth, by thorns
Fenced in from the moor's wide marshy plains ;
By the side, is a gloomy lane, that steals
To a quarry now fill'd with years of rains :
But within, within ! there poverty scowls,
Nursing in wrath her brood of pains.

Enter and look ! In the high-wall'd yards
Fierce men are pacing the barren ground :
Enter the long bare chambers :—girls
And women are sewing, without a sound ;
Sewing from dawn till the dismal eve,
And not a laugh or song goes round.

No communion—no kind thought
Dwells in the pauper's breast of care ;
Nothing but pain in the grievous past ;
Nothing to come but the black despair
Of bread in prison, bereft of friends,
Or hunger, out in the open air !

Where is the bright-hair'd girl, that once
With her peasant sire was used to play ?
Where is the boy whom his mother blest,
Whose eyes were a light on her weary way ?
Apart—barr'd out (so the law ordains),
Barr'd out from each other by night and day.

Letters they teach in their infant schools ;
But where are the lessons of great God taught ?
Lessons that child to the parent bind—
Habits of duty—love unbought ?
Alas ! small good will be learn'd in schools
Where nature is trampled and turn'd to nought.

Seventeen summers, and where the girl
Who never grew up at her father's knee ?
Twenty autumnal storms have nursed
The pauper's boyhood, and where is he ?
She earneth her bread in the midnight lanes :
He toileth in chains by the Southern sea.

O power ! O prudence ! law ! look down
From your heights on the pining poor below !
O sever not hearts which God hath join'd
Together, on earth, for weal and woe.
O senators grave, grave truths may be,
Which ye have not learn'd or deign'd to know.

O wealth, come forth with an open hand !
O charity, speak with a softer sound !
Yield pity to age—to tender youth—
To love, wherever its home be found !
But I cease,—for I hear, in the night to come,
The cannon's blast, and the rebel drum,
Shaking the firm-set English ground !

ADAM AND EVE LEAVING PARADISE.

From a Poem by JOHN EDMUND READE.

HER voice ceased, drown'd
In failing utterance, and died away
As the air dies on banks of fainting flowers.
The voice of Adam, as a melody,
Flowing, and deep, and full, above it rose,
Raising and bearing on the expiring chaunt
Ere failed its latest cadence.

“And all hail!

Ye gloomier regions opening afar,
Dark, waste, and wild, and gleamingly reveal'd
By lightnings, to inhabit you we come;
And we shall bring minds disciplined to mate
With your stern solitudes, till, indurate
By patience, hope, supporting fortitude,
The love that hues the brightest face of things,
And the intuitive faith to recognize
Good in apparent ill, we test our strength:
Power that may sublimate to mightier life,
If God approve us here.

“My Eve! droop not.

Behold the mighty clouds are gathering round,
And the glad light withheld in their vast hearts,
Their shadows darken o'er us; the winds pass
Wailing, as if they shared our human grief.
Or caught from us despondent tones. Yon firs,
Their wild brows bent above the imminent steep,
Look mystery on us; and the sighing airs
Pass through their moaning boughs, as if they held
Some secret of the coming or the past
They shuddering told.

“We will not, Eve, be driven
From these loved haunts, but willingly depart.
Henceforth our human joys are magnified:
Feeling their worth, our sorrows sweeter shared.”

She heard and was confirm'd, for the deep voice
Of truth from Adam's heart, as from its throne,
In hers found deeper echo. She upraised
Her head from his large shoulder, gathering up
The cloud of golden hair that floated o'er it
In radiant threads of sunlight. Wistfully,
With a last gaze she watch'd the wood, the stream
Wherein heaven saw its face; the banks whereon
She first awaked; life's infinite grief and joy
Rose on her eye renew'd, until the vision
Dimm'd, clouded o'er by thickly-coming tears.

She turned away, and felt that turning was
For ever. The flower-coronal she had wove
Lapsed from her fingers: the anemonè,
Emblem of love forsaken, droop'd: the rose
And the neglected myrtle from the ground
Looked with appealing beauty. One pale flower
She gather'd, and press'd silently to her heart—
The asphodel, the ineffaceable type
Of an immortal grief!

Then murmur'd forth
Audible words, or sighs that form'd themselves
In broken accents, as her hand, upraised,
Waved toward that fading land of Paradise:
"Farewell! loved Eden—God, be thou our guide!"

NATURE.

By A. LIONEL WESTWOOD.

A comely face hath Nature, but no heart.
None!—Are you sad? she smiles. Is your grief past,
And gladness come? Her skies are overcast.
In your chameleon moods she hath no part.
Praise her—your warmest words will n'er impart
A flush the more to her full loveliness—
Flout her, and she will offer you, no less,
Flowers, fruitage, all the effluence of her art.
Die, she will send her merriest birds to sing
Outside your window, and upon your brow

Shed showers of sunbeams, in bright overflow :
Go down into your grave—no cloud will fling
Its shade, in sorrow that your tale is told :
She is a comely mother, but stone-cold.

TO MY DREAM-LOVE.

By WALTER A. CASSELS.

Where art thou, oh ! my beautiful? Afar
I seek thee sadly, till the day is done,
And o'er the splendour of the setting sun,
Cold, calm and silvery, floats the evening star :
Where art thou? Ah ! where art thou, hid in light
That haunts me, yet still wraps thee from my sight !

Not wholly, ah ! not wholly—still love's eyes
Trace thy dim beauty through the mystic veil,
Like the young moon that glimmers faint and pale,
At noon-tide through the sun-web of the skies :
But ah ! I ope mine arms, and thou art gone,
And only memory knows where thou hast shone.

Night—night the tender, the compassionate,
Bindeth thee, gem-like, 'mid her raven hair :
I dream—I see—I feel that thou art there—
And stand all weeping at sleep's golden gate,
Till the leaves open, and the glory streams
Down through my tranced soul in radiant dreams.

Too short—too short—soon comes the chilly morn,
To shake from love's boughs all their sleep-born bloom,
And wake my heart back to its bitter doom,
Sending me through the land downcast, forlorn,
Whilst thou, my beautiful, art far away,
Bearing the brightness from my joyless day.

I stand and gaze across earth's fairest sea,
And still the flashing of the restless main
Sounds like the clashing of a prisoner's chain,
That binds me, oh ! my beautiful, from thee.
Oh ! sea-bird, flashing past on snow-white wing,
Bear my soul to her in thy wandering.

My heart is weary gazing o'er the sea—
O'er the long dreary lines that close the sky :
Through solemn sunsets ever mournfully,
Gazing in vain, my beautiful for thee ;
Hearing the sullen waves for evermore
Dashing around me on the lonely shore.

But tides* creep lazily about the sands,
Washing frail land-marks, Lethe-like, away,
And though their records perish day by day,
Still stand I ever with close-clasp'd hands,
Gazing far westward o'er the heaving sea,
Gazing in vain, my beautiful, for thee.

CONSOLATION.

By the Rev. THOMAS DALE.

THE loved, but not the lost,
Oh ! no they have not ceas'd to be,
Nor live alone in memory :
'Tis we, who still are toss'd
O'er life's wild sea, 'tis we who die :
They only live, whose life is immortality.

The loved, but not the lost,
Why should our ceaseless tears be shed
O'er the cold turf that wraps the dead
As if their names were cross'd
From out the book of life ? ah ! no,
'Tis we who scarcely live that linger still below !

The loved, but not the lost,
In heaven's own panoply array'd,
They met the conflict undismay'd :
They counted well the cost
Of battle—now their crown is won :
Our sword is scarce unsheath'd, our warfare just begun.

Have they not pass'd away
From all that dims the tearful eye :
From all that wakes the ceaseless sigh :

From all the pangs that prey
On the bereavéd heart, and most
When conscience dares not say, the loved but not the

This is the woe of woes !
The one o'ermastering agony :
To watch the sleep of those who die,
And feel 'tis not repose :
But they who join the heavenly host,
Why should we mourn for them, the loved but not the

The spirit is but born,
The soul unfetter'd, when they fled
From earth, the living, not the dead.
Then wherefore should we mourn ?
We, the wave-driven, the tempest-toss'd,
When shall we be with them, the loved but not the

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

By CAROLINE BOWLES, afterwards Mrs. SOUTHEY.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner; Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder bands ! good angels lead thee !
Set thy sails warily : tempests will come :
Steer thy course steadily ! Christian, steer home !

Look to the weather-bow, breakers are round thee !
Let fall the plummet now—shallows may ground thee
Reef in the foresail there ! hold the helm fast !
So let the vessel near ! there swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman ? what of the night ?
Cloudy—all quiet—no land yet—all's right.
Be wakeful, be vigilant ! danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.

How gains the leak so fast ? clean out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise—heave out thy gold !
There let the ingots go ! now the ship rights :
Hurrah ! the harbour's near—lo, the red lights !

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island :
Straight for the beacon steer—straight for the highland :
Crowd all thy canvass—cut through the foam—
Christian, cast anchor now—Heaven is thy home !

MATILDA AND REDMOND.

A passage in *Rokeby*, by Sir WALTER SCOTT.

MATILDA's dark and soften'd eye
Was glistening ere O'Neal's was dry.
Her hand upon his arm she laid,—
"It is the will of heaven," she said.
"And think'st thou, Redmond, I can part
From this loved home with lightsome heart,
Leaving to wild neglect whate'er
Even from my infancy was dear ?
For in this calm domestic bound
Were all Matilda's pleasures found.
That hearth, my sire was wont to grace,
Full soon may be a stranger's place ;
This hall, in which a child I play'd,
Like thine, dear Redmond, lowly laid,
The bramble and the thorn may braid :
Or, pass'd for aye from me and mine,
It ne'er may shelter Rokeby's line.
Yet is this consolation given,
My Redmond,—'tis the will of heaven."
Her word, her action, and her phrase,
Were kindly as in early days :
For cold reverse had lost its power
In sorrow's sympathetic hour.
Young Redmond dared not trust his voice ;
But rather had it been his choice
To share that melancholy hour,
Than, arm'd with all a chieftain's power,
In full possession to enjoy
Sleve-Donard wide, and Clandeboy.

The blood left Wilfred's ashen cheek :
Matilda sees and hastes to speak,—
"Happy in friendship's ready aid,
Let all my murmurs here be stay'd !

And Rokeby's maiden will not part
From Rokeby's hall with moody heart.
This night at least, for Rokeby's fame,
The hospitable hearth shall flame,
And, ere its native heir retire,
Find for the wanderer rest and fire,
While this poor harper by the blaze
Recounts the tale of other days.
Bid Harpool ope the door with speed,
Admit him, and relieve each need.—
Meantime, kind Wynchcliffe, wilt thou try
Thy minstrel skill?—Nay, no reply—
And look not sad!—I guess thy thought,
Thy verse with laurels would be bought:
And poor Matilda, landless now,
Has not a garland for thy brow.
True, I must leave sweet Rokeby's glades,
Nor wander more in Greta shades:
But sure, no rigid jailer, thou
Wilt a short prison walk allow,
Where summer flowers grow wild at will,
On Marwood chase and Toller-hill;
Then holly green and lily gay
Shall twine in guerdon of thy lay.”
The mournful youth, a space aside,
To tune Matilda's harp applied;
And then a low sad descant rung,
As prelude to the lay he sung.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

O, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine:
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree.

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due:

The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give :
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear ;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew :
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair :
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell :
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes ! twine for me the cypress-bough :
But, O Matilda, twine not now !
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have look'd and loved my last !
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue—
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress-tree.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

Beautiful and touching in its exquisite simplicity, this poem, by
J. R. LOWELL, the American poet, not found in the English edition of
his works, well deserves preservation here.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir-tree and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

I stood and watch'd by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little head-stone stood,
And how the flakes folded it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good all Father,
Who cares for us all below.

And I look'd again at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arch'd o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heap'd so high.

I remember'd the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-stabb'd woe.

And again to the child I whisper'd,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then with eyes that saw not I kiss'd her,
And she kissing back could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded under the deepening snow.

TO JESSY.

The following stanzas were addressed by LORD BYRON to his lady few months before their separation.

THERE is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight ;
By day that form their joys supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast ;
I would not hear a seraph choir,
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek ;
But, pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip which mine hath prest,
And none had ever prest before,
It vow'd to make me sweetly blest,
And mine—mine only, prest it more.

There is a bosom—all my own—
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head ;
A mouth which smiles on me alone,
An eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet !
That, pulse to pulse responsive still,
They both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two souls whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run.
That when they part—they part!—ah, no !
They cannot part—those souls are one.

THE HUMAN HEART.

By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON.

Thou hast been call'd to God, rebellious heart,
By many an awful and neglected sign,
By many a joy which came and did depart
Mocking thy weeping, frail worm that thou art,
For that thou didst not fear to call them thine.

Thou hast been call'd, when o'er thy trembling head
The storm in all its fury hath swept by ;
When the loud ocean rose within its bed,
And whelm'd, with greedy roar, the struggling dead,
Who never more may greet thine anxious eye.

Thou hast been call'd, when, beautiful and bright,
The calm still sunshine round about thee lay ;
And, in thine ecstasy, thy spirit's flight
Hath soar'd unto those realms of life and light,
Where thy God's presence beams eternal day.

Thou hast been call'd when thou hast rais'd to heaven
Thy suppliant hands, in vain and passionate grief ;
When some young blessing, which thy God had given
The chains of mortal flesh and clay hath riven,
And faded from thee like an autumn leaf !

Thou hast been call'd when by some early grave
Thou stoodest, yearning for what might not be,
Moaning above thy beautiful and brave,
And murmuring against the God that gave,
Because he claim'd his gift again from thee !

Thou hast been call'd, when the proud organ's peal
Hath thrill'd thy heart with its majestic sound ;
Taught each strung fibre quiv'ringly to feel,
Bid the dim tear-drop from thy lashes steal,
And the loud passionate sob break silence round.

Yea, oft hast thou been call'd ! and often now
The " still small voice " doth whisper thee of God ;
Bidding thee smooth thy dark and sullen brow,
And from thy lip the prayer repentant flow,
Which may not rise unheard to His abode.

Yet empty is thy place amid the choirs
 Of God's young angels in their peace and love;
 Vainly with zeal thy soul a moment fires,
 Since, clinging still to earth and earth's desires,
 Thou lovest sight of things which are above.

O hear it, sinner! hear that warning voice
 Which vainly yet hath struck thy harden'd ear;
 Hear it, while lingering death allows the choice,
 And the glad troops of angels may rejoice
 Over the sinner's warm repentant tear!

Lest, when thy struggling soul would quit the frame
 Which bound it here, by sin and passion toss'd,
 Thy Saviour's voice shall wake despairing shame,—
 "How often have I sought thee, to reclaim!—
 How often—but thou wouldst not—and art lost!"

THE TOO-EARLY-OPENING FLOWER.

This poem is translated from the Batavian of JEREMIAS DE DECKER, who was born at Dordrecht in 1610. Feeling—intense and romantic feeling—is the peculiar characteristic of his writings, as it appears to have been of his heart. He diligently studied both ancient and modern works, and it is said composed for his own use a Dutch grammar, in order that he might reflect before he wrote, and not sacrifice to inadvertency, metre and methodical propriety.

Nor yet! frail flower! thy charms uncloset;
 Too soon thou ventur'st forth again;
 For April has its winter-rain,
 And tempest-clouds, and nipping snows.
 Too quickly thou uprear'st thy head:
 The northern wind may reach thee still,
 And injure,—nay, for ever kill
 Thy charming white and lovely red.

And thou perchance too late will sigh,
That at the first approach of spring
Thou mad'st thy bud unfold its wing,
And show its blush to every eye;
For March a faithless smile discloses :
If thou would'st bloom securely here,
Let Phœbus first o'ertake the steer.
Thou'rt like the seaman, who reposes
On one fair day—one favouring wind,
Weighs anchor, and the future braves!
But sighs, when on the ocean waves,
For that calm port he leaves behind,
As with an anxious eye he sees
His shatter'd hull and shiver'd sail
Borne at the mercy of the gale
Wherever winds and waters please;
And deems, as he is sinking fast
The sands and brine and foam beneath,
That every wave contains a death,
That every plunge will be his last.
Thou'rt like the courtier, who, elate
When greeted first by favour's ray,
Begins to make a grand display :
But, ah ! it is a fickle state.
A court is like a garden-shade ;
The courtiers and the flowers that rise
Too suddenly, 'neath changeeful skies,
Oft sink into the dust and fade.
In short, we all are like thy flower ;
And ever, both in weal and woe,
With strange perverseness, we bestow
Our thoughts on time's swift fleeting hour.
And 'tis the same with those who pine,
And deem that grief will never flee,
And those who, bred in luxury,
Think the gay sun will always shine.
For every joy brings sorrow too,
And even grief may herald mirth ;
And God has mingled life on earth
With bitterness and honey-dew.
Thus winter follows summer's bloom.
And verdant summer winter's blight ;
Thus reign by turns the day and night ;
Change is the universal doom.

Then, flow'ret! when thy charms have fled,
All wither'd by a fate unkind,
Call wisdom's proverb to thy mind—
Soon green, soon gray—soon ripe, soon dead.

SONG.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

LET us sing and sigh!
Let us sigh and sing!
Sunny haunts have no such pleasures
As the shadows bring!

Who would seek the crowd,
Who would seek the noon,
That could woo the pale maid Silence
Underneath the moon?

Smiles are things for youth,
Things for a merry rhyme;
But the voice of pity suiteth
Any mood or time.

SPRING VOICES.

By Professor WILSON, published in *Noctes Ambrosianae*.

COME forth, come forth! it were a sin
To stay at home to-day!
Stay no more loitering within,
Come to the woods away!

The long green grass is filled with flowers,
The clover's deep dim red
Is brighten'd with the morning showers
That on the winds have fled.

Scatter'd about the deep blue sky,
In white and flying clouds,
Some bright brief rains are all that lie
Within those snowy shrouds.

Now, look!—our weather-glass is spread—
The pimpernel, whose flower
Closes its leaves of spotted red
Against a rainy hour.

That first pale green is on the trees :
That verdure more like bloom ;
Yon elm-bough hath a horde of bees,
Lured by the faint perfume.

The cherry orchard flings on high
Its branches, whence are strown
Blossoms like snow, but with an eye
Dark, maiden, as thine own !

As yet our flowers are chiefly those
Which fill the sun-touch'd bough ;
Within the sleeping soil repose
Those of the radiant brow.

But we have daisies, which, like love
Or hope, spring everywhere ;
And primroses, which droop above
Some self-consuming care.

So sad, so spiritual, so pale,
Born all too near the snow,
They pine for that sweet southern gale,
Which they will never know.

It is too soon for deeper shade ;
But let us skirt the wood,
The blackbird there, whose nest is made,
Sits singing to her brood.

These pleasant hours will soon be flown ;
Love! make no more delay—
I am too glad to be alone,
Come forth with me to to-day.

THE FIRMAMENT.

By BRYANT, the American poet.

AY ; gloriously thou standest there,
Beautiful, boundless firmament !
That, swelling wide o'er earth and air,
And round the horizon bent,
With that bright vault and sapphire wall
Dost overhang and circle all.

Far, far below thee, tall grey trees
Arise, and piles built up of old,
And hills, whose ancient summits freeze
In the fierce light and cold.
The eagle soars his utmost height ;
Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.

Thou hast thy frown : with thee on high
The storm has made his airy seat ;
Beyond thy soft blue curtain lie
His stores of hail and sleet :
Thence the consuming lightnings break ;
There the strong hurricanes awake.

Yet art thou prodigal of smiles—
Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern :
Earth sends, from all her thousand isles,
A song at their return ;
The glory that comes down from thee
Bathes in deep joy the land and sea.

The sun, the gorgeous sun, is thine,
The pomp that brings and shuts the day,
The clouds that round him change and shine,
The airs that fan his way.
Thence look the thoughtful stars, and there
The meek moon walks the silent air.

The sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous tints that flush her skies ;
And lovely, round the Grecian coast,
May thy blue pillars rise :
I only know how fair they stand
About my own beloved land.

And they are fair : a charm is theirs,
 That earth—the proud, green earth—has no
 With all the hues, and forms, and airs
 That haunt her sweetest spot.
 We gaze upon thy calm, pure sphere,
 And read of Heaven's eternal year.

Oh when, amid the throng of men,
 The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,
 How willingly we turn us then
 Away from this cold earth,
 And look into thy azure breast
 For seats of innocence and rest !

MAY-DAY.

By R. HERRICK.

May has been ever a favourite theme with British poets—for in England, is the most beautiful of the months. There is a and freshness upon the face of nature which it wears at no other. Then the green of the fields and forests is brighter, the skies are the air softer, the flowers are more fragrant. The birds fill breeze with melody, the nightingale sings to the stars, in May are silent when summer comes. No wonder, then, that poets of age and of every degree of genius have dedicated songs to May. rick is one of England's sweetest old poets.

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
 Upon her wings presents the God unshorn,
 See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh-quilted colours through the air ;
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
 The dew bespangling herb and tree,
 Each flower has wept, and bow'd towards the east
 Above an hour since, and you not drest,
 Nay ! not so much as out of bed ;
 When all the birds have matins said,
 And sung their thankful hymns ; 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation, to keep in,
 When as a thousand virgins on this day
 Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth like the spring time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come, and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
An arch, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
Come, my Corinna, let us go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with whitethorn laden, home;
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth;
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks pick'd, yet we're not a Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in the prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time ;
We shall grow old apace and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun ;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again :
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decay^{ing}—
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

ODE TO THE SWALLOW.

By MOORE.

TELL me how to punish thee
For the mischief done to me !
Silly swallow ! prating thing,
Shall I clip that wheeling wing,
Or, as Terens did of old
(So the fabled tale is told),
Shall I tear that tongue away—
Tongue that utter'd such a lay ?
How unthinking hast thou been !
Long before the dawn was seen,
When I slumber'd in a dream,
(Love was the delicious theme !)
Just when I was nearly blest,
Ah ! thy matin broke my rest.

THE COMMON LOT.

By BARRY CORNWALL

MOURN not thy daughter fading!
It is the common lot,
That those we love should come and go,
And leave us in this world of woe:
So, murmur not!

Her life was short, but fair,
Unstained by a blot;
And now she sinks to dreamless rest
(A dove, who makes the earth her nest);
So, murmur not!

No pangs, nor passionate grief,
Nor anger raging hot,
No ills shall ever harm her more;
She goes unto the silent shore—
Where pain is not.

Weep'st thou that none should mourn
For thee and thy sad lot?
Peace, peace! and know that few e'er grieve,
When Death, the tyrant, doth unweave
Life's little knot.

E'en thou scarce wept must fade!
It is the common lot,
To link our hearts to things that fly,
To love without return,—and die,
And be—forgot!

A SOUL IN ALL THINGS.

A passage from COWPER's *Task*.

THERE lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are His,
That make so gay the solitary place
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms

That cultivation glories in are His.
 He sets the bright procession on its way,
 And marshals all the order of the year ;
 He marks the bounds which winter may not pass
 And blunts his pointed fury ; in its case,
 Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
 Uninjured, with inimitable art ;
 And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
 The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
 Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
 Nature is but a name for an effect,
 Whose cause is God. One spirit—His
 Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows—
 Rules universal nature ! Not a flower
 But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
 Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires
 Their balmy odours and imparts their hues,
 And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
 In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
 The seeds with which He sprinkles all the earth.—
 Happy who walks with Him ! whom, what he finds
 Of flavour, or of scent, in fruit or flower,
 Or what he views of beautiful or grand
 In nature, from the broad majestic oak
 To the green mist that twinkles in the sun,
 Proclaims with remembrance of a present God !

 SONG.

We have drunk it in the afternoon at sunset little song,
 word a place in these selections.

Two ladies are gone, here,
 But all up the row ;
 With the brightest of wine here,
 We'll delight the soul
 And sure with their presence
 We'll bring on the song.
 We'll drink from the glass
 That we have now won.

I've heard, that whenever
Small birds on the brink
Of a clear eastern fountain
Stoop over and drink,
That fount becomes sacred !
Then sacred be this,
Where the red lip of woman
Hath printed a kiss !

THE THEATRE.

Our readers must often have heard the fame of a work entitled *The Rejected Addresses*, written by JAMES and HORACE SMITH. Its history is this. When Drury Lane was rebuilt, after its destruction by fire, the committee advertised a reward for the best poetical address wherewith to open the new theatre. A vast multitude were sent in, and, despairing of being able to read such a pile of verses, the committee rejected the whole of them, and applied to Lord Byron for the aid of his lordship's pen, which was given. The brothers Smith seized the happy occasion, and, under the name of the "*Rejected Addresses*," good-temperedly and most humorously imitated and parodied the principal poets of the day. As might be supposed, the work had a vast sale, and established the reputation of the authors, upon which, to say the truth, they have subsisted ever since; for none of their subsequent productions have equalled that. Our readers will probably be pleased to see a specimen of this very clever *jew d'esprit*, and we resent them with the parody on Crabbe, which is so exquisitely done, but no person, however slightly acquainted with his poetry, can fail to mark his peculiarities and mannerisms of style and thought.

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start ;
To see red Phœbus through the gallery-pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane ;
While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

At first, while vacant seats gives choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please ;
But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.

Now the full benches to late-comers doom
No room for standing, miscall'd standing-room.

Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling "Pit full!" gives the check he takes
Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jan

See to their desks Apollo's sons repair—
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair!
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French-horn, and twangs the tingling hu
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.
Now all seems hush'd—but, no, one fiddle will
Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still.
Foil'd in his crash, the leader of the clan
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man:
Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
Nods a new signal, and away they go.

Perchance, while pit and gallery cry, "Hats off
And awed consumption checks his chided cough,
Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love
Drops, 'reft of pin, her play-bill from above:
Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,
Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap;
But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,
And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers:
Till, sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,
It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl;
Who from his powder'd pate the intruder strikes,
And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes.

Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongue
Who's that calls "Silence!" with such leathern lung
He who, in quest of quiet, "Silence!" hoots,
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

What various swains our motley walls contain!—
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick-lane

Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery-cormorant, the auction-shark,
The full-priced master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who still linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five—they want but two-pence more;
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs,

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds—we wish they'd mind their talk;
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live—
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;
Who oft, when we our house lock-up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling fortune seem'd to threaten woe.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire,
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubb's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;
In Holywell, St. Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head:
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down.
Pat was the urchin's name—a red-hair'd youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat:
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.

How shall he act? Pay at the gallery-door
 Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
 Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
 And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
 Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
 John Mullins whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
 "Thank you," cries Pat; "but one won't make a line
 "Take mine," cried Wilson; and cried Stokes, "Take mine
 A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
 Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
 Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted clue,
 Starr'd, striped and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
 Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
 George Green below, with palpitating hand,
 Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band—
 Upsoars the prize! The youth, with joy unfeign'd,
 Regain'd the felt, then felt what he regain'd;
 While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
 Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransom'd hat.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

There is something singularly poetical in the following trans-
 from the German.

ALBEIT we smile
 When we behold
 A beerless pot
 Or punchless bowl,
 Yet that is bile;
 Such smile is cold;
 It brightens not
 The sunken soul!

Ah, no! to illume
 Both souls and brows
 Go, fill the toom,
 Both bowl and quart;
 And troll a song,
 And toast your frows,
 For nights are long
 And life is short!

And love is sweet,
And song is gay,
And punch is strong,
And wine is bright,
And time is fleet,
And joys decay,
Nor wine nor song
Outlives the night!

And, friends of mine,
Long night above
Our mould the wind
Will wail and rave,
And punch and wine
And songs of love
Shall no man find
Inside his grave.

Brilliantz.

THE CYPRESS.

He came, he went, like the Simoom,
That harbinger of fate and gloom,
Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
The very cypress droops to death—
Dark tree, still sad when other's grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead.

BYRON.

THE CALM DEAD.

So in that crystal place, in silent rows,
Poor lovers lay at rest from joys and woes.
The stranger from the mountains, breathless, traced
Such thousands of shut eyes in order placed;
Such ranges of white feet, and patient lips
All ruddy,—for here death no blossom nips.
He mark'd their brows and foreheads; saw their hair
Put sleekly on one side with nicest care;
And each one's gentle wrists, with reverence,
Put cross-wise to its heart.

KEATS.

LOVE.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed :
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed :
 In halls, in gay attire is seen :
 In hamlets, dances on the green.
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above :
 For Love is heaven, and heaven is Love.

SCOTT.

GOD IN EVERYTHING.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill—
 To pangs of nature—signs of will,
 Defect of doubt and taint of blood ;
 That nothing walks with aimless feet,
 That not one life shall be destroy'd
 Or cast as rubbish to the void
 When God hath made the pile complete.

TENNYSON.

A TRAITOR.

O for a tongue to curse the slave,
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
 Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
 And blasts them in their hour of might !
 May life's unblessed cup for him
 Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim,
 With hopes that but allure to fly,
 With joys that vanish while he sips,
 Like dead-sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
 But turn to ashes on the lips !
 His country's curse, his children's shame,
 Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
 May he at last with lips of flame
 On the parch'd desert thirsting die—
 While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,
 Are fading off, untouched, untasted,
 Like the once glorious hopes he blasted !

MOORE.



SHE WAS NOT FAIR NOR FULL OF GRACE.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

SHE was not fair, nor full of grace,
 Nor crown'd with thought or aught beside ;
 No wealth had she, of mind or face,
 To win our love, or raise our pride :
 No lover's thought her cheek did touch ;
 No poet's dream was 'round her thrown ;
 And yet we miss her—ah, too much,
 Now—she hath flown !

We miss her when the morning calls,
 As one that mingled in our mirth ;
 We miss her when the evening falls,—
 A trifle wanted on the earth !
 Some fancy small or subtle thought
 Is check'd ere to its blossom grown ;
 Some chain is broken that we wrought,
 Now—she hath flown !

No solid good, nor hope defined,
 Is marr'd now she hath sunk in night ;
 And yet the strong immortal mind
 Is stopp'd in its triumphant flight !
 Stern friend, what power is in a tear,
 What strength in one poor thought alone,
 When all we know is—"She was here,"
 And—"She hath flown !"

 LINES TO POESY.

Blackstone's *Farewell to his Muse* is known to everybody ; but few are aware that there is an eminent living judge who has indulged in the same theme. Baron SMITH, of the Irish Exchequer, was a poet in his young days, and, while courting the wig and gown, gave vent to his feelings in the following lines, which in every respect are superior to those of Judge Blackstone.

BEAUTIFUL vision ! I kneel no more
 At thy radiant throne—
 The dreams of a world I loved are o'er,
 And I am alone—
 Alone : for the world of beautiful things,

Where fancy flutters her rainbow-wings,
And hope with her lute of silver sings
Her warbling song—
Is pass'd away like a pleasing thought,
Or a midnight dream that comes unsought,
And soon is gone !

Beautiful vision ! when scarce a boy,
Untamed and free,
One day I wander'd with heedless joy
In search of thee :
I well remember the time—'twas spring—
The new-born winds were abroad on the wing,
And the azure of heaven did tremble and sing
With the lark's sweet note ;
I follow'd him upward with straining eyes,
And panted for pinions with him to arise,
And heavenward float !

Beautiful vision ! I wander'd on
By a soft-toned stream,
That leap'd with joy and laugh'd at the sun,
As it drank his beam :
And soon, like a child fatigued from play,
Who wanders from blossom to blossom all day,
I laid me down in the noon-tide ray
And softly slept—
When a spirit, in form and shape like thine,
Kiss'd me in sleep with her lips divine—
I woke and wept !

Beautiful vision ! full many a day
Since that sweet dream,
I've seen thy form of glory play
In blossom and beam,—
At morn when glitter'd the diamond dew—
At noon when the soft winds warmly blew—
At eve when the mountains their tall shades threw
Away from the sun—
At night when the young moon rose from the main
And far over forest and fountain her chain
Of silver spun.

Beautiful vision! a change comes o'er
My dreams of thee—
I turn, with thee to commune no more,
Loved poesy!
With tears I abandon my own sweet lute,
My heart is sick, and my lips are mute,
As I yield up to silence the friend of my youth,
Whose warblings brought
Shadows of beauty to whisper with me—
Love, hope, feeling, and fantasy,
From the realms of thought!

THE SEA.

A glorious lyric by BARRY CORNWALL, familiar to all, but not the less entitled to a place here.

THE sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free:
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round:
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
Where'er every mad wave drowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune:
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west wind doth blow.
I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the deep sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest—
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born ;
 The whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild,
 As welcom'd to life the ocean child.
 I have lived since then, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a rover's life,
 With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
 But never have sought or sighed for change ;
 And death, whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come on the wide unbounded sea !

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

An old ballad, printed in 1569 on a broadside in black letter.
 name was attached to it. There is a great deal of true poetry in

Love me little, love me long,
 Is the burden of my song,
 Love that is too hot and strong
 Burneth soon to waste :
 Still I would not have thee cold,
 Not too backward or too bold,
 Love that lasteth till 'tis old
 Fadeth not in haste.
 Love me little, love me long,
 Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,
 It will not prove as true a touch ;
 Love me little, more than such,
 For I fear the end :
 I am with little well content,
 And a little from thee sent
 Is enough, with true intent,
 To be steadfast, friend.
 Love me little, love me long, &c.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
 I to thee my love will give,
 Never dreaming to deceive,
 While that life endures :
 Nay, and after death, in sooth,
 I to thee will keep my truth,
 As now when in my May of youth
 This my love assures.
 Love me little, love me long, &c.

Constant love is moderate ever,
 And it will through live persèver,
 Give me that with true endeavour,
 I will it restore :
 A suit of durance let it be,
 For all weathers that for me,
 For the land or for the sea,
 Lasting evermore.
 Love me little, love me long, &c.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
 Autumn's tempests on it beat,
 It can never know defeat,
 Never can rebel :
 Such the love that I would gain,
 Such the love, I tell thee plain,
 Thou must give or woo in vain;
 So to thee farewell.
 Love me little, love me long, &c.

I THINK ON THEE.

By T. K. HERVEY.

I THINK on thee in the night,
 When all beside is still,
 And the moon comes out, with her pale, sad light,
 To sit on the lonely hill !
 When the stars are all like dreams,
 And the breezes all like sighs,
 And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,
 Like thy spirit's low replies !

I think on thee by day,
'Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud!
I hear thy soft, sad tone,
And thy young, sweet smile I see,—
My heart,—my heart were all alone,
But for its dreams of thee!

LOVE NOT.

By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay;
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flow'rs—
Things that are made to fade and fall away,
When they have blossom'd but a few short hours.
Love not, love not.

Love not, love not: the thing you love may die—
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam on its grave as once upon its birth.
Love not, love not.

Love not, love not: the thing you love may change
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you:
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not, love not.

Love not, love not: oh! warning vainly said,
In present years, as in the years gone by;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head;
Faultless, immortal—till they change or die.
Love not, love not.

KING DEATH.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

KING DEATH was a rare old fellow—
He sat where no sun could shine,
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And pour'd out his coal black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

There came to him many a maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his coal-black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

The scholar left all his learning,
The poet his fancied woes,
And the beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropp'd brine,
And he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

There is poetry in the very simplicity and nature of these verses by
HARLES DIBDIN.

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't you hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Fool-hardy chaps who live in towns,
 What danger they are all in,
 And now lie quaking in their beds,
 For fear the roof should fall in :
 Poor creatures, how they envies us,
 And wishes, I've a notion,
 For our good luck, in such a storm,
 To be upon the ocean.

"And as for them who're out all day,
 On business from their houses,
 And late at night are coming home,
 To cheer their babes and spouses ;
 While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
 Are comfortably lying,
 My eyes ! what tiles and chimney-pots
 About their heads are flying.

"And very often have we heard
 How men are killed and undone,
 By overturns of carriages,
 By thieves, and fires in London.
 We know what risks all landsmen run,
 From noblemen to tailors ;
 Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
 That you and I are sailors !"

LOSS IN DELAYS.

One of the quaint compositions of ROBERT SOUTHWELL, who
 in 1596.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse,
 Take thy time, while time is lent thee ;
 Creeping snails have weakest force,
 Fly their fault lest thou repent thee :
 Good is best when soonest wrought,
 Lingering labour comes to nought.

Hoist up sail, while gale doth last,
 Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure ;
 Seek not time when time is past,
 Sober speed is wisdom's leisure :
 After-wits are dearly bought,
 Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead ;
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind, his scalp is naked :
Works adjourn'd have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek thy salve while sore is green,
Fester'd wounds ask deeper lancing :
After-cures are seldom seen,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing :
Time and place give best advice,
Out of season, out of price.

MAY MORNING.

By MILTON.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire !
Woods and groves are of thy dressing :
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing,
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long !

THAT SONG AGAIN.

By T. K. HERVEY.

THAT song, again ! its wailing strain
Brings back the thoughts of other hours,—
The form I ne'er may see again,—
And brightens all life's faded flowers !

In mournful murmurs, o'er mine ear
Remember'd echoes seem to roll,
And sounds I never more can hear,
Make music in my lonely soul!

That swell again!—now full and high,
The tide of feeling flows along,
And many a thought that claims a sigh,
Seems mingling with the magic song!

The forms I loved—and loved in vain,
The hopes I nursed—to see them die,
With fleetness, brightness, through my brain,
In phantom beauty, wander by!

Then touch the lyre, my own dear love!
My soul is like a troubled sea,
And turns from all below—above,
In fondness, to the harp and thee!

TUBAL CAIN.

By CHARLES MACKAY.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand,
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rush'd out in scarlet showers,
As he fashion'd the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be King and Lord!"

Tubal Cain came many a one,
he wrought by his roaring fire,
each one pray'd for a strong steel blade,
the crown of his desire;
he made them weapons sharp and strong,
they shouted loud for glee,
gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
and spoils of the forest free.
They sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
who hath given us strength anew!
Hail for the smith! hurrah for the fire!
Hail hurrah for the metal true!"

A sudden change came o'er his heart
at the setting of the sun;
Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain
at the evil he had done.
Saw that men, with rage and hate,
were at war upon their kind,
the land was red with blood they shed,
their lust for carnage blind.
He said, "Alas! that ever I made,
that skill of mine should plan,
to bear and the sword for men whose joy
was to slay their fellow-man!"

For many a day old Tubal Cain
brooding o'er his woe;
his hand forebore to smite the ore,
and his furnace smoulder'd low;
he rose at last with a cheerful face,
and a bright courageous eye,
bared his strong right arm for work,
while the quick flames mounted high:
he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
and the red sparks lit the air—
"alone for the blade was the bright steel made;"
and he fashion'd the first ploughshare.

Men, taught wisdom from the past,
in friendship join'd their hands,
the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
and plough'd the willing lands;
they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
our staunch good friend is he;

And for the ploughshare and the plough,
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword."

SONG FOR TWILIGHT.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

HIDE me, O twilight air!
Hide me from thought, from care,
From all things, foul or fair,
Until to-morrow!
To-night I strive no more;
No more my soul shall soar:
Come, sleep, and shut the door
'Gainst pain and sorrow!

If I must see through dreams,
Be mine Elysian gleams,
Be mine by morning streams
To watch and wander!
So may my spirit cast
(Serpent-like) off the past,
And my free soul at last
Have leave to ponder!

And should'st thou 'scape control,
Ponder on love, sweet Soul,
On joy, the end and goal
Of all endeavour!
But, if earth's pains will rise
(As damps will seek the skies),
Then, night, seal thou mine eyes,
In sleep, for ever!

THE BEAUTY OF ROCKS.

is much beautiful poetry in the outward form of prose, as such prose in the dress of poetry. Our business is to look at the disguises, and to preserve here whatever is poetry—in fact, such regard to its form. Occasional passages of poetry not in verse, but not therefore the less truest poetry, may worthily be among these selections; and we take one now from RUSKIN'S *Painters*.

ruly, at first sight, there is such refusal in their look, and shattered walls and crests seem to rise in a gloomy way with the soft waves of bank and wood beneath; nor can we press the mere fact, that, as we look longer at their lines become perceptible, because it might be no proof of their beauty that they needed long time in order to be discerned. But I think this much is deserving of our notice, as confirmatory of fore-conclusions, that the forms which in other things are produced by slow increase, or gradual abrasion of surface, *produced by rough fracture*, when rough fracture is the law of existence. A rose is rounded by its own law of growth, a reed is bowed into tender curvature by the pressure of the breeze; but we could not, from these, have formed any resolved preference, by nature, of curved over others, inasmuch as it might always have been possible that the curves were produced, not for beauty's sake directly, but by the laws of vegetable existence; and, at broken flints or rugged banks afterwards, we might have thought that we only liked the curved lines because they were associated with life and organism, and disliked the angular ones associated with inaction and disorder. But nature in these mountains a more clear demonstration of herself. She is here driven to make fracture the law of her existence. She cannot tuft the rock-edges with moss, or round them with water, or hide them with leaves and roots. She is obliged to produce a form, admirable to human beings, by the breaking away of substance. And behold—so she is compelled to do this—she changes the law of herself. "Growth," she seems to say, "is not essential to my work, nor concealment, nor softness; but curvature is, if I must produce my forms by breaking them, the law itself shall be in curves. If, instead of dew and rain, the only instruments I am to use are the lightning

and the frost, then their forked tongues and crystal w
shall still work out my laws of tender line. Devast
instead of nurture may be the task of all my elements
age after age may only prolong the unrenovated ruin
the appointments of typical beauty which have been
over all creatures shall not therefore be abandoned;
the rocks shall be ruled, in their perpetual perishing, b
same ordinances that direct the bending of the reed an
blush of the rose."

THE DARRAGH AND ITS GRIEF.

ANONYMOUS.

Good night! Good night!
Oh! we never knew
How dear thou wert,
Till o'er our heart
The cold wind blew
That bade us part.
Good night! Good night!
Still stands thy eagle on his perch;
Thy palfrey whinnies in her stall;
Thy dog roams whining round the church;
Thy page weeps in the darken'd hall;
For thou art in the churchyard mould,
The bright eye dimm'd—the kind heart cold;
Good night! Good night!
Yet the deeds thou hast done
Will outlast thy breath,
And the love thou hast won
Is with us 'till death:
Good night! Good night!
Oh! a dearer presence never crost
The path to which its life was given;
And a gentler spirit ne'er was lost
To earth—and gain'd to heaven:
Good night! Good night!

THE SUTTEE.

By PERCY ASHWORTH.

MORN, dewy morn, is smiling : the blue sky
Is softly flush'd with every melting dye :
Bright golden rays the gorgeous east suffuse,
Vermillion streaks, and rich empurpled hues :
A growing flood of splendour spreads around,
And robes in heavenly light the conscious ground !
Now gently soft, now want'ning sportively,
The young and balmy zephyrs flutter by,
Wafting the fragrance of each op'ning flower
O'er the calm luxury of this blissful hour :
And gurgling rivulet, and rippling lake,
Seem joyous now that nature is awake.
Oh, what a morn to herald such a scene,
So fresh, so bright, so beauteously serene !
That the fair sky should call its loveliest glow,
Undimm'd, to gaze on such a sight of woe !

Glad in the light of morning's welcome beam,
Before her, Gunga rolls his mighty stream ;
And as, instinct with being, proud and gay,
In merry mood the light barks hold their way,
And spread their full and whitely-gleaming sails
To woo the kisses of the wanton gales.
Those verdant banks arrest her mournful view,
With haunted peepul deck'd, and dark bamboo,
And betel with its bark of silvery sheen,
And lone pagodas rising far between :
Whilst still beyond, down hills of azure shade,
Rush the swift waters of the light cascade.
Such are to her not voiceless ;—for they tell
Of days long past, and joys remember'd well :
What time that shady bank she wont to rove,
Lit by the fire-flies' thousand lamps of love :
With him, stretch'd on that pile, to wander there,
And twine the champai's blossom in her hair,
As lonely reign'd the peerless vespèr-star
And the deep gong ebb'd faintly from afar :
To list unto the thrush at evening's hour,
And the bee humming in its own blue flower :

To gaze in silence, ere the sun had set,
 On gilded dome, and glittering minaret :
 Or on the snow-capp'd hills, whose glaring white
 Slept mellow'd in a rosier flush of light—
 That hour, as though by some kind spirit sent,
 So mutely,—richly,—deeply eloquent !
 Or driven perchance by some ill-boding dream,
 When lone she hasten'd to the sacred stream,
 And with a trembling hand, and beating heart,
 Beheld her boat of many prayers depart !
 All—all come swiftly crowding on her mind,
 As mem'ry casts a wistful gaze behind.

* * * * *

A last adieu to all : the parting word,—
 The kiss that clings,—the blessing scarcely heard
 The embrace that seems as nought its links would sever
 The madd'ning thought that they must part for ever
 For ever?—Nay, hope whispers, o'er the sea,
 Some spot of happiness shall smile for thee ;
 Some blessed isle, where suns as bright shall shine
 As those that warm this golden land of thine !
 Yes ! beauteous as those islets, imaged clear
 In that too lovely lake of fair Cashmere !
 Where the blue lotus trembles in the gale,
 That fans with spicy breath each em'rald vale :
 And o'er the flow'ry mound's sun-loving slope
 Light bounds the silver-footed antelope !
 There all shall glitter, verdant, fresh and bright,
 As that famed fairy city of delight,
 Where hues enwreath'd of flowers and gems comb
 As though to weave celestial beauty's shrine !
 The sweet Syrinda shall beguile thine hours
 In sandal-groves, and blushing orange-bowers ;
 Whilst maidens, long-remember'd here, shall wake
 The wild, sweet chorus by the moonlit lake :
 Or brush with tinkling feet the glades afar,
 Like Peri forms in meads of Candahar,
 Some young Apsara, too, shall touch the lute,
 Whilst every sound in earth and air is mute :
 And Chrishna, idol of the heart ! shall come,
 A beam of glory to that favour'd home !
 There sleepless gales shall breathe of fragrancy,
 And rills shall laugh as bright as pleasure's eye :

'Mid scenes as fair as visions of delight
 Untainted fancy calls to childhood's sight !
 Pure—as the dreams that float on filmy wing
 Around the couch of infants slumbering !
 Soft—as the dewy tear that gently flows
 From woman's soul-fraught eye for others' woes !
 There all shall meet when life's short act is o'er,
 Partake of endless joy, and part no more.

TO MY HORSE.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

Come forth, my brave steed ! the sun shines on the vale,
 And the morning is bearing its balm on the gale—
 Come forth, my brave steed, and brush off as we pass
 With the hoofs of thy speed the bright dew from the grass.

Let the lover go warble his strains to the fair—
 Regard not his rapture, and heed not his care ;
 But now, as we bound o'er the mountain and lea,
 I will weave, my brave steed, a wild measure for thee.

Away and away—I exult in the glow
 Which is breathing its pride to my cheek as we go ;
 And blithely my spirits spring forth as the air
 Which is waving the mane of thy dark-flowing hair.

Hail, thou gladness of heart, and thou freshness of soul,
 Which have never come o'er me in pleasure's control ;
 Which the dance and the revel, the bowl and the board,
 Though they flush'd and they fever'd, could never afford.

In the splendour of solitude, speed we along,
 Through the silence but broke by the wild linnet's song ;
 Not a sight to the eye, not a sound to the ear—
 To tell us that sin and sorrow are near.

Away, and away, and away then we pass ;
 The blind mole shall not hear thy light hoof on the grass ;
 And the time which is flying while I am with thee
 Seems as swift as thyself—as we bound o'er the lea.

THE POET'S FAITH.

By S. T. COLERIDGE.

OH ! never rudely will I blame his faith
 In the might of stars and angels ! 'tis not mere
 The human being's pride that peoples space
 With life and mystical predominance ;
 Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
 This visible nature, and this common world,
 Is all too narrow : yea, a deeper import
 Lurks in the legend told my infant years,
 Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
 For fable is love's world—his house, his birthplace
 Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
 And spirits ; and delightedly believes
 Divinities, being himself divine.
 The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
 The fair humanities of old religion,
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain
 Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
 Or chasms and watery depths : all these have va
 They live no longer in the faith of reason !
 But still the heart doth need a language ; still
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names ;
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,
 Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
 With man as with their friend ; and to the lover
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
 Shoot influence down ; and even at this day
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
 And Venus who brings everything that's fair.

STAFFA.

A passage from a poem by ROUNDELL PALMER, Q.C. and Plymouth.

FOR never did the work of mortal hand
 Vie with that natural temple, or command
 Such reverence and deep awe. The brooding air
 Breathes holiness around, and whispers prayer ;
 The pillar'd rocks their silent voices raise,
 The deep sea murmurs her creator's praise ;

Nor wants there blazon'd roof or sculptured dome,
O'er which the worshipper's rapt eye may roam.
What though no vain device, no tinsel glare,
No monument of human pride, be there,—
The moulded rock is nobler far than they,
The spangled crystal shames their flaunting ray;
And that unchisell'd fretwork might not yield
To gilded tracery, or to storied shield.

* * * * *

'Twere sweet at dead of night to muse alone
On yon grey beach with matted sea-weed strown,
Nor heed the passing hours' swift flight, nor give
One thought to this vain world in which we live.
Alone, but not companionless: the shore,
The battlemented cliffs and columns hoar,
And yon pale orb, with melancholy smile
Gilding each headland of the desert isle,—
These have their language to the feeling mind,
Deep, still, and eloquent,—in these we find
A charm, a sympathy, a sacred tie,
A link of fellowship to worlds on high.
Nor e'er does silence reign: the sea-mew's yell
Complaining from her airy citadel,
The hoarse loud murmur of the chafing waves,
The sleepless echoes of a thousand caves,
Swell in wild chorus:—though the busy strife,
The stirring energy of human life,
Intrudes not there—though no proud cities shine,
Though no tall vessel stems the boisterous brine—
Nor glade nor forest of luxuriant green
Disturbs the barren grandeur of the scene.
From those rude clefts no mountain flow'ret springs;
No clustering shrub to those lone pillars clings,
The glossy saxifrage of purple hue,
The golden samphire, or the tufted yew—
All, all is desolate. The eagle there
Has fix'd her place of refuge high in air,
Queen of the feather'd tribes which love to dwell
In the scarr'd bosom of the rifted fell:
There, when contending winds are loud and high,
When waves on waves are mounting to the sky,
Poised on sure wing above the rolling flood,
In mazy circles round her callow brood

She wheels exulting, and with clamorous voice
 Bids the dark spirits of the storm rejoice,—
 Or, gorged with carnage, from her grim repast
 Rides on her homeward flight the wintry blast.
 Above, around, in wild confusion hurl'd,
 The shatter'd remnants of a former world,—
 The broken shaft, the shelving colonnade,
 The deep rock rifted from its marble bed,
 All tell of God's great vengeance—when the sky
 Yawn'd in the land—when heaven's whole armoury
 Whelm'd the wide earth—the fountains of the sea,
 Broke from their central caverns fierce and free,
 Wave upon mountain wave! While worlds survive,
 That day's wild memory still unchanged shall live,
 Graved on the summit of the cloud-capt hills,—
 Traced in the channels of a thousand rills,—
 Stamp'd on the relics of a mightier birth,—
 Recorded in the marble womb of earth!

THE ORPHAN.

By Miss LANDON, better known as L. E. L.

My heart is gone beyond the grave,
 In search of love I cannot find,
 Till I could fancy soothing words
 Are whisper'd by the ev'ning wind.

I gaze upon the watching stars,
 So clear, so beautiful above,
 Till I could dream they look' on me
 With something of an answering love.

My mother, does thy gentle eye
 Look from those distant stars on me?
 Or does the wind at ev'ning bear
 A message to thy child from thee?

Dost thou pine for me, as I pine
 Again a parent's love to share?
 I often kneel beside thy grave,
 And pray to be a sleeper there.

The vesper bell!—'tis eventide,
I will not weep, but I will pray;
God of the fatherless, 'tis Thou
Alone canst be the orphan's stay!

Earth's meanest flower, heaven's mightiest star,
Are equal in their Maker's love,
And I can say "Thy will be done,"
With eyes that fix their hopes above.

FOR COMFORT IN DEATH.

By ROBERT HERRICK (1648).

In the hour of my distresse,
When temptations me oppresse,
And when I my sins confesse,
Sweet spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
Sweet spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet spirit, comfort me.

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright my parting soul,
Sweet spirit, comfort me.

When, God knowes, I'm tost about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glasse be out,
Sweet spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursu'th
 With the sins of all my youth,
 And half-damns me with untruth,
 Sweet spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is reveal'd,
 And that open'd which was seal'd,
 When to thee I have appeal'd,
 Sweet spirit, comfort me.

LABOUR.

By Mrs. FRANCES OSGOOD, a poetess of America.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
 Hark how Creation's deep musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing;
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labour is worship!"—the robin is singing;
 "Labour is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
 Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out nature's heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
 From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower:
 From the small insect the rich coral bower;
 Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labour is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth:
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
 Labour is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
 Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tun

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us ;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us ;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us ;
Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow ;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow :
Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee ;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee ;
Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee ;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work for some good—be it ever so slowly ;
Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly ;
Labour!—all labour is noble and holy :
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

MY LADY SLEEPS.

By LONGFELLOW. From the play of the *Spanish Student*.

STARS of the summer night !
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light !
She sleeps, my lady sleeps !
Sleeps !

Moon of the summer night !
Far down yon western steep,
Sink, sink in silver light !
She sleeps, my lady sleeps !
Sleeps !

Wind of the summer night !
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light !
She sleeps, my lady sleeps !
Sleeps !

Dreams of the summer night !
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumbers light
She sleeps, my lady sleeps !
Sleeps !

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

One of the noblest Sonnets of JOHN MILTON.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more ben
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide ;
 Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?
 I fondly ask : but patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies :—God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest :
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

 THE LOVER AND BIRDS.

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

WITHIN a budding grove,
 In April's ear sang every bird his best,
 But not a song to pleasure my unrest,
 Or touch the tears unwept of bitter love.
 Some spake, methought, with pity, some as if in jest.
 To every word
 Of every bird
 I listen'd, and replied as it behove.

Scream'd Chaffinch, "Sweet, sweet, sweet !
 O bring my pretty love to meet me here !"
 "Chaffinch," quoth I, "be dumb awhile, in fear
 Thy darling prove no better than a cheat ;
 And never come, or fly when wintry days appear."
 Yet from a twig
 With voice so big,
 The little fowl his utterance did repeat.

Then I, "The man forlorn
Hears earth send up a foolish noise aloft."
"And what'll he do? what'll he do!" scoff'd
The Blackbird, standing in an ancient thorn,
Then spread his sooty wings and flitted to the croft,
With cackling laugh;
Whom I, being half
Enraged, call'd after, giving back his scorn.

Worse mock'd the Thrush, "Die! die!
O could he do it? could he do it? Nay!
Be quick! be quick! Here, here, here!" (went his lay)
"Take heed! take heed!" then, "Why? why? why?
why? why?
See—ee now! see—ee now!" (he draw'd) "Back! back!
back! R-r-run away!"
O Thrush, be still!
Or, at thy will,
Seek some less sad interpreter than I!

"Air, air! blue air and white!
Whither I flee, whither, O whither, O whither I flee!"
(Thus the Lark hurried, mounting from the lea)
"Hills, countries, many waters glittering bright,
Whither I see, whither I see! deeper, deeper, deeper,
whither I see, see, see!"
Gay Lark, I said,
The song that's bred
In happy nest may well to heav'n make flight.

"There's something, something sad,
I half remember"—piped a broken strain.
Well sung, sweet Robin! Robin sung again,
"Spring's opening cheerily, cheerily! be we glad!"
Which moved, I wist not why, me melancholy mad,
Till now, grown meek,
With wetted cheek,
Most comforting and gentle thoughts I had.

ODE—AUTUMN.

By THOMAS HOOD.

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless, like silence listening
To silence—for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge, nor solitary thorn,—
Shaking his languid locks, all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.
Where are the songs of daylight? In the sun,
Opeing the dusky eyelids of the south,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And morning sings with a warm odorous mouth :
Where are the merry birds? Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lest owls should prey,
Undazzled at noon-day,
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of Summer? In the west,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
When the mild eve by sudden night is prest,
Like tearful Proserpine—snatch'd among flowers
To a most gloomy breast :
Where is the pride of Summer—the green prime—
The many many leaves wind-wanton? Three
On the moss'd elm—three on the naked lime
Trembling—and one upon the old oak tree !
Where is the Dryad's immortality?
Gone into mournful cyprus and dark yew,
Or wearing the long gloomy winter through
In the smooth holly's green eternity.

The squirrel gloats on his accomplish'd hoard ;
The ants have brimm'd their garners with ripe grain ;
And honey bees have stored
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells ;
The swallows all have wing'd across the main ;—
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
And sighs her tearful spells
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.

Alone—alone—upon a mossy stone,
Until her drowsy feet forgotten be,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves for a love rosary;
Whilst the all-wither'd world spreads drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drowned past,
In the hush'd mind's mysterious far-away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance—grey upon the grey.

Aye, go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded
Under the languid downfall of her hair;
She wears a coronal of flowers faded
Upon her forehead, like a constant care;—
There is enough of wither'd everywhere
To make her bower, and eternal gloom;—
There is enough of sadness to invite,
If only for the rose that died, whose doom
Is beauty's,—she that with the exquisite bloom
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light:—
There is enough of sorrowing—and quite
Enough of bitter fruits this world doth bear,
Enough of chilly droppings, for her bowl,—
Enough of fear, and shadowy despair,
To frame her clouded prison for the soul.

THE REFORMER.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ALL grim and soil'd and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome
Essay'd in vain her ghostly charm:
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in :
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile ;
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare ;"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear !"

Grey-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustom'd stone,
Lean'd on his staff, and wept, to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold :
"Why smite," he ask'd, in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flash'd his axe's gleam ;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I look'd : aside the dust cloud roll'd—
The waster seem'd the builder too ;
Up-springing from the ruin'd Old
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill ;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I fear'd ;
The frown which awed me pass'd away,
And left behind a smile which cheer'd
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow ;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plough.

Where frown'd the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
Look'd out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups, with wine once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet-head
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew and sunbeams stray'd,
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child play'd.

Where the doom'd victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
Came crown'd with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone—

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day ;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

Oh ! backward-looking son of time !—
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer ;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turns earth's love and fear
Are one, the same.

As idly as in that old day
Thou mournest did thy sires repine,
So, in his time, thy child grown grey,
Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them or thou
The eternal step of progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats!

Take heart!—the waster builds again—
A charmed life old goodness hath;
The tares may perish—but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night.
Ho, wake and watch!—the world is grey
With morning light!

Brilliant.

TWILIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THE shades are gathering on the mountain's brea
Where lone Ben-Nevis rears his giant crest,
The stars are faintly glimmering into light
Round the pale chariot of the queen of night.
No curling foam, no rippling gales betray
The smooth swift currents on their noiseless way,
But calm is brooding on the tranquil deep
As though some spirit watch'd o'er nature's sleep
And tower, and cape, and crested island seem
To bask reclining in the mellow beam.
Charm'd by the loveliness of that sweet hour,
Pride melts to reverence, gloom forgets to lower;
And there is peace to sorrow and to care—
Peace in the sapphire wave and starlit air,
Peace in those orbs, which whisper as they move
Comfort and hope, and holiness and love.

ROUNDELL PALM

WISDOM OF AGE.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lies in new light thro' chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home :
Leaving the old—both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER.

GRIEF.

Wakeful he sits, and lonely and unmoved,
Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men ;
As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun
Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
Stands solitary, stands immovable,
Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
In the cold light.

W. S. LANDOR.

ABSTRACTION OF SORROW.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze ;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new morn she saw not : but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
And moisten'd it with tears unto the core.

KEATS.

SUICIDE.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

SEWELL.

A FOUNTAIN.

'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
And chase the sultriness of day,
As springing high the silver dew
In whirls fantastically flew,
And flung luxurious coolness round
The air, and verdure o'er the ground.

BYRON.

PROVIDENCE.

And that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

SHAKSPE

LOSS OF FRIENDS.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
Before the chastener humbly let me bow
O'er hearts divided, and o'er hopes destroy'd.

BYR

HYPERION'S PALACE.

Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west;
Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
In smooth'd silence, save what solemn tubes,
Blown by the serious zephyrs, gave of sweet
And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies
And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
That inlet to severe magnificence
Stood full-blown for the god to enter in.

KE/

A THOUGHT.

Though far away
Though ruthless time have scatter'd memory's dres
Some scenes can ne'er decay,
But rest where all is change like islands on a streai

BEYDS

MORNING.

Lo! on the eastern summit, clad in grey,
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes,
And from his tower of mist
Night's watchman hurries down.

H. K. WHI



FTER READING "THE IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS" OF
MR. LANDOR.

By Mr. BULWER, who, under the *nom de guerre* of OWEN MEREDITH, as proved himself a true poet. It was contributed to *The Examiner*.

PALE once, in Grecian land, my spirit walk'd.
The brown Medea gathering herbs I saw
Under the moon at Colchis. I have talk'd
With Hector under the wide-spread night,
Listing the Achæan sentinels in awe.
Once, with Ulysses, past the bounds of sight
I sail'd the syren-sea. Once, seem'd to sip
Black wine with Jason in his golden ship.
And once I saw, reveal'd in sleepy light
To a mutter'd music, warm voluptuous,
The mighty Golden Tree, while stars grew bright
Above the gardens of King Hesperus.
Thence, thro' the lovely Latin climes, I came
To praise pale Tasso singing in the shade
At Este; see Petrarca crown'd, and made
Immortal while love lasts, and Laura's name.
Majestic are the kingdoms of the dead!
For here, the heroic spirit walks obscur'd
By life's false glare; or calumny doth spread
Her cloud about it; or it pines immur'd
In penury and prison, beneath the frown
Of men who took Apollo for a clown,
When once, disguis'd, he tended on the herd.
But in those Hades not a sound is stirr'd
Thro' the completed silence of content,
Save of Philosophy in her own grove
Discoursing of the gods to listening Love:
Or such as heroes in a milk-white tent
Hear, when cool flutes recall, or cymball'd chime,
Deeds that make deathless all the days of Time.
There move the mighty poets unprov'd,
And the most loving are the most belov'd.
Yet often had my steps in that long maze
Of glory falter'd, often had my gaze
Sunk down abash'd and sham'd one by one
From those imperial brows 'twas lift upon,
But for thee, Landor, who wast there my guide.

My failing courage thine hath fortified,
 For Dante, sure, hath given thee his keys,
 And Petrarch's laurel leaves drop o'er thy brow
 From his, that bows down to thee. Thou thine
 Takest in those dominions where, I vow,
 The heroes walk beside thee, love and own thee;
 And whomsoever thou leadest among these
 (Because so long a while the race hath known thee
 And, knowing, known thee worthy) for thy sake
 Is welcome. Many and many a weary time
 I have labour'd vainly with rude key to break
 Our stony English, both in prose and rhyme.
 But thou with crystal dews from Attic wells,
 Perfectly pure and clear, dost fill the cells
 Of language. Yet, not for these things alone,
 But—(more than all beside which thou hast done)
 I praise thee, that in these bad ages, when
 Machines are everywhere in place of men,
 And the poor State's wound up to work herself,
 Thou, scorning to be paid by such vile pelf
 As others seek, from thy high place, aloof,
 Utterest thy lonely oracles aloud,
 Fearless of all: as in his high elm roof
 Dodona's bird, above the witless crowd.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

From an American newspaper, where it appeared anonymous

GIVE! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
 Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
 Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;

Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
 Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
 Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing:

Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river
 Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,
 Through the burnt sands that reward not the give

Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
 Scatter thy life as the summer shower's pouring !
 What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring ?
 What if no blossom looks upward adoring ?
 Look to the life that was lavish'd for thee !

Give, though thy heart be all wasted and weary,
 Laid on an altar all ashen and dreary ;
 Though from its pulses a faint *miserere*
 Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate,
 Blind it with cords of unshrinking devotion ;
 Smile at the song of its shrinking emotion ;
 'Tis the stern hymn of eternity's ocean ;
 Hear ! and thy future in silence await.

So the wild wind spreads its perfum'd caresses,
 Evil and thankless the desert it blesses ;
 Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
 Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
 What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses ?
 What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes ?
 Sweetest is music with minor-key'd closes,
 Fairest the vine that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over ;
 Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
 Thou wilt have vanish'd from friend and from lover :
 What shall thy longing avail in the grave ?
 Give as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking,
 Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
 Soon, heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
 Thou shalt know God and the gift that He gave.

TIME.

From SHAKSPEARE'S *Troilus and Cressida*.

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingrattitudes.
 Those scraps are good deeds past : which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made—forgot as soon

As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright. To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way—
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the path ;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue. If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost ;—
Or, like a gallant horse, fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on : then what they do in pre
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours,—
For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer : welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O ! let not virtue
Remuneration for a thing it was ;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past ;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More land than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object ;
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax,
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might ; and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent.

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

By LONGFELLOW.

We sat within the farmhouse old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—
The lighthouse,—the dismantled fort,—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendour flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,—
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,—
The ocean, roaring up the beach,—
The gusty blast,—the bickering flames,—
All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,—
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts that yearned !
They were indeed too much akin,
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within

THE OLD GREEN LANE.

By ELIZA COOK.

'Twas the very merry summer time
That garlands hills and dales,
And the south wind rung a fairy chime
Upon the foxglove bells :
The cuckoo stood on the lady birch
To bid her last good-bye—
The lark sprung over the village church,
And whistled to the sky ;

And we had come from the harvest sheaves,
A blithe and tawny train,
And tracked our paths with poppy leaves
Along the old green lane.

'Twas a pleasant way on a sunny day,
And we were a happy set,
And we idly bent where the streamlet went
To get our fingers wet ; •
With the dog-rose there, and the orchis there,
And the woodbine twining through,
With the broad trees meeting everywhere,
And the grass still dank with dew.
Ah ! we all forgot, in that blissful spot,
The names of care and pain,
As we lay on the bank, by the shepherd's cot,
To rest in the old green lane.

Oh, days gone by ! I can but sigh
As I think on that rich hour,
When my heart in its glee but seemed to be
Another wood-side flower ;
For though the trees be still as fair,
And the wild bloom still as gay—
Though the south wind sends as sweet an air,
And heaven as bright a day !
Yet the merry set are far and wide,
And we ne'er shall meet again,
We shall never ramble side by side
Along that green old lane.

OUR FIRST BORN.

From *The Ballad of Babe Christabel*, by **GERALD MASSETT**, one of
the true poets of our time.

O **HAPPY** husband ! happy wife !
The rarest blessing Heaven drops down,
The sweetest blossom in Spring's crown,
Starts in the furrows of your life !

God ! what a towering height ye win,
Who cry, " Lo my beloved child !"
And, life on life sublimely piled,
Ye touch the heavens and peep within !

Look how a star of glory swims
Down aching silences of space,
Flushing the darkness till its face
With beating heart of light o'erbrims !

So brightening came Babe Christabel,
To touch the earth with fresh romance,
And light a mother's countenance
With looking on her miracle.

With hands so flower-like, soft, and fair,
She caught at life, with words as sweet
As first spring violets, and feet
As faery-light as feet of air.

The father, down in Toil's mirk mine,
Turns to his wealthy world above,
Its radiance, and its home of love ;
And lights his life like sun-struck wine.

The mother moves with queenlier tread :
Proud swell the globes of ripe delight
Above her heart, so warm and white
A pillow for the baby-head !

Their natures deepen, well-like, clear,
Till God's eternal stars are seen,
For ever shining and serene,
By eyes anointed Beauty's seer.

A sense of glory all things took,—
The red rose-heart of Dawn would blow,
And Sundown's sumptuous pictures show
Babe-cherubs wearing their babe's look !

And round their peerless one they clung,
Like bees about a flower's wine-cup,
New thoughts and feelings blossom'd up,
And hearts for very fulness sung

Of what their budding babe shall grow,
When the maid crimson'd into wife,
And crown'd the summit of some life,
Like Phosphor, with morn on its brow !

And they should bless her for a bride,
Who, like a splendid saint alit
In some heart's seventh heaven, should sit,
As now in theirs, all glorified !

But O ! 'twas all too white a brow
To flush with passion that doth fire
With Hymen's torch its own death-pyre,—
So pure her heart was beating now !

And thus they built their castles brave
In faery lands of gorgeous cloud ;
They never saw a little white shroud,
Nor guess'd how flowers may mask the grave.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

By LONGFELLOW.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand !—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reed
Beside some hidden stream !
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For death had illumined the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WE, too, have autumns, when our leaves
Drop loosely through the dampened air,
When all our good seems bound in sheaves,
And we stand reaped and bare.

Our seasons have no fixed returns,
Without our will they come and go ;
At noon our sudden summer burns,
Ere sunset all is snow.

But each day brings less summer cheer,
Crimps more our ineffectual spring,
And something earlier every year
Our singing birds take wing.

As less the olden glow abides,
And less the chillier heart aspires,
With drift-wood beached in past spring-tides
We light our sullen fires.

By the pinched rushlight's starving beam
We cower and strain our wasted sight,
To stitch youth's shroud up, seam by seam,
In the long arctic night.

It was not so—we once were young—
When Spring, to womanly Summer turning,
Her dewdrops on each grass-blade strung
In the red sunrise burning.

We trusted then, aspired, believed
That earth could be remade to-morrow ;—
Ah, why be ever undeceived ?
Why give up faith for sorrow ?

O thou, whose days are yet all spring,
Trust, blighted once, is past retrieving ;
Experience is a dumb, dead thing ;
The victory's in believing.

A PHANTASY.

One of the strange, wild, but exquisitely poetical, snatches of HEINRICH
HEINE.

Thou gentle ferry-maiden,
Come—draw thy boat to land ;
And sit thee down beside me,
We'll talk with hand in hand.

Lay thy head against my bosom,
And have no fear of me;
Dost thou not venture boldly
Each day on the roaring sea?

My heart is like the ocean,
It hath storm, and ebb, and flow;
And many a pearl is hidden
In its silent depths below.

MY NATIVE HOME.

Written at Benares, in the East Indies, by Miss ROBERTS

Upon the Ganges' regal stream
The sun's bright splendours rest,
And gorgeously the noontide beam
Reposes on its breast :—
But in a small secluded nook,
Beyond the western sea
There rippling glides a narrow brook,
That's dearer far to me.

The lory perches on my hand,
Caressing to be fed,
And spreads its plumes at my command,
And stoops its purple head :—
But where the robin, humble guest,
Comes flying from the tree,
Which bears its unpretending nest,
Alas ! I'd rather be.

The fire-fly flashes through the sky,
A meteor rich and bright;
And the wide space around on high,
Gleams with its emerald light :
Though glory track the shooting star,
And bright its splendours shine,
The glow-worm's lamp is dearer far
To this sad heart of mine.

Throughout the summer-year, the flowers,
 In all the flush of bloom,
 Clustering around the forest bowers,
 Exhale their rich perfume :
 The daisy and the primrose pale,
 Though scentless they may be,
 That gem a far, far distant vale,
 Are much more prized by me.

The lotus opes its chalices,
 Upon the tank's broad lake,
 Where India's stately palaces
 Their ample mirror make :—
 But reckless of each tower and dome,
 The splendid and the grand,
 I languish for a cottage home
 Within my native land.

GOOD NIGHT IN THE PORCH.

We take this very beautiful poem from a volume entitled *Clytemnestra, and other Poems*, by OWEN MEREDITH (London: Smith, Elder & Co.) This is known to be only a name assumed by a son of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, who has proved himself an inheritor of the genius of his father. When it is remembered that the author is very young, and that this volume is his first production, there can be no doubt that we have in him an accession to the band of the true poets of our language. The volume contains many poems almost equal to this, and should be in the hands of all lovers of poetry.

A LITTLE longer in the light, love, let me be. The air is warm.

I hear the cuckoo's last good-night float from the copse below the farm.

A little longer, sister sweet—your hand in mine—on this old seat.

In yon red gable, which the rose creeps round and o'er,
 your casement shines

Against the yellow west, o'er those forlorn and solitary pines.

The long, long day is nearly done. How silent all the place is grown!

The stagnant levels, one and all, are burning in the distant marsh—

Hark! 'twas the bittern's parting call. The frogs are out; with murmurs harsh

The low reeds vibrate. See! the sun catches the long pools one by one.

A moment, and those orange flats will turn dead gray or lurid white.

Look up! o'erhead the winnowing bats are come and gone, eluding sight.

The little worms are out. The snails begin to move down shining trails,

With slow pink cones, and soft wet horns. The garden-bowers are dim with dew.

With sparkling drops the white-rose thorns are twinkling, where the sun slips thro'

Those reefs of coral buds hung free below the purple Judas-tree.

From the warm upland comes a gust made fragrant with the brown hay there.

The meek cows, with their white horns thrust above the hedge, stand still and stare.

The steaming horses from the wains droop o'er the tank their plaited manes.

And o'er yon hill-side brown and barren (where you and I as children play'd,

Starting the rabbit to his warren), I hear the sandy, shrill cascade

Leap down upon the vale, and spill his heart out round the muffled mill.

O can it be for nothing only that God has shown His world to me?

Or but to leave the heart more lonely with loss of beauty . . . can it be?

O closer, closer, sister dear . . . nay, I have kiss'd away that tear.

God bless you, dear, for that kind thought which only upon tears could rise!

less you for the love that sought to hide them in those
drooping eyes,
lids I kiss! . . . poor lips, so red! but let my kiss fall
there instead.

d indeed it seems, each night—and sadder, dear, for
your sweet sake!
tch the last low lingering light, and know not where
the morn may break.
ght we sit together here. To-morrow night will
come . . . ah, where?

d! howe'er assured be faith, to say farewell is fraught
with gloom,
, like one flower, the germs of death and genius ripen
toward the tomb;
arth each day, as some fond face at parting, gains a
graver grace.

's not a flower, there's not a tree in this old garden
where we sit,
hat some fragrant memory is closed and folded up in it.
ght the dog-rose smells as wild, as fresh, as when I
was a child.

ght years since (do you forget?) we set those lilies
near the wall—
were a blue-eyed child; even yet I seem to see the
ringlets fall—
golden ringlets, blown behind your shoulders in the
merry wind.

ne! old times, they cling, they cling! And oft by
yonder green old gate
ield shows thro', in morns of spring, an eager boy, I
paused elate
all sweet fancies loos'd from school. And oft, you
know, when eves were cool,

mmer-time, and thro' the trees young gnats began to
be about,
some old book upon your knees 'twas here you watch'd
the stars come out.
o oft, to please me, you sang through some foolish song
I made for you.

Then we leap

And

And we leap

And the blue

And our blue

The earth is

What is this

The strong

And we drag

And

And the blue

Be

And we this

And we wait

T

And the wi

Go winding

Till the so

And we re

And we s

And we s

And the

And we

That we

And we

And w

And t

Help

Thy s

Grow

'Neat'

That

He!

And there's my epic—I began when life seem'd long, tho'
longer art—
And all the glorious deeds of man made golden riot in my
heart—
Eight books . . . it will not number nine! I die before my
heroine.

Sister! they say that drowning men in one wild moment
can recall
Their whole life long, and feel again the pain—the bliss—
that throng'd it all:—
Last night those phantoms of the past again came crowding
round me fast.

Near morning, when the lamp was low, against the wall they
seem'd to flit;
And, as the wavering light would glow or fall, they came
and went with it.
The ghost of boyhood seem'd to gaze down the dark verge
of vanish'd days.

Once more the garden where she walk'd on summer eves to
tend her flowers,
Once more the lawn where first we talk'd of future years in
twilight hours
Arose; once more she seem'd to pass before me in the waving
grass

To that old terrace; her bright hair about her warm neck
all undone,
And waving on the balmy air, with tinges of the dying
sun.
Just one star kindling in the west: just one bird singing
near its nest.

So lovely, so beloved! Oh, fair as tho' that sun had never
set
Which staid upon her golden hair, in dreams I seem to see
her yet!
To see her in that old green place—the same husht, smiling,
cruel face!

A little older, love, than you are now; and I was then a
boy;

And wild and wayward-hearted too ; to her my passion was
a toy,
Soon broken ! ah, a foolish thing—a butterfly with crumpled
wing !

Her hair, too, was like yours—as bright, but with a warmer
golden tinge :

Her eyes—a somewhat deeper light, and dream'd below a
longer fringe :

And still that strange grave smile she had stays in my heart
and keeps it sad !

There's no one knows it, truest friend, but you : for I have
never breath'd

To other ears the frozen end of those spring-garlands hope
once wreath'd ;

And death will come before again I breathe that name
untouch'd by pain.

From little things—a star, a flower—that touch'd us with
the self-same thought,

My passion deepen'd hour by hour, until to that fierce heat
'twas wrought,

Which, shrivelling over every nerve, crumbled the outworks
of reserve.

I told her then, in that wild time, the love I knew she long
had seen !

The accusing pain that burned like crime, yet left me nobler
than I had been ;

What matter with what words I woo'd her ? She said I
had misunderstood her.

And something more—small matter what ! of friendship
something—sister's love—

She said that I was young—knew not my own heart—as the
years would prove—

She wish'd me happy—she conceived an interest in me—
and believed

I should grow up to something great—and soon forget her—
soon forget

This fancy—and congratulate my life she had released it, yet—
With more such words—a lie ! a lie ! She broke my heart,
and flung it by !

A life's libation lifted up, from her proud lip she
untasted :
There trampled lay love's costly cup, and in the du
wine was wasted.
She knew I could not pour such wine again at any
shrine.

Then I remember a numb mood : mad murmurings
words she said :
A slow shame smouldering through my blood ; that
and sung within my head :
And drunken sunlights reeling thro' the leaves : abo
burnish'd blue

Hot on my eyes—a blazing shield : a noise amon
waterfalls :
A free crow up the brown cornfield floating at will
shepherd-calls :
And reapers reaping in the shocks of gold : and girl
purple frocks :

All which the more confused my brain : and nothing
I realize
But the great fact of my own pain : I saw the fiel
heard the cries :
The crow's shade dwindled up the hill : the world we
my heart stood still.

I thought I held in my hot hand my life crush'd up : I
have'toss'd
The crumpled riddle from me, and laugh'd loud to
what I had lost.
A bitter strength was in my mind ; like Samson, wh
scorned him—blind,

And casting reckless arms about the props of life t
them down—
A madman with his eyes put out. But all my ang
my own.
I spared the worm upon my walk : I left the white r
its stalk.

All's over long since. Was it strange that I was ma
grief and shame?

And I would cross the seas, and change my ancient home,
my father's name?

In the wild hope, if that might be, to change my own identity!

I know that I was wrong: I know it was not well to be so
wild.

But the scorn stung so! . . . Pity now could wound not! . . .

I have seen her child:

It had the self-same eyes she had: their gazing almost
made me mad.

Dark violet eyes whose glances, deep with April hints of
sunny tears,

'Neath long soft lashes laid asleep, seem'd all too thoughtful
for her years;

As tho' from mine her gaze had caught the secret of some
mournful thought.

But, when she spoke her father's air broke o'er her . . . that
clear confident voice!

Some happy souls there are, that wear their nature lightly;
these rejoice

The world by living; and receive from all men more than
what they give.

One handful of their buoyant chaff exceeds our hoards of
careful grain:

Because their love breaks thro' their laugh, while ours is
fraught with tender pain:

The world, that knows itself too sad, is proud to keep some
faces glad:

And, so it is! from such an one Misfortune softly steps aside
To let him still walk in the sun. These things must be. I
cannot chide.

Had I been she I might have made the selfsame choice.
She shunn'd the shade.

To some men God hath given laughter: but tears to some
men He hath given:

He bade us sow in tears, hereafter to harvest holier smiles in
Heaven:

And tears and smiles, they are His gift: both good, to smite
or to uplift:

He knows His sheep: the wind and showers beat
sharply the shorn lamb:

His wisdom is more wise than ours: He knew my
what I am:

He tempers smiles with tears: both good, to bear
the Christian mood.

O yet—in scorn of mean relief, let Sorrow bear her
fruit!

Better the wildest hour of grief than the low pastin
brute!

Better to weep, for He wept too, than laugh as e
can do!

For sure, 'twere best to bear the cross; nor lightly
thorns behind;

Lest we grow happy by the loss of what was nobl
mind.

—Here—in the ruins of my years—Father, I bl
thro' these tears!

It was in the far foreign lands this sickness came
first

Below strange suns, 'mid alien hands this fever of
was nurst,

Until it reach'd some vital part. I die not of
heart.

O think not that! If I could live . . . there's man
for—worthy life.

It is not for what fame could give—tho' that I se
but the strife

Were noble for its own sake too. I thought th
much to do—

But God is wisest! Hark, again! . . . 'twas y
bittern, as he rose

Against the wild light o'er the fen. How red y
casement glows!

The night falls fast. How lonely, dear, this bleak
will look next year!

So sad a thought? . . . ah, yes, I know it is not
brood on this:

ret—such thoughts will come and go unbidden. 'Tis
that you should miss,
arling, one familiar tone of this weak voice when I am
gone.

for what's past—I will not say in what she did that all
was right,
ll's forgiven; and I pray for her heart's welfare, day
and night.
ings are changed! This cheek would glow even near
hers but faintly now!

—God! before whose sleepless eye not even in vain
the sparrows fall,
ve, sustain me! Sanctify my soul. Thou know'st,
Thou lovest all.
reak to walk alone—I see Thy hand: I falter back to
Thee.

l from the curse of time which throws its baseness on
us day by day:
etched joys, and worthless woes; till all the heart is
worn away.
Thee near. I hold my breath, by the half-open doors
of Death.

sometimes, glimpses from within of glory (wondrous
sight and sound!)
near me:—faces pure from sin; strange music; saints
with splendour crown'd:
n to feel my native air blow down from some high
region there,

an my spirit pure: I rise above the sense of loss and
pain:
forms that lured my childhood's eyes, long lost, I
seem to find again:
the end of all: I feel hope, awe, no language can
reveal.

ve me, Lord, if overmuch I loved that form Thou
mad'st so fair;
w that Thou didst make her such; and fair but as the
flowers were—

Thy work : her beauty was but thine ; the human less than
the divine.

My life hath been one search for Thee 'mid thorns found
red with thy dear blood :

In many a dark Gethsemane I seem'd to stand where Thou
hadst stood :

And, scorn'd in this world's Judgment-Place, at times, thro'
tears, to catch Thy face.

Thou suffered'st here, and didst not fail : Thy bleeding feet
these paths have trod :

But Thou wert strong, and I am frail : and I am man, and
Thou wert God.

Be near me : keep me in Thy sight : or lay my soul asleep
in light.

O to be where the meanest mind is more than Shakspeare !
where one look

Shows more than here the wise can find, tho' toiling slow
from book to book !

Where life is knowledge : love is sure : and hope's brief
promise made secure.

O dying voice of human praise ! the crude ambitions of my
youth !

I long to pour immortal lays ! great psalms of perennial
Truth !

A larger work ! a loftier aim ! . . . and what are laurel-
leaves, and fame ?

And what are words ? How little these the silence of the
soul express !

Mere froth—the foam and flower of seas whose hungering
waters heave and press

Against the planets and the sides of night—mute, yearning
mystic tides !

To ease the heart with song is sweet : sweet to be heard if
heard by love.

And you have heard me. When we meet shall we not sing
the old songs above

To grander music ? Sweet, one kiss. O bless'd it is to die
like this !

To lapse from being without pain : your hand in mine, on
mine your heart :
The unshaken faith to meet again that sheathes the pang
with which we part :
My head upon your bosom, sweet : your hand in mine, on
this old seat !

So ; closer wind that tender arm . . . How the hot tears
fall ! Do not weep,
Beloved, but let your smile stay warm about me. "In the
Lord they sleep."
You know the words the Scripture saith . . . O light, O
glory ! . . . is this death ?

SONG.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

How delicious is the winning
Of a life at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying.

Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but love has ruing ;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries ;
Longest stays when sorest chidden,
Laughs and flies, when press'd or bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever !

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel :
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
 Or the ringdove's neck from changing?
 No! nor fettered Love from dying
 In the knot there's no untying.

LOVE'S FAIRY RING.

Another of GERALD MASSEY's delightful songs of home.

WHILE Titans war with social Jove,
 My own sweet wife and I
 We make Elysium in our love,
 And let the world go by!
 O never hearts beat half so light
 With crownéd Queen or King!
 O never world was half so bright
 As is our fairy ring,
 Dear love!
 Our hallow'd fairy-ring.

Our world of empire is not large,
 But priceless wealth it holds;
 A little heaven links marge to marge,
 But what rich realms it folds!
 And clasping all from outer strife
 Sits Love with folden wing,
 A-brood o'er dearer life-in-life,
 Within our fairy-ring,
 Dear love!
 Our hallow'd fairy-ring.

Thou leanest thy true heart on mine,
 And bravely bearest up!
 Aye mingling Love's most precious wine
 In Life's most bitter cup!
 And evermore the circling hours
 New gifts of glory bring;
 We live and love like happy flowers,
 All in our fairy ring,
 Dear love!
 Our hallow'd fairy-ring.

We've known a many sorrows, sweet !
We've wept a many tears,
And often trod with trembling feet
Our pilgrimage of years.
But when our sky grew dark and wild,
All closelier did we cling :
Clouds broke to beauty as you smiled,
Peace crown'd our fairy-ring,
Dear love !
Our hallow'd fairy-ring.

Away grim Lords of Murderdom ;
Away, O Hate and Strife !
Hence, revellers, reeling drunken from
Your feast of human life !
Heaven shield our little Goshen round
From ills that with them spring,
And never be their footprints found
Within our fairy-ring,
Dear love !
Our hallow'd fairy-ring.

But, come ye who the truth dare own,
Or work in Love's dear name ;
Come all who wear the Martyr's crown—
The Mystic's robe of flame !
Sweet souls a Christless world doth doom,
Like birds smote blind, to sing !
For such, we'll aye make welcome room
Within our fairy-ring,
Dear love !
Our hallow'd fairy-ring.

EUTHALAMIA.

By JOHN LOCKE.

HE had those lonely habitudes of thought
That feed on dark-woven images, allied
In spirit to the natural sublime.

The meekest grace, the very breathing soul
Of gentleness, made glad *her* countenance,
Stamped with the impress of an Angel's love.

Two fountains springing in the wilderness,
Met 'mid the flowers of Childhood's pleasant vale;
The silver wave temper'd the turbid gold
With radiant clearness—confluent they roll'd
Through Youthhood's rapids, Age's deeper flow,
By rock, or storm, unruffled, unopposed,
Until the ocean of Eternity
Received the tribute of the mingled streams.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S RETURN.

Extracted from *Punch*.

Most blessed things come silently, and silently depart;
Noiseless steals spring-time on the year, and comfort on
the heart;
And still, and light, and gentle, like a dew, the rain must be,
To quicken seed in furrow and blossom upon tree.

Nile has its foaming rapids, freshes from mountain snows:
But where his stream breeds fruitfulness, serene and calm it
flows;
And when he overbrims, to cheer his banks on either side,
You scarce can mark, so gradual, the swelling of his tide.

The wings of angels make no stir, as they ply their works of
love;
But by the balm they shed around, we know them that they
move.
God spake not in the thunder, nor the mighty rushing blast;
His utterance was in the still small voice, that came at last.

So she our sweet Saint Florence, modest, and still, and calm,
With no parade of martyr's cross, no pomp of martyr's palm,
To the place of plague and famine, foulness, and wounds and
pain,
Went out upon her gracious toil, and so returns again.

No shouting crowds about her path, no multitude's hot
breath

To feed with wind of vanity the doubtful fires of faith ;
Her paths by hands official all unsmooth'd, her aims decried
By the Levites who, when need was, pass'd on the other side.

When titles, pensions, orders, with random hand are shower'd,
'Tis well that, save with blessings, she still should walk
undower'd.

What title like her own sweet name, with the music all its
own ?

What order like the halo by her good deeds round her thrown ?

Like her own bird—all voiceless while the daylight songsters
trill,

Sweet singer in the darkness when all songs else are still—
She on that night of suff'ring that chill'd other hearts to
stone,

Came with soft step and gentle speech, yet wise and firm of
tone.

Think of the prayers for her, that to the praying heart came
back

In rain of blessings, seeming still to spring upon her track ;
The comfort of her graciousness to those whose road to death
Was dark and doubtful, till she show'd the light of love and
faith.

Then leave her to the quiet she has chosen ; she demands
No greeting from our brazen throats and vulgar clapping
hands.

Leave her to the still comfort the saints know that have
striven.

What are our earthly honours ? Her honours are in heaven.

THE LONG-AGO.

By R. MONCKTON MILNES.

EYES, which can but ill define
Shapes that rise about and near,
Through the far horizon's line
Stretch a vision free and clear :

Memories, feeble to retrace
Yesterday's immediate flow,
Find a dear familiar face
In each hour of Long-ago.

Follow your majestic train
Down the slopes of old renown,
Knightly forms without disdain,
Sainted heads without a frown ;
Emperors of thought and hand
Congregate a glorious show,
Met from every age and land
In the plains of Long-ago.

As the heart of childhood brings
Something of eternal joy,
From its own unsounded springs,
Such as life can scarce destroy ;
So, remindful of the prime,
Spirits wandering to and fro,
Rest upon the resting time
In the peace of Long-ago.

Youthful Hope's religious fire,
When it burns no longer, leaves
Ashes of impure Desire
On the altars it deceives !
But the light that fills the Past
Sheds a still diviner glow,
Ever farther it is cast
O'er the scenes of Long-ago.

Many a growth of pain and care,
Cumbering all the present hour,
Yields, when once transplanted there,
Healthy fruit or pleasant flower ;
Thoughts that hardly flourish here,
Feelings long have ceased to blow,
Breathe a native atmosphere
In the world of Long-ago.

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat, and mounted high :

Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe ;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Thro' the golden mist of years :
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow ;
Oh ! we would not if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago !

Tho' the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Tho' for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong,—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the Future has its Heaven,
And the Past its Long-ago.

THE SUN UPON WEIRDLAW HILL.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet ;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore ;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.

The quiet lake, the balmy air,
 The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,—
 Are they still such as once they were,
 Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas! the warp'd and broken board,
 How can it bear the painter's dye?
 The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
 How to the minstrel's skill reply!
 To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
 To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
 And Araby's or Eden's bowers
 Were barren as this moorland hill.

Brilliantz.

A LADY.

In peasant life he might have known
 As fair a face, as sweet a tone:
 But village notes could ne'er supply
 That rich and varied melody;
 And ne'er in cottage maid was seen
 The easy dignity of mien,
 Claiming respect, yet waiving state,
 That marks the daughters of the great.

Sco

BEAUTY.

Oh what a pure and sacred thing
 Is beauty, curtain'd from the sight
 Of the gross world, illumining
 One only mansion with her light!
 Unseen by man's disturbing eye—
 The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
 Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
 Hid in more chaste obscurity.

Moos

A PORTRAIT.

Will you hear what I can say
Briefly of my Julia ?
Black and rolling is her eye,
Double chin'd and forehead high :
Lips she has all ruby red,
Cheeks like cream enclareted,
And a nose that is the grace
And proscenium of her face ;
So that we may guess by these
The other parts will richly please.

HERBERT.

FRIENDSHIP, NOT LOVE.

To love her was an easy best,
The secret empress of his breast :
To woo her was a harder task
To one that durst not hope or ask.
Yet all Matilda could, she gave
In pity to her gentle slave :
Friendship, esteem, and fair regard,
And praise, the poet's best reward !
She read the tales his taste approved,
And sung the lays he framed or loved :
Yet, loath to nurse the fatal flame
Of hopeless love in friendship's name,
In kind caprice she oft withdrew
The favouring glance to friendship due,
Then grieved to see her victim's pain,
And gave the dangerous smiles again.

SCOTT.

THE BETRAYED.

Oh ! colder than the wind that freezes
Fountains, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.
He felt it—deeply felt—and stood
As if the tale had frozen his blood :
So mazed and motionless was he,
Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
Or some mute marble habitant
Of the still halls of Ishmonie.

MOORE.

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF OF A LADY'S
COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

Here is one leaf reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free :
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet hath been,
Oh ! it would be my sweetest care
To write my name for ever there !

MOORE

SILENT LOVE.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your ringlets, and kiss time away ;
By love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love when I the least express it !
Small gifts find tongues ; full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound :
Deep waters noiseless are ; and this we know
That chiding streams betray small depth below ;
So when love speechless is, it doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such
Who speaks but little, 'cause I love so much.

HERRICK

THE FUTURE LIFE.

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious love ;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light !
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more !
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the rig

BYRON

AFTER THE CAMANCHES.

This singularly spirited poem is taken from the August number of *Sam's American Monthly*, where it appears anonymously.

SADDLE! saddle! saddle!
Mount, mount, and away!
Over the dim green prairie,
Straight on the track of day;
Spare not spur for mercy,
Hurry with shout and thong,
Fiery and tough is the mustang,
The prairie is wide and long.

Saddle! saddle! saddle!
Leap from the broken door,
Where the brute Camanche enter'd,
And the white-foot treads no more:
The hut is burnt to ashes,
There are dead men stark outside,
And only a long torn ringlet
Left of the stolen bride.

Go like the east wind's howling,
Ride with death behind,
Stay not for food or slumber,
Till the thieving wolves ye find!
They came before the wedding,
Swifter than prayer or priest;
The bride-men danced to bullets,
The wild dogs ate the feast.

Look to rifle and powder,
Buckle the knife-belt sure;
Loose the coil of the lasso,
And make the loop secure;
Fold the flask in the poncho,
Fill the pouch with maize,
And ride as if to-morrow
Were the last of living days.

Saddle ! saddle ! saddle !
Redden spur and thong,
Ride like the mad tornado,
The track is lonely and long.
Spare not horse nor rider,
Fly for the stolen bride !
Bring her home on the crupper,
A scalp on either side.

THE RESTORATION.

By LYDIA A. CALDWELL.

MORE pale than in her coffin-robe,
The lady lies apart ;
Her white palms folded close above
The silence in her heart.

You might suppose her sweet death-smile
Betoken'd life instead,
If such as she did ever smile
Till after they were dead.

The same white star, whose waning light
Foretells the laggard morn,
Rose o'er her mother's dying couch
The night her child was born.

Amid her deathly pain she look'd
Up through her window-bars,
And sought her baby's horoscope
Among the prophet stars.

The prophet stars were pitiful—
They hid within the skies ;
And kept their secret until death
Had closed the mother's eyes.

The fatal stars were pitiful,
But not the coming years ;
They took the maiden's woman-trust,
And left her woman's tears.

The heavenly stars were merciful,
But not the hearts of men :
They pluck'd the lilies of her soul
And gave them not again.

But death restores her lilies now—
They bloom amid her rest ;
To-night the whitest earthly flower
Would stain her marble breast.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

The proposal to present some passages of poetry in the form of prose appears to have given so much satisfaction to our readers, that we purpose to introduce more of them. Here is another from the same author—a glorious passage in the first volume of *RUSKIN'S Modern Painters*.

STAND upon the peak of some isolated mountain at daybreak, when the night mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields, as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight; watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away, and down under their depths the glittering city and green pasture lie like Atlantis, between the white paths of winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their grey shadows upon the plain. Has Claude given this? Wait a little longer, and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breast of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above, in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible, their very

bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below. Has Claude given this? Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piled with every instant higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapours, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their grey network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves, together; and then you will see horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, along the shoulders of the hills; you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipices, as a hawk pauses over his prey. Has Claude given this? And then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapours swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys, swinging from the burdened clouds in black bending fringes, or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go. And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking, and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steamlike rags of capricious vapour, now gone, now gathered again; while the smouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood. Has Claude given this? And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter—brighter yet, till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together, hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion, that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth to reel under them. Ask Claude, or his brethren

hat. And then wait yet for one hour, until the east becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling in it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned by one in the glory of its burning: watch the white fires blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, mighty serpents with scales of fire: watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, bringing each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, from the heaven; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glow on every wreath as it passes by until the whole heaven, like a carlet canopy, is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels: and then, when you can look up for gladness, and when you are bowed down with awe and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who first delivered this His message unto men!

TIME'S CURE.

ANONYMOUS.

MOURN, O rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying,—
Each one some treasures takes,
Each one some blossom breaks,
And leaves it dying;
The chill dark night draws near,
The sun will soon depart,
And leave thee sighing;
Then mourn, rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying!

Rejoice, O grieving heart,
The hours fly fast,
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
Until at last

The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past :
Rejoice then, grieving heart,
The hours fly fast !

THE COLISEUM.

By EDGAR A. POE, the American poet.

TYPE of the antique Rome ! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to time
By buried centuries of pomp and power !
At length—at length—after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)
I kneel, an alter'd and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory !

Vastness ! and Age ! and Memories of Eld !
Silence ! and Desolation ! and dim Night !
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane !
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars !

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls !
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat !
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle
Here, where on golden throne the monarch loll'd,
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the hornéd moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones !

But stay! these walls—these ivy-clad arcades—
These mouldering plinths—these sad and blacken'd
shafts—

These vague entablatures—this crumbling frieze—
These shatter'd cornices—this wreck—this ruin—
These stones—alas! these gray stones—are they all—
All of the famed and the colossal left
By the corrosive hours to fate and me?

“Not all”—the echoes answer me—“not all!
Prophetic sounds and loud arise for ever
From us, and from all ruin, unto the wise,
As melody from Memnon to the sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men—we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are not impotent—we pallid stones.
Not all our power is gone—not all our fame—
Not all the magic of our high renown—
Not all the wonder that encircles us—
Not all the mysteries that in us lie—
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.”

THE ANGEL'S CALL.

By MRS. HEMANS.

Come to the land of peace!
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul away,
The sounds of weeping cease!

Fear hath no dwelling there!
Come to the mingling of repose and love,
Breath'd by the silent spirit of the dove
Through the celestial air!

Come to the bright and blest,
And crown'd for ever!—'midst that shining band,
Gather'd to heaven's own wreath from every land,
Thy spirit shall find rest!

Thou hast been long alone :
 Come to thy mother !—on the Sabbath shore,
 The heart that rock'd thy childhood, back, once mor
 Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left :
 Come to thy sisters !—joyously again
 All the home-voices, blent in one sweet strain,
 Shall greet their long bereft !

Over thine orphan head
 The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough :
 Come to thy father !—it is finish'd now ;
 Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode
 Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,
 And, oh ! bright victory—death by love no place :
 Come, Spirit, to thy God !

STANZAS TO *** **

By T. K. HERVEY.

FLOWER of my cold and darken'd year !
 Sweet fount amid my spirit's dearth !
 Be near me, with the smiles that cheer
 The happy home and quiet hearth ;
 That still, 'mid winter and 'mid night,
 Like fairies, play their sunny part,
 To turn the darkness into light,
 And make it summer in the heart !

What though my early hopes have flown,
 Like Noah's bird, that came not back,
 And many a faded leaf has strown,
 All—all too soon, my summer track ;
 My heart has treasures of its own,
 Shrines on which ruin cannot fall,
 And, cherish'd there, thy look and tone
 Are birds, and flowers, and hopes, and all !

Oh ! blessed time of smiles and tears,
Ere smiles or tears are mournful things,—
Of hopes—ere hopes are born with fears,—
And wishes that have, all, got wings !
Oh ! could I tread again youth's track
With thee, beloved as thou art !
But who shall bring the shadow back
Upon the dial of my heart ?

Forward, like rivers to the main,
Time passes on—for ever on !
The moon shall never pause again
Upon the vale of Ajalon !
The sun comes o'er the eastern hill,
On Gideon, as on days gone by,
But that high voice has long been still
That bade him linger in the sky !

Yet, thou hast been to me a beam,
Pure as that bright and angel form
That stood beside the troubled stream,
And gather'd healing from its storm !
Thy love, when all was strife around,
Like music, sung my soul to rest,
And thou hast fondly sought—and found—
A thousand fountains in my breast !

Oh ! like the bloom that thou hast shed
Along my wasted breast and brow,
May flowers spring up beneath thy tread,
And make thy life-path bright as now !
Still may thy fancy daily fleet,
As here, 'mid glad and happy themes,
And visions—sweet, as thou art sweet,—
Come gliding to thy nightly dreams !

May mercy shield thy breast and brain,
(Descending like a gentle dew,)
Alike from grief's and pleasure's pain,
—For, pleasure has her poisons too !
Bliss, like the spirit's flaming sword,
Consuming from its very light,
And hopes that, like the prophet's gourd,
Grow up, to perish in a night !

May years pass o'er thee, like the breeze
That sweeps along a spicy vale,
That bows—but will not break—the trees,
And draws fresh perfume with each gale !
And, when thy wintry day draws in,
Light, precious as thyself, be given,
To cheer thee through this darker scene,
And point thee to thy native heaven !

THE BROCKEN.

By S. T. COLERIDGE. It is found in a sketch of a journey the Brocken, published in the "Amulet" for 1829. The poet says, "I wrote the following lines, which contain a true account of my journey from the Brocken to Elbinrode."

I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw
Woods crowding upon wood, hills over hills ;
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Wearily my way
Downward I dragg'd, through fir groves evermore
Where bright green moss moved in sepulchral farr
Speckled with sunshine ; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song became a hollow sound ;
And the gale, murmuring invisibly,
Reserved its solemn murmur, more distinct,
From many a note of many a waterbreak,
And the brook's chatter ; on whose islet stones
The dingy kidling, with its tinkling bell,
Leapt frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
With low and languid thought, for I had found
That grandest scenes have but imperfect charms
Where the eye vainly wanders, nor beholds
One spot with which the heart associates
Holy remembrances of child or friend,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adorèd country. O thou queen,
Thou delegated deity of earth,

O "dear, dear" England! how my longing eyes
Turn'd westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs! Sweet native isle,
This heart was proud—yea, mine eyes swam with tears
To think of thee; and all the goodly view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim. Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane,
With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is every where, the God who ramed
Mankind to be one mighty brotherhood,
Himself our father, and the world our home.

THE SABBATH.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

WHAT spell has o'er the populous city past?
The wonted current of its life is stay'd:
Its sports, its gainful schemes are earthward cast,
As though their vileness were at once display'd;
The roar of trade has ceased, and on the air
Come holy songs, and solemn sounds of prayer.

Far spreads the charm;—from every hamlet spire
A note of rest and heavenward thought is peal'd;
By his calm hearth reclines the peasant sire;
The toil-worn steed basks in the breezy field.
Within, without, through farm and cottage blest,
'Tis one bright day of gladness and of rest.

Down from their mountain dwellings, whilst the dew
Shines on the heath-bells, and the fern is bending
In the fresh breeze, in festive garbs I view
Childhood, and age, and buoyant youth descending.
God! who hast piled thy wonders round their home,
'Tis in their love they to thy temple come.

A stately ship speeds o'er the mighty main—
 Oh! many a league from our own happy land:
 Yet from its heart ascends the choral strain;
 For there its little isolated band,
 Amid the ocean desert's awful roar,
 Praise him whose love links shore to distant shore.

O'er palmy woods where summer radiance falls,
 In the glad islands of the Indian main,
 What thronging crowds the missionary calls
 To raise to heaven the Christian's glorious strain!
 Lo! where, engirt by children of the sun,
 Stands the white man, and counts his victories won.

In the fierce deserts of a distant zone,
 'Mid savage nations, terrible and stern,
 A lonely atom, sever'd from his own,
 The traveller wends, death or renown to earn.
 Parch'd, fasting, wearied, verging to despair,
 He kneels, he prays; hope kindles in his prayer.

O'er the wide world, blest day, thine influence flies;
 Rest o'er the sufferer spreads her balmy wings;
 Love wakes, joy dawns, praise fills the listening skies
 The expanding heart from earth's enchantments springs!
 Heaven, for one day, withdraws its ancient ban,
 Unbars its gates, and dwells once more with man.

ISRAFEL.*

By EDGAR A. POE.

IN Heaven a spirit doth dwell
 "Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
 None sing so wildly well
 As the angel Israfel,
 And the giddy stars (so legends tell),
 Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
 Of his voice, all mute.

* And the angel of Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—KORAN.

Tottering above,
In her highest noon,
The enamour'd moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things),
That Israfele's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling, living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where love's a grown up God—
Where the houri glances, are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfele, who despisest
An unimpassion'd song ;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest !
Merrily live, and long !

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervour of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute !

Yes, Heaven is thine ; but this
Is a world of sweets and sour ;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfael
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

SADANAPALUS, DURING THE NIGHT AFTER HIS
BATTLE.

A passage from *ATHERSTONE'S Fall of Nineveh*.

WITH darkened brow, the king
Along the silent chamber to and fro
Paced slowly ; paused at length, and toward the
Look'd forth. Like the dead stillness of the cors
From the fierce battle resting, gloomily
Beneath the dim light lay the gory plain.
Like to the blacken'd ashes, motionless
And cold, where late the mighty spirit of fire
Triumphantly his myriad banners waved,—
The flaming battle-field, a drear obscure,
Grimly reposed ; shield, helmet, corslet, spear,
Harness, and broken chariot,—never more
Their owner's proud arms in the fight to aid,—
To the cold moonbeam gleaming. In his heart
The stillness and the desolation spake
With more than trumpet tongue ; thoughts callin
Such as, till then, within him never waked.
Motionless, rapt, he stood ; and sighs brake forth.
And heart-heaved groans. Gently, at length, his
Was drawn ; and when he turn'd to look, behold !
Azubah stood before him, and, with voice
Mild as the brooding dove, within her hands
His hand soft pressing, her pale cheek and eye
With tear-drops bright, after short silence, thus :
“ Is thy soul troubled, and shall I not soothe ?
Shall I not sing the songs that thou hast loved ?

The tales shall I not tell that gladden'd thee?
Hast thou not triumph'd? Wherefore art thou sad?
Go to thy couch, and I the harp will wake
To gentlest music, that thy wounded mind,
As with kind balm, shall heal; and softest songs
I'll breathe to thee, that slumber sweet shall fall,
And lull thy sorrows to forgetfulness."

To her the king, upon her cheek a kiss
Softly impressing: "From thy harp alone,
And from thy voice, if music to my soul
Could healing bring, the heavenly charm might flow:
But all within me now is dark and dread;
Mine eye in beauty findeth no delight,
Nor in sweet sounds mine ear: the bloody field,
Shouts, groans, and sights of pain, and ghastly death,
Torture my soul, and comfort quite shut out:

And, for the days to come o'er them hangs night
With shapes of terror filled, that from the gloom
Look out and threaten. Leave me then alone:
Music nor soft discourse for me hath charm,
But silence only, and this solitude.
Go thou unto thy couch, and visions bright
To happier scenes thy gentle spirit bear."

His hand she kiss'd, and went. He, to and fro,
In melancholy musing, walk'd, and found
No ray to cheer his gloom.

THE CAMPAGNA AT ROME.

Another fine passage from *RUSKIN'S Modern Painters*.

Nor long ago, I was slowly descending this very bit of carriage-road, the first turn after you leave Albano, not a little impeded by the worthy successors of the ancient prototypes of Veiento. It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in

sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and big gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct, lighting infinity of its arches like the bridge of Chaos. B climbed the long slope of the Alban Mount, the storm finally to the north, and the noble outline of the do Albano, and graceful darkness of its ilex grove, rose pure streaks of alternate blue and amber; the upper gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain in deep palpitating azure, half æther and half dew noon-day sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of Riccia, and their masses of entangled and tall foliage, autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of the sand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain cannot call it colour, it was conflagration. Purple, crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sun first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the roof of the valley, the green vistas arched like the holy mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver of orange spray tossed into the air around them, but over the grey walls of rock into a thousand separate fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted let them fall. Every glade of grass burned like the floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the broke and closed above it, as sheet-lightning open cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock though flushed with scarlet lichen, casting their shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain under them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful; and over all, the multitudinous bars of amber and rose sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to ill were seen in fathomless intervals between the solemn orbed repose of the stone pines, passing to lose them in the last, white, blinding lustre of the measureless where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea

EVENING GUESTS.

From an old number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, where it appears anonymously.

If in the silence of this lonely eve,
With the street-lamp pale-flickering on the wall,
A spirit were to say to me—"Believe,
Thou shalt be answered. Call!"—Whom should I call?

And then I were to see *thee* gliding in
With thy pale robes (that in long-empty fold
Lie in my keeping)—and my fingers, thin
As thine were once—to feel in thy safe hold ;

I should fall weeping on thy neck, and say
"I have so suffered since—since"—But the tears
Would cease, remembering how they count thy day,
A day that is with God a thousand years.

Then, what are these sad weeks, months, years of mine
To thine all-measureless infinitude ?
What my whole life, when myriad lives divine
May rise, each leading to a higher good ?

I lose myself—I faint. Beloved—best !
Sit in thy olden, dear humanity
A little while, my head upon thy breast,
And then I will go back to heaven with thee.

Should I call thee ?—Ah no, I would not call !
But if, by some invisible angel led,
Thy foot were at the door, thy face, voice—all
Entering—Oh joy ! Oh life unto the dead !

Then I, pale-smiling with a deep content,
Would give to thee the welcome long unknown ;
And 'stead of those kind accents daily sent
To cheer me, I should hear thine own—thine own !

Thou too, like the beloved guest late gone,
Wouldst sit and clasp my feeble hand in thine;
'Twould grieve thee to know why it grew so wan,
Therefore I would smile on, and give no sign.

And thou, soft-speaking in the olden voice,
Perchance with a compassionate tremble stirr'd,
Wouldst change this anguish'd doubt to full rejoice
And heal my soul with each balm-dropping word

So—talking of things meet for such as we—
Affection, strong as life, solemn as death,
Serene as that divine eternity
Where I shall meet thee, who wert my soul's bride

Upon this crown'd eve of many eves
Thou know'st—a third of life and all its lore
Would climax like a breaking wave. Who grieve
Though it should break, and cease for evermore

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER:

From a poem entitled "Grass From the Battle Field," published by Mr. DOBELL, who has hitherto veiled himself with the signature of SYDNEY YENDYS.

WHEEL me into the sunshine,
Wheel me into the shadow,
There must be leaves on the woodbine,
Is the king-cup crown'd in the meadow?

Wheel me down to the meadow,
Down to the little river,
In sun or in shadow
I shall not dazzle or shiver,
I shall be happy anywhere,
Every breath of the morning air
Makes me throb and quiver.

Stay wherever you will,
By the mount or under the hill,
Or down by the little river :
Stay as long as you please,
Give me only a bud from the trees,
Or a blade of grass in morning dew,
Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,
I could look on it for ever.

Wheel, wheel through the sunshine,
Wheel, wheel through the shadow ;
There must be odours round the pine,
There must be balm of breathing kine,
Somewhere down in the meadow.
Must I choose? Then anchor me there
Beyond the beckoning poplars, where
The larch is snooding her flow'ry hair
With wreaths of morning shadow.

Blare the trumpet, and boom the gun,
But, oh, to sit here thus in the sun,
To sit here, feeling my work is done,
While the sands of life so golden run,
And I watch the children's posies,
And my idle heart is whispering
"Bring whatever the years may bring,
The flowers will blossom, the birds will sing,
And there'll always be primroses."

Looking before me here in the sun,
I see the Aprils one after one,
Primrosed Aprils one by one,
Primrosed Aprils on and on,
Till the floating prospect closes
In golden glimmers that rise and rise
And perhaps are gleams of Paradise,
And perhaps—too far for mortal eyes—
New years of fresh primroses,
Years of earth's primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

My soul lies out like a basking hound,
A hound that dreams and dozes ;
Along my life my length I lay,
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,
I am warm with the suns that have long since
I am warm with the summers that are not ye
And like one who dreams and dozes
Softly afloat on a sunny sea,
Two worlds are whispering over me,
And there blows a wind of roses
From the backward shore to the shore before
From the shore before to the backward shore
And like two clouds that meet and pour
Each thro' each, till core in core
A single self reposes,
The nevermore with the evermore
Above me mingles and closes ;
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,
And when, awaken'd by some sweet sound,
A dreamy eye uncloses,
I see a blooming world around,
And I lie amid primroses—
Years of sweet primroses,
Springs of fresh primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me,
Of distant dim primroses.

TO C. E. S.

A THOUGHT.

By J. J. BRITTON, contributed to *The Critic*.

MAY be thou art thinking now
As I think of thee ;
And our thoughts in Heaven above
Meet invisibly.

May be when my limbs and thine
Seal'd in slumber lie,
Thou and I in spirit meet
All unknowingly.

Sweet the thought, our lives, my love,
Parted ne'er may be ;
Though between thy heart and mine
Leagues of land and sea.

May be in those unknown hours
Each freed spirit feels
Shadow'd truths, whose fullest form
Death alone reveals.

May be thou in higher things
Still my gentle guide ;
Truth, and faith, and purity,
Chain me to thy side.

May be on our souls a ray
Faint and feeble falls,
Of that light which shall be ours,
When our master calls !

Oh that memory lived and flowed
From those hours to these !
Could we taste their hidden joys—
Hear their harmonies !

Ah ! it is not so, alas !
Not a glint or gleam
Steals upon our waking hours ;
Still 'tis sweet to dream

Of this two-fold life and love,
Two-fold running fate,
Sad and lone we may be oft,
Never desolate.

Dream as I dream, Sweet, that we
Can be parted never,
Though our hearts and hands, my love,
Half the world may sever.

HYMN.

Written for the recent centennial celebration at Bridge
Massachusetts, by W. C. BRYANT.

Two hundred times has June renew'd
Her roses since the day,
When here, amid the lonely wood,
Our fathers met to pray.

Beside this gentle stream, that stray'd
Through pathless deserts then,
The calm, heroic women pray'd,
And grave, undaunted men.

Hymns on the ancient silence broke
From hearts that falter'd not ;
And undissembling lips that spoke
The free and guileless thought.

They pray'd and thank'd the Mighty One
Who made their hearts so strong,
And led them toward the setting sun,
Beyond the reach of wrong.

For them he made that desert place
A pleasant heritage ;
The cradle of a free-born race,
From peaceful age to age.

The plant they set, a little vine,
Hath stretch'd its boughs afar
To distant hills and streams that shine
Beneath the evening star.

Ours are their fields, these fields that smile
With summer's early flowers :
Oh, let their fearless scorn of guile
And love of truth be ours.

LAMENT FOR KEATS.

A passage in SHELLEY's beautiful poem *Adonais*.

PEACE, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awaken'd from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings—*We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoar'd the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest, which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for *Adonais*.—Thou young dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou air,
Which like a morning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandon'd earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
 His part, while the one spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling
 All new successions to the forms they wear,
 Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men into the heavens' light

The splendours of the firmament of time
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguish'd not:
 Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
 And death is a low mist which cannot blot
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
 And love and life contend in it, for what
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
 And move like winds of light on dark and stormy

THE NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS.

One of the few fine passages in MILTON's *Paradise Regain*

DARKNESS now rose
 As day-light sunk, and brought in lowering Night,
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation mere of light and absent day.
 Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled mind
 After his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,
 Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
 Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield
 From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head;
 But shelter'd, slept in vain, for at his head
 The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
 Disturb'd his sleep; and either tropic now
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the cloud
 From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
 Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire

in reconciled; nor slept the winds
 in their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
 the four hinges of the world, and fell
 on vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
 though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
 and their stiff necks, laden with stormy blasts,
 burst up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
 O Son of God, yet only stood'st
 unshaken: nor yet stay'd the terror there;
 and hellish ghosts, and hellish furies round
 beset thee; some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd;
 and bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
 unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.
 Thou pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
 went forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey,
 with her radiant finger still'd the roar
 under, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
 and grisly sceptres, which the fiend had raised
 to smite the son of God with terrors dire.
 Thou shew'st the sun, with more effectual beams,
 and cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet
 drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
 all things now behold more fresh and green,
 and a night of storms so ruinous,
 and 'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
 to celebrate the sweet return of morn.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

Hark!
 The Old Year is gone!
 And the young New Year is coming!
 Rough minutes, and days, and unknown skies,
 Her soul on her forward journey flies;
 O'er the regions of rain and snow;
 And beyond where the wild March-trumpets blow:
 And I see the meadows, all cowslip-strown;
 And I dream of the dove in the greenwood lone;
 And the wild bee humming:—
 And all because the New Year is coming!

The Winter is cold, the Winter is gray,
But he hath not a sound on his tongue to-day :
The son of the stormy Autumn, he
Totters about on a palsied knee,
With a frozen heart and a feeble head :
Let us pierce a barrel and drink him dead !
The fresh New Year is almost here ;
Let us warm him with mistletoe boughs, my dear !
Let us welcome him hither, with songs and wine,
Who holdeth such joys in his arms divine !
What is the past,—to you, or me,
But a thing that was, and was to be ?
And now it is gone to a world unknown ;
Its deeds are done ; its flight is flown !

Hark to the past ! In a bitter tone,
It crieth "The good Old Year is flown,"—
The sire of a thousand thoughtful hours,
Of a thousand songs, of a thousand flowers !
Ah ! why, thou ungrateful child of rhyme,
Rail'st thou at the deeds of our father Time ?
Hath he not fed thee, day by day,
With fancies that soothe thy soul away ?
Hath he not 'waken'd, with pleasant pain
The Muse that slept in thy teeming brain ?
Hath he not—ah ! dost *thou* forget
All the amount of the mighty debt ?

Hush, hush !—The little I owe to time
I'll pay him, some day, with a moody rhyme,—
Full of phantasmas, dark and drear,
As the shadows thrown down by the old Old Year,—
Dim as the echoes that lately fell
From the deep Night's funeral bell,
Sounding hollow o'er hill and vale.
Like the close of a mournful tale !

... In the meantime,—speak, trump and drum !
The Year is gone ! the Year is come !
The fresh New Year, the bright New Year,
That telleth of hope and joy, my dear !

Let us model our spirit to chance and change,
Let us lesson our spirit to hope, and range
Through pleasures to come,—through years unknown ;
But never forget the time that's flown !

HOW'S MY BOY ?

There is much poetry and natural emotion amid the quaintness of expression in this poem by Mr. DOBELL.

Ho, sailor of the sea !
How's my boy—my boy ?
“ What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sail'd he ? ”

My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor ?
My boy's my boy to me.

You come back from sea,
And not know my John ?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

How's my boy—my boy ?
And unless you let me know
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no !
Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*—
“ Speak low, woman, speak low ! ”

And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John ?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town !
Why should I speak low, sailor ?
“ That good ship went down. ”

How's my boy—my boy ?
What care I for the ship, sailor,
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat, or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,
Her owners can afford her !
I say, how's my John ?
" Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

How's my boy—my boy ?
What care I for the men, sailor ?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy ?
Tell me of him and no other !
How's my boy—my boy ?

TO SLEEP.

SHAKSPEARE.

How many of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep ! Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumb
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds ; and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,

And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low-lie-down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

By VAUGHAN, a Welsh gentleman, who lived in the seventeenth century. It is a fine specimen of condensed thought.

WHEN first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun:
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day; there are set awful hours
*Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising; fair day sullies flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun: sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I am. Canst thou not sing?
Oh leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let him not go
 Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
 The whole unto him, and remember who
 Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine ;
 Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
 Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries : the first world's youth,
 Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
 Shroud in their births ; the crown of life, light, truth,
 Is styled their star ; the store and hidden food :
 Three blessings wait upon them ; one of which
 Should move : they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swain abroad,
 Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay ;
 Despatch necessities ; life hath a load
 Which must be carried on, and safely may ;
 Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the heart
 Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Brilliant.

A LOVER'S WISH.

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
 Of her own gentle voice afraid,
 So long had they in silence stood,
 Looking upon that tranquil flood—
 "How sweetly does the moon-beam smile
 To night upon yon leafy isle !
 Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
 I've wished that little isle had wings,
 And we, within its fairy bowers,
 Were wafted off to seas unknown,
 Where not a pulse should beat but ours ;
 And we might live, love, die alone !
 Far from the cruel and the cold—
 Where the bright eyes of angels only
 Should come around us, to behold
 A paradise so pure and lonely."

MOORE.

MORNING.

The morn is up again ; the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb—
And glowing into day.

BYRON.

SNOW-DROP.

Lone flower, hemm'd in with snows, and white as they,
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest, though day by day,
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, way-lay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend :
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise ! Blue-eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing
On the soft west wind and his frolic peers :
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste snow-drop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years !

WORDSWORTH.

FAITH.

Oh, my friend,
That thy faith were as mine ! that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction ; couldst behold
The strifes and troubles of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest ! All things, then,
Would minister to joy ; then should thine heart
Be heal'd and harmonized, and thou wouldst feel
God always, everywhere, and all in all.

SOUTHEY.

MEMORY.

Although thou maun ne'er be mine,
Although even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside.

BURNS:

THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

Such thrilling voice was never heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the furthest Orcades.
 Will no one tell me what she sings?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago.
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day?
 Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
 That has been, or may be again?
 Whate'er the theme, the maiden sung
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending;
 I listen'd—motionless and still;
 And when I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was heard no more.

WORDSW

FLATTERY.

No flatt'ry, boy! an honest man can't live by't
 It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
 Use to cajole and soften fools withal.
 If thou hast flatt'ry in thy nature, out with't;
 Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.

O

THE ANGEL OF THE YEAR.

Like a spirit glorified,
 The angel of the year departs; lays down
 His robes once green in spring,
 Or bright with summer's blue;
 And having done his mission on the earth—
 Filling ten thousand vales with golden corn,
 Orchards with rosy fruit,
 And scattering flowers around—
 He lingers for a moment in the west,
 With the declining sun—sheds over all
 A pleasant farewell smile—
 And so returns to God.—(From the Gr

IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

RAINS fall ; suns shine ; winds flee ;
Brooks run ; yet few know how.
Do not thou too deeply search
Why thou lovest me now.

Perhaps, by some command
Sent earthward from above,
Thy heart was doom'd to lean on mine ;
Mine to enjoy thy love.

Why ask, when joy doth smile,
From what bright heaven it fell ?
Men mar the beauty of their dreams
By tracing their source too well.

THE SEA SHELL.

Extracted from Putnam's Monthly.

You stoop'd and pick'd a wreathèd shell,
Beside the shining sea :
" This little shell, when I am gone,
Will whisper still of me."
I kiss'd your hands upon the sands,
For you were kind to me !

I hold the shell against my ear,
And hear its hollow roar :
It speaks to me about the sea,
But speaks of you no more !
I pace the sands and wring my hands,
For you are kind no more !

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

By MARIE J. EWEN. It appeared in *Chambers's Journal*.

You have come back to us, my brother,
With your pale and thoughtful brow :
Is the joy of old about your path ?
Is your " life rose " blooming now ?

You left us, dear, for a fairer clime,
And a brighter sun than ours ;
For the deep repose of forest shades,
And the gold of orange bowers.

We half rejoiced that you were not here
When our winter's skies grew dim ;
For we rightly deem'd—" A glorious sun
There shines afar for him ! "

And oh ! when your first dear letter came,
How the gladness flash'd through tears ;
For each word of cheer and blessing fell
Like a silence on our fears.

And although you said that clime was bright,
And although that land was fair ;
" There was no place like your own dear home
To be met with anywhere ! "

You have come back to us, my brother,
To your childhood's home once more ;
To the music of the loving voice,
To the warm, true hearts of yore.

You have come back to us, my brother,
With your pale and thoughtful brow ;
And the star of Hope about your path,
Is it beaming brighter now ?

Does it point from earth to that fair clime
Where the sunshine shineth best ?
Where the wanderer's weary soul may find
Both a refuge and a rest ?

We bid you welcome back, my brother,
To your childhood's home once more;
To the music of the loving voice,
To the warm, true hearts of yore!

HABICH AND HATTICH:

OR, A BIRD IN THE HAND'S WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

This quaint little poem is translated from the German, where it is very popular. It well deserves preservation here.

THERE are two little songsters, well known in the land,
Their names are I-Have and O-Had-I;
I-Have will come tamely and perch on your hand,
But O-Had-I will mock you most sadly.

I-Have, at first sight, is less fair to the eye,
But his worth is by far more enduring
Than a thousand O-Had-I's, that sit far and high
On roofs and on trees so alluring.

Full many a golden egg this bird will lay,
And sing you "Be cheery! be cheery!"
O merrily then will the day glide away,
And sweet shall your sleep be when weary.

But let an O-Had-I once take your eye,
And a longing to catch him once seize you,
He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die—
Life-long he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill,
Now racing, now panting and creeping;
While far overland, this sweet bird at his will,
With his golden plumage is sweeping.

Then every wise man who attends to my song
Will count his I-Have a choice treasure,
And where'er an O-Had-I comes flying along,
Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

By JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, a real working man, whose life has been already narrated here.

Low drooping o'er my toil this afternoon,
 With downward aspect, sombre as the air
 That slept around me, visions of despair
 Swept through my thoughts, and put them out of tune
 Strong hope, of man the blessing and the dower,
 With the calm will to fashion glorious dreams,
 And lift the spirit to divinest themes,
 Seem'd reft of their consolatory power.
 Thus, as I sat with melancholy face,
 Resisting sadness with a faint endeavour,
 "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"
 That verse of truthful melody and grace,
 Flash'd through my darken'd spirit, like the smile
 Of sudden sunlight on a ruin'd pile.

As from her trance upleaps the joyous spring,
 Like a young virgin on her bridal morn,
 Flush'd with expanding glories newly born,
 While earth and air with merry music ring,—
 So did my mind from its brief sleep of sadness
 Start into active and delightful life,
 Cast off the incubus of care and strife,
 And woke to renovated strength and gladness.
 Straightway I stood amid the classic glooms
 Flung from the lavish pencil of young Keats,
 Realms of immortal shapes, and mingled sweets,
 Uncloying music, and unfading blooms—
 The shadows of creations, which the boy
 Nursed in his soul and watch'd with silent joy.

Not one, but legion, were the forms and faces,
 Laughing and lovely, savage or serene,
 Which came with all their grandeur and their graces
 From memory's treasure-halls, where they had long
 Hoarded with miser passion. Spenser's sheen
 And grandeur of romance, great Shakspeare's mirth
 Which holds all human sympathies between
 The folding of its pinions; Milton's hues

Stolen from the deathless amaranths of heaven,
And woven in his own seraphic song ;—
These to my waken'd faculties were given,
An ever changing, ever pleasing throng ;
Until I stood, enraptured and alone,
In a strange world of beauty, boundless, and my own.

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

Another of KINGSLEY's vigorous poems.

THE Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand,
Its storms roll up the sky.
A nation sleeps starving on heaps of gold,
All dreamers toss and sigh.
When the pain is sorest the child is born,
And the day is darkest before the morn
Of the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—
Chivalry, justice and truth ;
Come, for the earth is grown coward and old—
Come down and renew us her youth.
Freedom, self-sacrifice, mercy, and love,
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above
To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—
Famine, and plague, and war ;
Idleness, bigotry, cant, and misrule,
Gather, and fall in the snare.
Hirelings and mammonites, pedants and knaves,
Crawl to the battle-field—sneak to your graves
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,
While the Lord of all ages is here ?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
And those who can suffer, can dare.
Each past age of gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

SUMMER DAYS.

From a volume of poems entitled *Heart Songs*, published anonymously in America.

In summer, when the days were long,
We walk'd together in the wood :
Our heart was light, our step was strong,
Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,
In summer, when the days were long.

We stray'd from morn till evening came ;
We gather'd flowers, and wove us crowns ;
We walk'd 'mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs ;
And always wish'd our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,
We leap'd the hedgerow, cross'd the brook !
And still her voice flow'd forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon ;
And, in the sunlight and the breeze,
We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song.
We pluck'd wild strawberries ripe and red,
In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not,
For loving seem'd like breathing then ;
We found a heaven in every spot ;
Saw angels, too, in all good men ;
And dream'd of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone ;
I see her not ; but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood :
But one fair spirit hears my sighs ;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charm'd me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old ;
My heart is light, my step is strong,
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In summer, when the days are long.

THE DESTINED WIFE.

A passage in COVENTRY PATMORE's *Angel in the House*.

WHEN ripen'd time and chasten'd will
Have stretch'd and tuned for love's accords
The five-string'd lyre of life, until
It vibrates with the wind of words ;
And " Woman," " Lady," " She," and " Her "
Are names for perfect good and fair,
And unknown maidens, talk'd of, stir
His thoughts with reverential care ;
He meets, by heavenly chance express,
His destined wife : some hidden hand
Unveils to him that loveliness
Which others cannot understand.
No songs of love, no summer dreams
Did e'er his longing fancy fire
With vision like to this : she seems
In all things better than desire.
His merits in her presence grow,
To match the promise in her eyes,
And round her happy footsteps blow
The authentic airs of Paradise.
For love of her he cannot sleep ;
Her beauty haunts him all the night ;
It melts his heart, it makes him weep
For wonder, worship, and delight.

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

From *Putnam's American Magazine*.

THIS little seed of life and love,
Just lent us for a day,
Came, like a blessing from above—
Pass'd, like a dream, away.

And when we garner'd in the earth
The foison that was ours,
We felt that burial was but birth
To spirits, as to flowers.

And still that benediction stays,
Although its angel pass'd ;
Dear God ! thy ways, if bitter ways,
We learn to love, at last.

But for the dream—it broke indeed—
Yet still great comfort gives :
What was a dream is now our creed—
We know our darling lives.

 SWEET SPIRIT OF MY LOVE.

A beautiful poem in the fifth edition of **GERALD MASSEY'S** .
of Babe Christabel.

SWEET Spirit of my love !
Thro' all the world we walk apart :
Thou mayst not in my bosom lie :
I may not press thee to my heart,
Nor see love-thinking light thine eye :
Yet art thou with me. All my life
Orbs out in thy warm beauty's sphere ;
My bravest dreams of thee are rife,
And colour'd with thy presence dear.

Sweet Spirit of my love !
I know how beautiful thou art,
But never tell the starry thought :
I only whisper to my heart,
"She lights with heaven thy earthliest spot."

And birds that night and day rejoice,
And fragrant winds give back to me
A music ringing of thy voice,
And surge my heart's love-tide to thee.

Sweet Spirit of my love !
The Spring and Summer bloom-bedight,
That garland Earth with rain-bow showers,—
Morn's kissing breath, and eyes of light,
That wake in smiles the winking flowers,
The air with honey'd fragrance fed,
The flashing waters,—soughing tree,—
Noon's golden glory,—sundown red,
Aye warble into songs of thee.

Sweet Spirit of my love !
When Night's soft silence clothes the earth,
And wakes the passionate bird of love ;
And stars laugh out in golden mirth,
And yearning souls divinelier move ;
When God's breath hallows every spot,
And, lapp'd in feeling's luxury,
The heart's break-full of tender thought ;
Then art thou with me, still with me.

Sweet Spirit of my love !
I listen for thy footfall,—feel
Thy look is burning on me, such
As reads my heart : I sometimes reel
And throb, expectant for thy touch !
For by the voice of woods and brooks,
And flowers with virgin-fragrance wet,
And earnest stars with yearning looks,
I know that we shall mingle yet.

Sweet Spirit of my love !
Strange places on me smile, as thou
Hadst pass'd, and left thy beauty's tints :
The wild flowers even the secret know,
And light and shade flash mystic hints.
Meseems, like olden gods, thou'lt come
In cloud ; but mine anointed eyes
Shall see the glory burn thro' gloom,
And clasp thee, Sweet ! with large surprise.

A DEDICATION

Of the volume entitled *The Seaside and the Fireside*, by LONGFEL

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,
And seeing not the forms from which they come,
Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearke

So walking here in twilight, O my friends !
I hear your voices, soften'd by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousand-fold,
By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown,
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
Friends are around us, though no word be spoke

Kind messages, that pass from land to land ;
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery !

The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces !

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,
With eye of sense, your outward form and sembl
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,
But live for ever young in my remembrance.

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away !
Your gentle voices will flow on for ever,
When life grows bare and tarnish'd with decay,
As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,
 Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,
 But the endeavour for the selfsame ends,
 With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,
 Sadden'd, and mostly silent, with emotion ;
 Not interrupting with intrusive talk
 The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
 At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
 To have my place reserved among the rest,
 Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited !

THE BURNING OF THE CASTLE.

A singularly powerful description of a conflagration, found in a poem entitled the *Earl's Return*, by OWEN MEREDITH, the name assumed by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's son.

AND the minstrel sung, and they prais'd and listen'd—
 Gazed and prais'd while the minstrel sung.
 Flusht was each cheek, and each fixt eye glisten'd,
 And husht was each voice to the minstrel's tongue.
 But the earl grew paler more and more
 As the song of the singer grew louder and clearer,
 And so dumb was the hall, you might hear the roar
 Of the sea in its pauses grow nearer and drearer.
 And . . . hush ! hush ! hush !
 O was it the wind ? or was it the rush
 Of the restless waters that tumble and splash
 On the wild sea-rocks ? or was it the crash
 Of stones on the old wet bridge up there ?
 Or the sound of the tempest come over the main ?
 —Nay, but just now the night was fair.
 Was it the march of the midnight rain
 Clattering down in the courts ? or the crash
 Of armour yonder ? Listen again !

Can it be lightning?—can it be thunder?
 For a light is all round the lurid hall
 That reddens and reddens the windows all,
 And far away you may hear the fall
 As of rafter and boulder splitting asunder.
 It is not the thunder, and it is not the lightning
 To which the castle is sounding and brightening,
 But something worse than lightning or thunder;
 For what is this that is coming yonder?

Which way? Here! Where?
 Call the men! . . . Is it there?
 Call them out! Ring the bell!
 Ring the Fiend back to Hell!
 Ring, ring the alarum for mercy! . . . Too late!
 It has crawl'd up the walls—it has burst in the gate—
 It looks thro' the windows—it creeps near the hall—
 Near, more near—red and clear—
 It is here!
 Now the saints save us all!

And little, in truth, boots it ringing the bell,
 For the fire is loose on its way one may tell
 By the hot simmering whispers and humming up the
 In the oak-beams and rafters. Now one of the squi
 His elbow hath thrust thro' the half-smoulder'd door
 Such a hole as some rat for his brown wife might bor
 And straightway in snaky, white, wavering spires
 The thin smoke twirls thro', and spreads eddying in
 Here and there toucht with vanishing tints from the
 That has swath'd in its rose-light the sharp turret-st
 Soon the door ruin'd thro': and in tumbled a cloud
 Of black vapour. And first 'twas all blackness, and
 The quick forked fires leapt out from their shroud
 In the blackness: and through it rush'd in the arm'
 From the courtyard. And then there was flying
 fighting,

And praying and cursing—confusion confounded,
 Each man, at wild hazard, thro' smoke ramparts smi
 Has struck . . . is it friend? is it foe? Who is wou

But the earl—who last saw him? Who cares? Who k
 Some one, no doubt, by the weight of his blows.
 And they all, at times, heard his oath—so they swor

Such a cry as some spear'd wild beast might give vent to,
When the lean dogs are on him, and forth with that roar
Of desolate wrath, the life is sent too.

If he die, he will die with the dying about him,
And his red wet sword in his hand, never doubt him :
If he live, perchance he will bear his new bride
Thro' them all, past the bridge, to the wild sea-side.
And there, whether he leave, or keep his wife still,
There's the free sea round him, new lands, and new life still.
And . . . but ah, the red light there ! And high up and
higher

The soft, warm, vivid sparkles crowd kindling, and wander
Far away down the breathless blue cone of the night.

Saints ! can it be that the ships are on fire,
Those fierce hot clots of crimson light,
Brightening, whitening in the distance yonder ?
Slowly over the slumbrous dark

Up from those fountains of fire spark on spark
(You might count them almost) floats silent : and clear
In the steadfast glow the great cross beams,
And the sharp and delicate masts show black ;
While wider and higher the red light streams,
And oozes, and overflows at the back.
Then faint thro' the distance a sound you hear,
And the bare poles totter and disappear.

Of the earl, in truth, the seneschal swore
(And over the ocean this tale he bore)
That when, as he fled on that last wild night,
He had gain'd the other side of the moat,
Dripping, he shook off his wet leathern coat,
And turning round beheld, from basement
To cope, the castle swath'd in light,
And reveal'd in the glare thro' My Lady's casement,
He saw, or he dream'd he saw, this sight—
Two forms (and one for the earl's he knew,
By the long shaggy beard and the broad back too)
Struggling, grappling, like things half human.
The other, he said, he but vaguely distinguish'd,
When a sound like the shriek of an agonized woman
Made him shudder, and lo, all the vision was gone !
Ceiling and floor had fallen thro',
In a glut of vomited flame extinguish'd ;
And the still fire rose and broaden'd on.

How fearful a thing is fire !
 You might make up your mind to die by water
 A slow cool death—nay, at times, when weary
 Of pains that pass not, and pleasures that pall,
 When the temples throb, and the heart is dreary,
 And life is dried up, you could even desire
 Thro' the flat green weeds to fall and fall
 Half-asleep down the green light under them all,
 As in a dream, while all things seem
 Wavering, wavering, to feel the stream
 Wind, and gurgle, and sound and gleam.
 And who would very much fear to expire
 By steel, in the front of victorious slaughter,
 'The blithe battle about him, and comrades in call ?
 But to die by fire——
 O that night in the hall !

And the castle burn'd from base to top.
 You had thought that the fire would never stop,
 For it roar'd like the great north wind in the pines,
 And shone as the boreal meteor shines
 Watch'd by wild hunters in shuddering bands,
 When wolves are about in the icy lands,
 From the sea you might mark for a space of three days
 Or fainter, or fiercer, the dull red blaze.
 And when this ceased, the smoke above it
 Hung so heavy not even the wind seem'd to move it ;
 So it glared and groan'd, and night after night
 Smoulder'd—a terrible beacon-light.

TO A RIVULET.

Translated from the Spanish of Pedro de Castro Y. Anaya
 BRYANT, the American poet.

STAY, rivulet, nor haste to leave
 The lovely vale that lies around thee.
 Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,
 When but a fount the morning found thee ?

Born when the skies began to glow,
 Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
 No blossom bow'd its stalk to show
 Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Now on thy stream the noon beams look,
Usurping, as thou downward driftest,
Its crystal from the clearest brook,
Its rushing current from the swiftest.

Ah ! what wild haste !—and all to be
A river and expire in ocean.
Each fountain's tribute hurries thee
To that vast grave with quicker motion.

Far better 'twere to linger still
In this green vale, these flowers to cherish,
And die in peace, an aged rill,
Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish.

A LANDSCAPE SKETCH.

A passage of marvellous imagery and wealth of words from one of the poems of KEATS.

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved, and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook ; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves ;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety ;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgeings of its brim ;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending :
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.

I gazed awhile, and felt as light, and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had play'd upon my heels : I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started ;
So I straightway began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.
A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them :
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them !
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots, to keep th
Moist, cool, and green ; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert-hedge with wild-briar overtwin'd,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones ; there too should be
The frequent-chequer of a youngling tree,
That with a score of light green brethren shoots
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots :
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear wate
Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters,
The spreading blue-bells : it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and scatter'd thoughtlessly
By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds !
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung ;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses :
So haply when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight :
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings :
They will be found softer than ringdoves cooings.

How silent comes the water round that bend!
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging salallows : blades of grass
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.
Why you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshneses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds ;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Temper'd with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand !
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain ;
But turn your eye, and they are there again.
The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
And cool themselves among the emerald tresses ;
The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
And moisture, that the bowery green may live :
So keeping up an interchange of favours,
Like good men in the truth of their behaviours.
Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
From low-hung branches : little space they stop ;
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek ;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak :
Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.
Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
That nought less sweet might call my thoughts away,
Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown
Fanning away the dandelions down ;
Than the light music of her nimble toes
Patting against the sorrel as she goes.
How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught
Playing in all her innocence of thought !
O let me lead her gently o'er the brook,
Watch her half-smiling lips and downward look ;
O let me, for one moment touch her wrist ;
Let me one moment to her breathing list ;
And as she leaves me, may she often turn
Her fair eyes looking through her locks auburn.

LOVE-IN-IDLENESS.

Another exquisite lyric by GERALD MASSEY.

WE sit serenely 'neath the night,
As still as stars with swift delight;
In tears, that show how in life's deep
The hidden pearls of beauty sleep!
And quiet, as of sleeping trees,
And silence, as of sleeping seas.
The channels of our bliss run fill'd,
Their faintest happy murmur still'd.

Upon my forehead rests thy palm,
And on my spirit rests thy calm.
I cannot see thy cheek, but know
Its sea of rose-bloom hath a glow
Like ruby light, and richly lies
The dew i' the shadow of thine eyes:
Deep eyes! like wells of tenderness,
That ask how they may soothliest bless.

Warm fragrance like the soul o' the South,
Is round us, and thy damask mouth,
With the sweet spirit of its breath,
Dissolves me in delicious death.
Musk-roses, blowing in the gloom,
Drop fragrance fainting in the room.
Such sensuous sadness fills the air,
Ripe life a bloom of dew doth wear.

The harping hand hath dull'd the lyre
Of thrilling heartstrings—by their fire
That droops, the dreamy passions doze
In large luxuriance of repose.
While we our fields of pleasure reap,
Our babes lie in the wood of sleep:
One, first-love's dream of beauty wrought!
One, the more perfect afterthought.

We sit with silent glory crown'd,
And Love's arms wound like heaven round:
Or on rich clouds of fragrance swim
The summer dusk so cool and dim.

I only see that thou art near,
I only feel I have thee, Dear !
I only hear thy throbbing heart,
And know that we can never part.

THE BUILDERS.

By LONGFELLOW.

ALL are architects of fate
Working in these walls of time,
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials fill'd ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these !
Leave no yawning gaps between ;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

RETROSPECTIONS.

In this, as in many of OWEN MEREDITH's minor poems, there is something of the wild mystical mood of HEINE.

To-NIGHT she will dance at the Palace,
With the diamonds in her hair :
And the Prince will praise her beauty—
The loveliest lady there !

But tones, at times, in the music
Will bring back forgotten things :
And her heart will fail her sometimes,
When her beauty is praised at the King's.

There sits in his silent chamber
A stern and sorrowful man :
But a strange sweet dream comes to him,
While the lamp is burning wan,

Of a sunset among the vineyards
In a lone and lovely land,
And a maiden standing near him,
With fresh wild-flowers in her hand.

BURIED GRIEFS.

By CHARLES MACKAY.

Oh ! let them rest, the buried griefs,
Why should we drag them to the day ?
They lived their hour of storm and shower ;
They lived and died and pass'd away.

Oh ! let them rest—their graves are green ;
New life shall rise above the mould ;
The dews shall weep, the blossoms peep,
The flowers of sympathy unfold.

So, on the solitary moor,
The soldiers' graves are bright with flowers ;
The wild thyme blooms, and sweet perfumes
Attract the roamers of the bowers.

There strays the bee to gather sweets,
And gives his booming trumpet rest :
There waves the heath its purple wreath,
And there the linnet builds her nest.

So let them rest—the buried griefs,
The place is holy where they lie ;
On Life's cold waste their graves are placed—
The flowers look upward to the sky.

WHISPERS OF THE WATCHING SPIRIT.

From a recent number of *The Titan*, where it appears anonymously.

In youth I died, in maiden bloom ;
With gentle hand death touch'd my cheek,
And with his touch there came to me
A spirit calm and meek.

He took from me all wish to stay,
He was so kind I fear'd him not ;
My friends beheld my slow decline,
And mourn'd my timeless lot.

They saw but sorrow ; I descried
The bliss that never fades away.
They felt the shadow of the tomb ;
I mark'd the heavenly day.

I heard them sob, as through the night
They kept their watch ; then on my ear
Amid the sobbing fell a voice
Their anguish could not hear.

" Come, and fear not," it softly cried ;
" We wait to lead thee to thy home."
Then leap'd my spirit to reply,
" I come, I long to come."

I heard them whisper o'er my bed—
" Another hour, and she must die."
I was too weak to answer them,
That endless life was nigh.

Another hour, with bitter tears
They mourn'd me as untimely dead,
And heard not how I sang a song
Of triumph o'er their head.

They bore me to the grave, and thought
How narrow was my resting-place ;
My soul was roving high and wide
At will through boundless space.

They cloth'd themselves in robes of black ;
Through the sad aisles the requiem rang ;
Meanwhile the white-robed choirs of heaven
A holy pæan sang.

Oft from my paradise I come,
To visit those I love on earth.
I enter, unperceived, the door :
They sit around the hearth,

And talk in sadden'd tone of me,
As one that never may return.
How little think they that I stand
Among them as they mourn !

But time will ease their grief, and death
Will purge the darkness from their eyes.
Then shall they triumph, when they learn
Heaven's solemn mysteries.

LOVE AT TWO SCORE.

A jovial lyric by THACKERAY.

Ho ! pretty page with dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your aim is woman to win.
This is the way that boys begin.
Wait till you've come to forty year !

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer,
Sighing and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybell's window panes.
Wait till you've come to forty year !

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear ;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey ;
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome, ere
Ever a month was pass'd away ?

The reddest lips that ever have kiss'd,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be miss'd,
Ere yet ever'a month was gone.

Gillian's dead, Heaven rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years syne !
Marian's married, but I sit here,
Alive and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

THE DEAD CHILD.

A passage in GERALD MASSEY'S new poem, entitled *Craigcrook Castle*.

AND there our darling lay in coffin'd calm ;
Dress'd for the grave in raiment like the snow,
And o'er her flow'd the white, eternal peace :
The breathing miracle into silence pass'd .
Never to stretch wee hands, with her dear smile
As soft as light-fall on unfolding flowers ;
Never to wake us crying in the night :
Our little hindering thing for ever gone,
In tearful quiet now we might toil on.
All dim the living lustres motion makes !
No life dew in the sweet cups of her eyes !
Nought there of our poor " Splendid " but her brow.
A young Immortal came to us disguised,
And in the joy-dance dropt her mask and fled.

The world went lightly by and heeded not
Our death-white windows blinded to the sun ;
The hearts that ached within ; the measureless loss ;
The idol broken ; our first tryst with death.
O life, how strange thy face behind the veil !
And stranger yet will thy strange mystery seem,
When we awake in death and tell our dream.
'Tis hard to solve the secret of the Sphinx !
We had a little gold love garner'd up,
To bravely robe our babe : the mother's half
Was turn'd to mourning raiment for her dead :
Mine bought the first land we called ours—Her grave.
We were as treasure-seekers in the earth,
When lo, a death's-head on a sudden stares.

Clad all in spirit-beauty forth she went ;
Her budding spring of life in tiny leaf ;
Her gracious gold of babe-virginity
Unminted in the image of our world ;
Her faint dawn whiten'd in the perfect day.
Our early wede away went back to God,
Bearing her life-scroll folded, without stain,
And only three words written on it—two
Our names ! Ah, may they plead for us in heaven !

PRESS ON.

A passage in a poem recited at the departure of the Senior Class of the College, by N. P. WILLIS.

WHAT is its earthly victory? Press on!
 For it hath tempted angels. Yet press on!
 For it shall make you mighty among men;
 And from the eyrie of your eagle thought,
 Ye shall look down on monarchs. Oh! press on!
 For the high ones and powerful shall come
 To do you reverence; and the beautiful
 Will know the purer language of your brow,
 And read it like a talisman of love!
 Press on! for it is godlike to unloose
 The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;
 Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
 And in the very fetters of your flesh,
 Mating with the pure essences of heaven!
 Press on!—"for in the grave there is no work,
 And no device."—Press on! while yet ye may!

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

A fine ballad by J. G. WHITTIER, an American poet, editor of a newspaper, who has distinguished himself by his philippics against slavery.

SILENCE o'er sea and earth
 With the veil of evening fell,
 Till the convent tower sent deeply forth
 The chime of its vesper bell.
 One moment—and that solemn sound
 Fell heavy on the ear;
 But a sterner echo pass'd around;
 And the boldest shook to hear.

 The startled monks throng'd up,
 In the torch-light cold and dim:
 And the priest let fall his incense-cup,
 And the virgin hush'd her hymn;
 For a boding clash, and a clanging tramp,
 And a summoning voice were heard,
 And fretted wall, and tombstone damp,
 To the fearful echo stirr'd.

The peasant heard the sound,
As he sat beside his hearth;
And the song and the dance were hush'd around,
With the fireside tale of mirth.
The chieftain shook in his banner'd hall,
As the sound of fear drew nigh;
And the warder shrank from the castle wall,
As the gleam of spears went by.

Woe—woe—to the stranger then;
At the feast and flow of wine,
In the red array of mailed men,
Or bow'd at the holy shrine;
For the waken'd pride of an injured land
Had burst its iron thrall;
From the plumed chief to the pilgrim band;
Woe!—woe!—to the sons of Gaul!

Proud beings fell that hour,
With the young and passing fair,
And the flame went up from dome and tower;
The avenger's arm was there!
The stranger priest at the altar stood,
And clasp'd his beads in prayer,
But the holy shrine grew dim with blood;
The avenger found him there!

Woe!—woe! to the sons of Gaul;
To the serf and mailed lord;
They were gather'd darkly, one and all,
To the harvest of the sword;
And the morning sun, with a quiet smile,
Shone out o'er hill and glen,
On ruin'd temple and mouldering pile,
And the ghastly forms of men.

Ay, the sunshine sweetly smiled,
As its early glance came forth;
It had no sympathy with the wild
And terrible things of earth;
And the man of blood that day might read,
In a language freely given,
How ill his dark and midnight deed
Became the calm of heaven.

WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.

By JAMES HALL, Editor of the *Western Souvenir*.

'T WAS far beyond yon mountains, dear, we plighted vows
of love,

The ocean wave was at our feet, the autumn sky above,
The pebbly shore was cover'd o'er with many a varied shell,
And on the billows' curling spray the sunbeams glittering
fell.

The storm has vexed that billow oft, and oft that sun had
set,

But plighted love remains with us, in peace and lustre yet.
I wiled thee to a lonely haunt, that bashful love might speak,
Where none could hear what love reveal'd, or see the crimson
cheek ;

The shore was all deserted, and we wander'd there alone,
And not a human step impress'd the sand beach but our own ;
The footsteps all have vanish'd from the billow-beaten
strand—

The vows we breathed remain with us—they were not traced
in sand.

Far, far, we left the sea-girt shore, endear'd by childhood's
dream,

To seek the humble cot that smiled by fair Ohio's stream.
In vain the mountain cliff opposed, the mountain torrent
roar'd,

For love unfurl'd her silken wing, and o'er each barrier
soar'd

And many a wide domain we pass'd, and many an ample
dome,

But none so bless'd, so dear to us, as wedded love's first home.
Beyond these mountains now are all that e'er we loved or
knew,

The long remember'd many, and the dearly cherish'd few ;
The home of her we value, and the grave of him we mourn,
Are there ; and there is all the part to which the heart can
turn ;

But dearer scenes surround us here, and lovelier joys we
trace,

For here is wedded love's first home—its hallow'd resting
place.

SUMMER.

By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON.

THIS is the time of shadow and of flowers,
When roads gleam white for many a winding mile,
When gentle breezes fan the lazy hours,
And balmy rest repays the time of toil—
When purple hues and shifting beams beguile
The tedious sameness of the heath-grown moor—
When the old grandsire sees with placid smile
The sun-burnt children frolic round his door,
And trellissed roses deck the cottage of the poor.

The time of pleasant evenings, when the moon
Rises accompanied by a single star,
And rivals e'en the brilliant summer noon,
In the clear radiance which she pours afar—
No stormy winds her hour of peace to mar,
Or stir the fleecy clouds that melt away
Beneath the wheels of her illumined car;
While many a river trembles in her ray,
And silver gleam the sands round many an ocean bay.

O, then the earth lies hush'd afraid to beat
In the deep absence of all other sound;
And home is sought with loath and lingering feet,
As though that shining tract of fairy ground,
Once left and lost, might never more be found;
And happy seems the life that gipsies lead,
Who make their nests where mossy banks abound,
In nooks where unpluck'd wild flowers shed their seed—
A canvas-spreading tent the only roof they need.

THE SIRENS.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, an American Poet.

THE sea is lonely, the sea is dreary,
The sea is restless and uneasy;
Thou seekest quiet, thou art weary,
Wandering thou knowest not whither;—
Our little isle is green and breezy,
Come and rest thee! O come hither;

Come to this peaceful home of ours,
Where evermore
The low west-wind creeps panting up the shore
To be at rest among the flowers ;
Full of rest, the green moss lifts,
As the dark waves of the sea
Draw in and out of rocky rifts,
Calling solemnly to thee
With voices deep and hollow,—
“To the shore
Follow ! O, follow !
To be at rest for evermore !
For evermore !”

Look how the gray old Ocean
From the depth of his heart rejoices,
Heaving with a gentle motion,
When he hears our restful voices ;
List how he sings in an under-tone,
Chiming with our melody ;
And all sweet sounds of earth and air
Melt into one low voice alone,
That murmurs over the weary sea,
And seems to sing from everywhere,—
“Here mayst thou harbour peacefully,
Here mayst thou rest from the aching oar ;
Turn thy curvéd prow ashore,
And in our green isle rest for evermore !
For evermore !”

And Echo half wakes in the wooded hill,
And, to her heart so calm and deep,
Murmurs over in her sleep,
Doubtfully pausing and murmuring still,
“Evermore !”

Thus, on life's weary sea,
Heareth the marinere
Voices sweet, from far and near,
Ever singing low and clear,
Ever singing longingly.

Is it not better here to be,
Than to be toiling late and soon ?
In the dreary night to see
Nothing but the blood-red moon

Go up and down into the sea ;
Or, in the loneliness of day,
To see the still seals only
Solemnly lift their faces gray,
Making it yet more lonely ?
Is it not better, than to hear
Only the sliding of the wave
Beneath the plank, and feel so near
A cold and lonely grave,
A restless grave, where thou shalt lie
Even in death unquietly ?
Look down beneath thy wave-worn bark,
Lean over the side and see
The leaden eye of the sidelong shark
Upturnéd patiently,
Ever waiting there for thee :
Look down and see those shapeless forms,
Which ever keep their dreamless sleep
Far down within the gloomy deep,
And only stir themselves in storms,
Rising like islands from beneath,
And snorting through the angry spray,
As the frail vessel perisheth
In the whirls of their unwieldly play ;
Look down ! Look down !
Upon the seaweed, slimy and dark,
That waves its arms so lank and brown,
Beckoning for thee !
Look down beneath thy wave-worn bark
Into the cold depth of the sea !
Look down ! Look down !
Thus on life's lonely sea
Heareth the marinere
Voices sad, from far and near,
Ever singing full of fear,
Ever singing drearily.

Here all is pleasant as a dream ;
The wind scarce shaketh down the dew,
The green grass floweth like a stream
Into the ocean's blue ;
Listen ! O, listen !
Here is a gush of many streams,
A song of many birds,

And every wish and longing seems
Lull'd to a number'd flow of words,—

Listen ! O, listen !

Here ever hum the golden bees
Underneath full-blossom'd trees,
At once with glowing fruit and flowers crown'd ;—
The sand is so smooth, the yellow sand,
That thy keel will not grate as it touches the land ;
All around, with a slumbrous sound,
The singing waves slide up the strand,
And there, where the smooth, wet pebbles be,
The waters gurgle longingly,
As if they fain would seek the shore,
To be at rest from the ceaseless roar,
To be at rest for evermore,—

For evermore.

Thus, on life's gloomy sea,
Heareth the marinere
Voices sweet, from far and near,
Ever singing in his ear,
" Here is rest and peace for thee ! "

Brillianta.

TWILIGHT.

HAIL, twilight ! sovereign of one peaceful hour !
Not dull art thou as undiscerning night !
But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions.—Ancient power !
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest,
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Look'd ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen
The self-same vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy power, brought forth :—
These mighty barriers and the gulf between ;
The floods, the stars ;—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth !

WORDSWORTH.

HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth.
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole!
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest—
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
 Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie!
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
 Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
 Oh thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

MONTGOMERY

JUNE.

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
 Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
 When the north wind congregates in crowds
 The floating mountains of the silver clouds
 From the horizon—and the stainless sky
 Opens beyond them like eternity.
 All things rejoiced beneath the sun, the weeds,
 The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds;
 The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
 And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

SHELLEY.

THE BROKEN LYRE.

A name altogether new to us, that of T. FOWELL, is attached in the newspapers to the following very beautiful stanzaa.

UPON the cleft of a tall rock, that frown'd
Above the billows, hung a broken lyre ;
Untouch'd by mortal hands, no human sound
The cords inspire—
Silent, save when the whirlwinds of the deep
Wildly its drear strings sweep.

And then methought it mourn'd in these sad words :—
“ A hapless fate is mine, loved lyre ! to dwell
Away from kindling touches, for my chords
Can only swell
The echo of the thunder as it rolls
To the far distant poles !

And must I moulder on this rock away ?
Will none awake the passion of my strain ?
Must I with all my hidden powers decay ?
My gifts all vain ?
Is there no kindling voice to bid arise
My unborn melodies ?

“ For there were treasured in those broken chords
The glowing songs of glorious victory ;
They waited long to breathe aloud those words
Which never die,
But, when once utter'd, live for ever, shrined
In man's immortal mind !

“ And many an anthem sleeps within my breast,
And childhood hymns with buried voices fraught,
Sung once by sire or child now gone to rest ;—
O wizard thought !
How dost thou clothe again in old grey song
The dead but cherish'd throng !

“ And there are mournful dirges sleeping on
 The silence of my strings ; and well they suit
 My dreary doom. Soon these will all be gone—
 For ever mute
 The music of my being—the last string
 Is e'en now quivering

“ With an expiring tone. Farewell, deep sea !
 Wild winds, farewell, that often wrung the tone
 Of bitter sorrowings—farewell to ye ;
 I've mourn'd alone ;
 And my last sigh in death is given to thee,
 Thou melancholy sea ! ”

The last chord broke ; and, as the echo died,
 And blended in the howling of the blast,
 Ah ! like too many a human heart (I sigh'd)
 Thy lot was cast :
 How many live and carry to the tomb
 Their music and their bloom !

For human hearts are harps divinely strung,
 And framed diversely, waiting for the power
 Of kindred soul, and on each chord is hung
 A wondrous dower
 Of song and glory ! which, if touch'd aright,
 Would fill the world with light !



RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE.

How delicate are the thoughts and language of COLERIDGE ! A sweeter poet never lived, yet rich his music withal as any nightingale's.

How warm this woodland wild recess !
 Love surely has been breathing here.
 And this sweet bed of earth, my dear !
 Swells up, then sinks with faint caress,
 As if to have you yet more near.

Eight springs have flown, since last I lay
 On sea-ward Quantock's healthy hills,
 Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
 Float here and there, like things astray,
 And high o'er head the sky-lark shrills.

No voice as yet had made the air
 Be music with your name; yet why
 That asking look? that yearning sigh?
 That sense of promise every where?
 Beloved! flew your spirit by?

As when a mother doth explore
 The rose-mark on her long-lost child,
 I met, I loved you, maiden mild!
 As whom I long had loved before—
 So deeply had I been beguiled.

You stood before me like a thought,
 A dream remember'd in a dream.
 But when those meek eyes first did seem
 To tell me, love within you wrought—
 O Greta, dear domestic stream!

Has not, since then, love's prompture deep,
 Has not love's whisper evermore,
 Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar?
 Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
 Dear under-song in clamour's hour.

VIRTUE BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

SHAKSPEARE's sonnets, though read by few, are among the most beautiful in our language, and had they not been eclipsed by the transcendent talent of his dramas, they would of themselves have established his title to undying fame. Here is a very exquisite one, which may tempt many readers to turn to the pages in which a number equally exquisite are to be found.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfuméd tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses :
 But for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade ;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made ;
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

LANDSCAPE FEATURES.

MILLER, the basket, maker, paints nature with the pencil of a master.
 What can be more graphic than this passage from one of his poems.

In the fair sky the distant landscape melts,
 Like piled clouds ting'd with a darker hue ;
 Even the wood which yon high upland belts
 Looks like a range of clouds, of deeper blue.
 One wither'd tree bursts only on the view—
 A bald bare oak, which on the summit grows,
 (And looks as if from out the sky it grew) :
 That tree has borne a thousand wintry snows,
 And seen unnumber'd mornings gild its gnarled boughs.

Yon weather-beaten gray old finger-post
 Stands like time's landmark pointing to decay ;
 The very roads it once marked out are lost :
 The common was encroach'd on every day
 By grasping men who bore an unjust sway,
 And rent the gift from charity's dead hands.
 The post does still one broken arm display,
 Which now points out where the new workhouse stands,
 As if it said, "Poor man ! those walls are all thy lands."

AUTUMN.

Who has not felt that Autumn is a mournful type of human life ?
Who ever expressed the feeling more tenderly than SHAKESPEARE ?

THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet bird sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

A MAIDEN'S CONFESSION OF LOVE.

A fine passage in *Philaster*, one of the plays of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

My father would oft speak
Your worth and virtue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised, but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found, till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god
I thought (but it was you) enter our gates ;
My blood flew out, and back again, as fast
As I had pour'd it forth, and suck'd it in
Like breath ; then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man
Heav'd from a sheep-cot to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I ; you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever ; I did hear you talk

Far above singing ; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so. Alas ! I found it love,
Yet far from lust, for could I have but lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and drest myself
In habit of a boy, and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you. And understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seem'd ; that I might ever
Abide with you : then sate I by the fount
Where first you took me up.

IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULDEST HAVE DIED.

By the Rev. C. WOLFE, the author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be ;
It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again,
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain.
But, when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er leftst unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
 All cold, and all serene,
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been !
 While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own,
 But there I lay thee in thy grave—
 And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
 In thinking too of thee ;
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore.

THE RULING PASSION.

A passage of powerful invective from POPE's *Moral Essays*.

MANNERS with fortunes, humours turn with climes.
 Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the ruling passion : There, alone,
 The wild are constant, and the cunning known ;
 The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;
 Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
 This clue, once found, unravels all the rest,
 The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
 Wharton the scorn and wonder of our days,
 Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise ;
 Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
 Women and fools must like him, or he dies ;
 Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
 The club must hail him master of the joke.
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.

* * * * *

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;

Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt ;
 And most contemptible to shun contempt ;
 His passion still, to covet general praise ;
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;
 A constant bounty, which no friend has made ;
 An angel tongue, which no man can persuade ;
 A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
 Too rash for thought, for action too refined :
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
 A rebel to the very king he loves ;
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great.
 Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule ?
 'T was all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

THE PET NAME.

By Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I HAVE a name, a little name,
 Uncadenced for the ear,
 Unhonour'd by ancestral claim,
 Unsanctified by prayer and psalm,
 The solemn font anear.

It never did, to pages wove
 For gay romance, belong,
 It never delicate did move
 As "Sacharissa," unto love—
 "Orinda," unto song.

Though I write books, it will be read
 Upon the leaves of none,
 And afterward, when I am dead,
 Will ne'er be graved for sight or tread,
 Across my funeral stone.

This name, whoever chance to call,
 Perhaps your smile may win !
 Nay do not smile ! mine eyelids fall
 Over mine eyes, and feel withal
 The sudden tears within.

Is there a leaf that greenly grows
Where summer meadows bloom,
But gathereth the winter snows,
And changeth to the hue of those,
If lasting till they come ?

Is there a word, or jest, or game,
But time encrusteth round
With sad associate thoughts the same ?
And so to me my very name
Assumes a mournful sound.

My brother gave that name to me
When we were children twain ;
When names acquired baptismally
Were hard to utter, as to see
That life had any pain.

No shade was on us then, save one
Of chesnuts from the hill—
And through the wood our laugh did run
As part thereof ! The mirth being done,
He calls me by it still.

Nay, do not smile ! I hear in it
What none of you can hear !
The talk upon the willow seat,
The bird and wind that did repeat,
Around, our human cheer.

I hear the birth-day's noisy bliss,
My sisters' woodland glee,—
My father's praise I did not miss,
When stooping down he cared to kiss
The poet at his knee.

And voices, which to name me, aye
Their tenderest tones were keeping !—
To some I never more can say
An answer, till God wipes away,
In heaven, these drops of weeping.

My name to me a sadness wears ;
No murmurs cross my mind :
Now God be thank'd for these thick tears,
Which show, of those departed years,
Sweet memories left behind ;

Now God be thank'd for years enwrought
With love which softens yet !
Now God be thank'd for every thought
Which is so tender, it hath caught
Earth's guerdon of regret !

The earth may sadden, not remove
Our love divinely given ;
And e'en that mortal grief shall prove
The immortality of love,
And lead us nearer Heaven.

MUSIC.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

HARK ! Music speaks from out the woods and streams :
Amidst the winds, amidst the harmonious rain :
It fills the voice with sweets, the eye with beams ;
It stirs the heart ; it charms the sting from pain.

Great memory hoards it 'midst her golden themes ;
The wise man keeps it with his learned gain ;
The minstrel hears it in his listening dreams ;
And no one, save the fool, doth deem it vain.

Whatever thing doth bring a joy unstain'd
Unto the soul, if rightly understood,
Is one more ingot to our fortune gain'd,
Is wisdom to the wise, good to the good.

"Sing then, divine one!"—Thus a lover sigh'd
To one who sate beside him fair and young,
Preluding with coquetish conscious pride,
And check'd the half-born music on her tongue.

Sing, maiden,—gentle maiden !
Sing for me, sing to me ;
With a heart not overladen,
Nor too full of glee.
Give thy voice its way divine ;
Let thine eyes, sweet spirits, shine ;
Not too bright but also tender,
Softness stealing half their splendour.
Sing,—but touch a sadder strain,
Till our eyes are hid in rain.
Tell of those whose hopes are wreck'd
On that cruel strand,—neglect ;
Widow poor and unbefriended ;
Virgin dreams in ruin ended ;
All the pleasure, all the pain
That hideth from the world's disdain.

Sing,—an airier, blither measure,
Full and overflown with pleasure ;
Sing,—with smiles and dimpling mouth,
Opening like the sunny south,
When it breathes amongst the roses,
And a thousand sweets discloses.

Sing, fair child of music, sing
Like love—hope—sorrow—any-thing ;
Like a sparkling murmuring river,
Running its blue race for ever ;
Like the sounds that haunt the sun,
When the god's bright day is done ;
Like the voice of dreaming night,
Tender, touching, airy light ;
Not a wind, but just a breeze
Moving in the citron trees ;
Like the first sweet murmur creeping
O'er love's lips (when pride is sleeping),
Love's first unfor-gotten word,
By maiden in the silence heard,
Heard, hoarded, and repeated oft,
In mimic whisper, low and soft,—

Yet what matter for the strain,
Be it joy, or be it pain,
So thy now imprison'd voice
In its matchless strength rejoice ;
So it burst its fetters strong,
And soar forth on winged song.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

By JOHN MILTON.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon blooming spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love ; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh ;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why ;
Whether the muse, or love, call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

THE SNOW STORM.

By EMERSON, the American philosopher.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight : the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The steed and traveller stopp'd, the courier's feet
Delay'd, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come, see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnish'd with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage—nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths ;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn.
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are number'd, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonish'd art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone
Built in an age, the mad wind's wild night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

THE EXILE OF CLOUDLAND.

By CHARLES MACKAY.

WHEN I was a dweller in Cloudland,
I dwelt in a rich and a proud land ;
 I was lord of the clime,
 I was king of the time ;
 And the sun and the shower,
 The leaf and the flower,
All came to my bidding in Cloudland.

I was monarch supreme in my Cloudland,
I was master of fate in that proud land ;
 I would not endure
 That a grief without cure,
 A love that could end,
 Or a false-hearted friend,
Should dwell for an instant in Cloudland.

My Cloudland, my beautiful Cloudland,
I made thee a great and a proud land ;
 With skies ever bright,
 And with hearts ever light;—
 Neither sorrow nor sin
 Found a harbour within,
And love was the law of my Cloudland.

But, alas for myself and my proud land !
There came revolution in Cloudland ;
 My people, untrue,
 Broke my sceptre in two,
 And, false to their vow,
 Took the crown from my brow,
And banish'd me far from my Cloudland.

My Cloudland, my beautiful Cloudland,
How happy was I in that proud land !
 All the wisdom I 've won,
 Since my realm was undone,
 Is but poor to repay
 What I lost in the day
When I turn'd my last looks upon Cloudland.

Oh, ye thoughts and ye feelings of Cloudland !
Ye died when I quitted that proud land !
 I wander discrown'd,
 On a bare chilly ground ;
 An exile forlorn,
 Weary, weary, and worn,
Never more to revisit my Cloudland.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

An anacreontic, by COWLEY.

HAPPY insect ! what can be
In happiness compared to thee ?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine !
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill ;
'T is fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.

Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king !
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee ;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice :
Man for thee does sow and plough ;
Farmer he, and landlord thou !
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year !
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect ! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know :
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal !)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retirest to endless rest.

VENICE.

Another fine bit of poetry in prose, found in *RUSKIN'S Stones of Venice*.

AND now come with me, for I have kept you too long from your gondola ; come with me, on an autumnal morning, through the dark gates of Padua, and let us take the broad road leading towards the east. It lies level, for a league or two, between its elms and vine festoons full laden, their thin leaves veined into scarlet hectic, and their clusters deepened into gloomy blue ; then mounts an embankment above the Brenta, and runs between the river and the broad plain, which stretches to the north in endless lines of mulberry and maize. The Brenta flows slowly, but strongly ; a muddy volume of yellowish-grey water, that neither hastens nor

slackens, but glides heavily between its monotonous banks, with here and there a short, babbling eddy twisted for an instant into its opaque surface, and vanishing, as if something had been dragged into it and gone down. Dusty and shadeless, the road fares along the dyke on its northern side; and the tall white tower of Dolo is seen trembling in the heat mist far away, and never seems nearer than it did at first. Presently, you pass one of the much vaunted "villas on the Brenta:" a glaring, spectral shell of brick and stucco, its windows with painted architraves like picture-frames, and a court-yard paved with pebbles in front of it, all burning in the thick glow of the feverish sunshine, but fenced from the high road, for magnificence sake, with goodly posts and chains; then another, of Kew Gothic, with Chinese variations, painted red and green; a third, composed for the greater part of dead wall, with fictitious windows painted upon it, each with a pea-green blind, and a classical architrave in bad perspective; and a fourth, with stucco figures set on the top of its garden-wall: some antique, like the kind to be seen at the corner of the New Road, and some of clumsy grotesque dwarfs, with fat bodies and large boots. This is the architecture to which her studies of the Renaissance have conducted modern Italy. The sun climbs steadily, and warms into intense white the walls of the little piazza of Dolo, where we change horses. Another dreary stage among the now divided branches of the Brenta, forming irregular and half-stagnant canals; with one or two more villas on the other side of them, but these of the old Venetian type, which we may have recognised before at Padua, and sinking fast into utter ruin, black, and rent, and lonely, set close to the edge of the dull water, with what were once small gardens beside them, kneaded into mud, and with blighted fragments of gnarled hedges and broken stakes for their fencing; and here and there a few fragments of marble steps, which have once given them graceful access from the water's edge, now settling into the mud in broken joints, all aslope, and slippery with green weed. At last the road turns sharply to the north, and there is an open space, covered with bent grass, on the right of it: but do not look that way. Five minutes more, and we are in the upper room of the little inn at Mestre, glad of a moment's rest in shade. The table is (always, I think) covered with a cloth of nominal white and perennial grey,

with plates and glasses at due intervals, and small loaves of a peculiar white bread, made with oil, and more like knots of flour than bread. The view from its balcony is not cheerful: a narrow street, with a solitary brick church and barren campanile on the other side of it; and some conventual buildings, with a few crimson remnants of fresco about their windows; and, between them and the street, a ditch with some slow current in it, and one or two small houses beside it, one with an arbour of roses at its door, as in an English tea-garden; the air, however, about us having in it nothing of roses, but a close smell of garlic and crabs, warmed by the smoke of various stands of hot chesnuts. There is much vociferation also going on beneath the window respecting certain wheelbarrows which are in rivalry for our baggage: we appease their rivalry with our best patience, and follow them down the narrow street. We have but walked some two hundred yards when we come to a low wharf or quay, at the extremity of a canal, with long steps on each side down to the water, which latter we fancy for an instant has become black with stagnation: another glance undeceives us,—it is covered with the black boats of Venice. We enter one of them, rather to try if they be real boats or not, than with any definite purpose, and glide away; at first feeling as if the water were yielding continually beneath the boat and letting her sink into soft vacancy. It is something clearer than any water we have seen lately, and of a pale green; the banks only two or three feet above it, of mud and rank grass, with here and there a stunted tree; gliding swiftly past the small casement of the gondola, as if they were dragged by upon a painted scene. Stroke by stroke, we count the plunges of the oar, each heaving up the side of the boat slightly as her silver beak shoots forward. We lose patience, and extricate ourselves from the cushions: the sea air blows keenly by, as we stand leaning on the roof of the floating cell. In front, nothing to be seen but long canal and level bank; to the west, the tower of Mestre is lowering fast, and behind it there have risen purple shapes, of the colour of dead rose-leaves, all round the horizon, feebly defined against the afternoon sky,—the Alps of Bassano. Forward still: the endless canal bends at last, and then breaks into intricate angles about some low bastions, now torn to pieces and staggering in ugly rents towards the water,—the bastions of the fort of Malghera.

Another turn, and another perspective of canal; but not interminable. The silver beak cleaves it fast,—it widens: the rank grass of the banks sinks lower, and at last dies in tawny knots along an expanse of weedy shore. Over it, on the right, but a few years back, we might have seen the lagoon, stretching to the horizon, and the warm southern sky bending over Malamocco to the sea. Now we can see nothing but what seems a low and monotonous dockyard wall, with flat arches to let the tide through it;—this is the railroad bridge, conspicuous above all things. But at the end of those dismal arches there rises, out of the wide water, a straggling line of low and confused brick buildings, which, but for the many towers which are mingled among them, might be the suburbs of an English manufacturing town. Four or five domes, pale, and apparently at a greater distance, rise over the centre of the line; but the object which first catches the eye is a sullen cloud of black smoke brooding over the northern half of it, and which issues from the belfry of a church. It is Venice.

THE FISHING SONG.

From "Putnam's American Magazine."

Down in the wide gray river
The current is sweeping strong;
Over the wide gray river
Floats the fisherman's song.

The oar-stroke times the singing,
The song falls with the oar,
And an echo in both is ringing,
I thought to hear no more.

Out of a deeper current
The song brings back to me
A cry from mortal silence,
Of mortal agony.

Life that was spent and vanish'd,
Love that had died of wrong,
Hearts that are dead in living,
Come back in the fisherman's song.

I see the maples leafing,
Just as they leaf'd before—
The green grass comes no greener
Down to the very shore—

With the rude strain swelling, sinking,
In the cadence of days gone by,
As the oar, from the water drinking,
Ripples the mirror'd sky.

Yet the soul hath life diviner,
Its past returns no more,
But in echoes that answer the minor
Of the boat-song from the shore.

And the ways of God are darkness,
His judgment waiteth long,
He breaks the heart of a woman
With a fisherman's careless song.

SPRING.

A passage in GERALD MASSEY's new poem, *Craigcrook Castle*.

THE breath of dawn brought God's good-morning kiss
To bud and leaf and flower, and human hearts
That like pond-lilies open heavenward eyes.
Sweet lilies of the valley, tremulous fair,
Peep through their curtains claspt with diamond dew
By faëry jewellers working while they slept :
The arch laburnum droops her budding gold
From emerald fingers, with such taking grace :
The fuchsia fires her fairy chandelry,
And flowering currant crimsons the green gloom :
The pansies, pretty little puritans,
Come peering up with merry elvish eyes :
At summer's call the lily is alight :
Wall-flowers in fragrance burn themselves away
With the sweet season on her precious pyre ;

Pure passionate aromas of the rose,
 And purple perfume of the hyacinth,
 Come like a colour through the golden day.
 A summer soul is in the limes; they stand
 Low murmuring honey'd things that wing forth bees;
 Their busy whisperings done, the plane-trees hush;
 But lo! a warm wind winnowing odour-rain
 Goes breathing by, and there they curtsey meek,
 Or toss their locks in frolic wantonness,
 While a great gust of joy runs shivering thro' them;
 All the leaves thrill and sparkle wild as wings.
 Voluptuously ripening in the sun,
 The meadows swell their bosom plump with life,
 To pasture-sauntering sheep, and ruminant kine;
 And kingcups spread their tiny laps to take
 The lavish largess shower'd down from heaven;
 And, garnering the warm gold, nod and laugh.
 The birds, low-crooning o'er their sweet spring tunes,
 Still touch them with a riper luxury:
 That blackbird with the wine of joy is mellow,
 And in his song keeps laughing, he's so jolly,
 To think how summer pulps the fruit for him.
 His apple-tree hath felt the ruddying breath
 Of May upon her yielding leafy lips,
 And broke in kisses trembling for delight;
 Look how her red heart blushes warm in white!
 Deep after deep the generous heart of Spring,
 So golden-full of glad days, flusht in bloom,
 Ripe with all sweetness.

THE COCKLE-SHELL.

A lively little poem, full of quiet humour, found in one of the American magazines.

I CAME from the greenwood, I came to the sea,
 But found on my table no cockle for me!
 There were bills from the butcher, and billets from girls,
 Things common as pebbles, and precious as pearls;
 There were volumes of poetry, volumes of prose—
 By fifty new poets, whom nobody knows;
 There were things fair to look at, and things sweet to smell,
 Engravings and nosegays—but devil a shell!

Now, my lady, I teased her, with many a prayer,
When she went to the ocean, to think of me there,
And to write me a letter at Sudbury Oaks—
A page full of gossip, and all the best jokes :
This, indeed, she denied me—but whisper'd, " Write me,
And then I will think of you, down by the sea."
" Oh, think of me everywhere, lady—farewell !
But to show that you think of me, send me a shell ! "

Then I went to the greenwood—I slept in the shade
Of the midsummer branches, that sang serenade :
There I breathed the fresh meadows—I drank the warm
vine,
I tasted the perfume that weeps from the pine,
And I lay by the brook-side, a listening the bee,
And was lull'd by the locust—but thought of the sea ;
I pick'd the green apples, by chance as they fell,
And I fed me with berries—but sighed for my shell.

Back and forth to the wood, with no song on my lips,
Back and forth to the city, to gaze on the ships—
To eye the tall vessels, and smell of the sea,
But scallop or cockle comes never to me !
I wander at daybreak, I sit late at night—
And I think many things, but have no heart to write ;
No heart, dear, to speak of, 'tis mute in its cell—
Could Apollo make music, deprived of his shell ?

LEOLINE.

By OWEN MEREDITH.

In the molten-golden moonlight,
In the deep grass warm and dry,
We watch'd the fire-fly rise and swim
In floating sparkles by.
All night the hearts of nightingales,
Song-steeping, slumbrous leaves,
Flow'd to us in the shadow there
Below the cottage-eaves.

We sang our songs together
Till the stars shook in the skies.
We spoke—we spoke of common things,
Yet the tears were in our eyes.
And my hand—I know it trembled
To each light warm touch of thine;
But we were friends, and only friends,
My sweet friend, Leoline!

How large the white moon look'd, dear!
There has not ever been,
Since those old nights, the same great light
In the moons which I have seen.
I often wonder, when I think,
If you have thought so too,
And the moonlight has grown dimmer, dear,
Than it used to be to you.

And sometimes, when the warm west wind
Comes faint across the sea,
It seems that you have breath'd on it,
So sweet it comes to me:
And sometimes, when the long light wanes
In one deep crimson line,
I muse, "and does she watch it too,
Far off, sweet Leoline?"

And often, leaning all day long
My head upon my hands,
My heart aches for the vanished time
In the far fair foreign lands:
Thinking sadly—"Is she happy?
Has she tears for those old hours?
And the cottage in the starlight?
And the songs among the flowers?"

One night we sat below the porch,
And out in that warm air,
A fire-fly, like a dying star,
Fell tangled in her hair;
But I kiss'd him lightly off again,
And he glitter'd up the vine,
And died into the darkness
For the love of Leoline!

Between two songs of Petrarch
I've a purple rose-leaf prest,
More sweet than common rose-leaves,
For it once lay in her breast.
When she gave me that her eyes were wet :
The rose was full of dew.
The rose is wither'd long ago !
The page is blister'd too.

There's a blue flower in my garden,
The bee loves more than all :
The bee and I, we love it both,
'Tho' it is frail and small.
She loved it too—long, long ago ;
Her love was less than mine.
Still we are friends, but only friends,
My lost love, Leoline!

THE IVY IN THE DUNGEON.

By CHARLES MACKAY.

THE ivy in a dungeon grew,
Unfed by rain, uncheer'd by dew ;
Its pallid leaflets only drank
Cave-moistures foul, and odours rank.

But through the dungeon-grating high
There fell a sunbeam from the sky ;
It slept upon the grateful floor,
In silent gladness evermore.

The ivy felt a tremor shoot
Through all its fibres to the root :
It felt the light, it saw the ray,
It strove to blossom into day.

It grew, it crept, it push'd, it clomb—
Long had the darkness been its home ;
But well it knew, though veil'd in night,
The goodness and the joy of light.

Its clinging roots grew deep and strong ;
Its stem expanded firm and long ;
And in the currents of the air
Its tender branches flourish'd fair.

It reach'd the beam—it thrill'd—it curl'd—
It bless'd the warmth that cheers the world !
It rose towards the dungeon bars—
It look'd upon the sun and stars.

It felt the life of bursting Spring,
It heard the happy skylark sing ;
It caught the breath of morns and eves,
And woo'd the swallow to its leaves.

By rains and dews, and sunshine fed,
Over the outer wall it spread ;
And in the day-beam, waving free,
It grew into a steadfast tree.

Upon that solitary place
Its verdure threw adorning grace :
The mating birds became its guests,
And sang its praises from their nests.

Wouldst know the moral of the rhyme ?
Behold the heavenly light, and climb—
To every dungeon comes a ray
Of God's interminable day.

SUMMER STORM.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

UNTREMULOUS in the river clear,
Toward the sky's image hangs the imaged bridge;
So still the air that I can hear
The slender clarion of the unseen midge;
Out of the stillness, with a gathering creep,
Like rising wind in leaves, which now decreases,
Now lulls, now swells, and all the while increases,
The huddling trample of a drove of sheep
Tilts the loose planks, and then as gradually ceases
In dust on the other side; life's emblem deep,
A confused noise between two silences,
Finding at last in dust precarious peace.

On the wide marsh the purple-blossom'd grasses
Soak up the sunshine; sleeps the brimming tide,
Save when the wedge-shaped wake in silence passes
Of some slow water-rat, whose sinuous glide
Wavers the long green sedge's shade from side to side;
But up the west, like a rock-shiver'd surge,
Climbs a great cloud edged with sun-whiten'd spray;
Huge whirls of foam boil toppling o'er its verge,
And falling still it seems, and yet it climbs away.

Suddenly all the sky is hid
As with the shutting of a lid,
One by one great drops are falling
Doubtful and slow,
Down the pane they are crookedly crawling,
And the wind breathes low;
Slowly the circles widen on the river,
Widen and mingle, one and all;
Here and there the slenderer flowers shiver,
Struck by an icy rain-drop's fall.

Now in the hills I hear the thunder mutter,
 The wind is murmuring in the west ;
 The mountain leaves first whiten and flutter,
 Then drop as a faithful rest :
 Up from the stream with sluggish flap
 Struggles the gull and floats away :
 Nearer and nearer rolls the thunder-clap,—
 We shall not see the sun go down to-day :
 Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
 And tramples the grass with terrified feet,
 The startled river turns headen and harsh,
 You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

Look ! look ! that vivid flash !
 And instantly follows the rattling thunder,
 As if some cloud-crag split asunder,
 Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash,
 On the earth, which crouches in silence under ;
 And now a solid gray wall of rain
 Shuts off the landscape mile by mile ;
 For a breath's space I see the blue wood again,
 And ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurl'd pile,
 That seem'd but now a league aloof,
 Bursts rattling o'er the sun-parch'd roof ;
 Against the windows the storm comes dashing,
 Through tatter'd foliage the hail tears crashing,
 The blue lightning flashes,
 The rapid hail clashes,
 The white waves are tumbling,
 And, in one baffled roar,
 Like the toothless sea mumbling
 A rock-bristled shore,
 The thunder is rumbling
 And crashing and crumbling,—
 Will silence return never more ?

Hush ! Still as death,
 The tempest holds his breath
 As from a sudden will ;
 The rain stops short, but from the eaves
 You see it drop, and hear it from the leaves,
 All is so bodingly still ;
 Again, now, now, again

Plashes the rain in heavy gout,
The crinkled lightning
Seems ever brightening,
And loud and long
Again the thunder shouts
His battle song,—
One quivering flash,
One wildering crash,
Follow'd by silence dead and dull,
As if the cloud, let go,
Leapt bodily below
To whelm the earth in one mad overthrow,
And then a total lull.

Gone, gone so soon !
No more my half-crazed fancy there
Can shape a giant in the air,
No more I see his streaming hair,
The writhing portent of his form :—
The pale and quiet moon
Makes her calm forehead bare,
And the last fragments of the storm,
Like shatter'd rigging from a fight at sea,
Silent and few, are drifting over me.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Another beautiful passage from BYRON.

AN infant when it gazes on a light,
A child the moment when it drains the breast,
A devotee when soars the host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
Feel rapture ; but not such true joy are reaping
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
 All that it hath of life with us is living;
 So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
 And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving;
 All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd, and proved,
 Hush'd into depths beyond the watcher's diving;
 There lies the thing we love with all its errors
 And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

The lady watch'd her lover—and that hour
 Of love's, and night's, and ocean's solitude,
 O'erflow'd her soul with their united power;
 Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude
 She and her wave-worn love had made their bower,
 Where nought upon their passion could intrude,
 And all the stars that crowded the blue space
 Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
 And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
 To them but mockeries of the past alone,
 And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
 Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet as real
 Torture is theirs—what they inflict they feel.

A REVERIE.

Translated from HEINRICH HEINE.

CALM is the night, and the city is sleeping,—
 Once in this house dwelt a lady fair;
 Long, long, ago, she left it, weeping;
 But still the old house is standing there.

Yonder a man at the heavens is staring,
 Wringing his hands as in sorrowful case:
 He turns to the moonlight, his countenance baring—
 Oh, heaven! he shows me my own sad face!

Shadowy form, with my own agreeing,
Why mockest thou thus, in the moonlight cold,
The sorrows which here once vex'd my being,
Many a night in the days of old ?

THE LAND OF POESY.

By Miss E. L. MONTAGUE, now Mrs. T. K. HERVEY.

THERE is a land of glory and of song,
Whereon the Sun-god sheddeth gorgeous light ;
Therein all radiant forms—a wondrous throng—
Together walk in beauty and in might,
There wind afar sweet valleys of delight,
And in mid-heaven the waneless moon doth glow
Mid starry beams that beautify the night ;
And plummy boughs wave ever too and fro,
And waves o'er pearly sands make music as they flow.

All lovely plants of joyless bloom are there,
And some dew-fill'd, that droop the weary head
In listless sorrow, desolately fair ;
On every gale the rose-leaf, blushing red,
Sighs to the morn ; and pale-brow'd lilies shed
Their faint, sweet breath through all the inspired night ;
And ever-blooming amaranth doth o'erspread
Fair bowers whose bosoms know no cankering blight,
And heath-flowers, clustering wild, glow with empurpled
light.

Each glorious day the crimson sun doth set
Along the azure decks in power and pride ;
As with a glance, half joy and half regret,
He sinks behind some fine wood's sombre side,
And through the dark leaves pours the blushing tide,
Rich, eloquent, and warm,—like that which glows
Through the dark cheek of an Egyptian bride ;
Then o'er some clime less fair his radiance throws,
Or lights some far-off land of mountains and of snows.

In every hall high harps stand ever strung—
Strung to rich music, and with golden strings—
And silver lutes on storied walls are hung,
All changeful hours the tuneful time-bell rings :
From tower, to distant tower, wild murmuring clings
Each varied chord of soft Æolian lyre,
O'er which the south waves oft his dusky wings,
And high immortal hands that never tire,
With light awakening touch, o'ersweep the sounding wire.

No mortal ever from that bourne departs,
Yet many oft unto that land repair ;
Some with crush'd hopes, and some with riven hearts,
And most in anguish deep and fill'd with care ;
And some who on their lofty brows do bear
Great scorn of that false world they did forsake,—
Who hither come to battle with despair,
And with the gods their nectareous draughts partake,
And breathe the breath of fame, and die for glory's sake.

There came a sweet-voiced exile to that shore,
With whom the world did wage ungentle war ;
Yet in whose eye all forms a beauty wore,
Which suffering, falsehood, time, nor death could mar.
His shrinking soul was like an unknown star,
That, growing dim before some fiercer light,
With fitful ray shines beautiful and far,
And mid the fix'd planets, scarce less bright,
High in its heavenly sphere, trembles the live-long night.

And night was round him ; yet there came a dawn,
Before whose light the stars of heaven grow pale,—
A light of promise ;—night and gloom were gone,
And the broad sun its glory did unveil,
He felt his hope was great—his trust on high—
His love no longer weak, no longer frail,
And look'd on all things with a chasten'd eye,
And breathed his farewell words without a tear or sigh.

“ Mourn not for me, dear friend, when I shall sleep—
My heart no more to earthly hope is clinging ;
Even now I feel soft dews my slumber steep,
And meadow flowers above my grave are springing.

I hear the sound of angel voices singing,
 In a far land where grief hath never trod;
 And other hands than mine wild harps are ringing.
 'Tis but this clay which moulders 'neath the sod,
 My memory rests with thee—my spirit with my God!"

It died away—the music and the voice,
 (For in that clime each voice was music's flow,)
 And through the land his brethren did rejoice
 O'er one who now could feel nor joy nor woe,
 Nor hear their sighs, nor mark their tears o'erflow,
 And only long'd like him to sleep—to die,
 And over-head to feel the grave-flowers grow;
 Like him, beneath the earthy sod to lie,
 With a death-tranquil brow, and spirit-closed eye.

Such are the hearts that fondly beat for ever,
 With a true pulse, unheeded and unheard;
 Such is the voice that fills wood, rock, and river,
 With the meek anguish of its farewell word!
 Oh! they are lonelier than the desert bird,
 Though in a world of gorgeous beauty placed;
 Ere yet joy's phantom stream their breath has stirr'd,
 Time's drifting sands have fill'd the gulf, and chased
 Afar the unreal wave they vainly long'd to taste!

Brilliant.

MOONLIGHT.

I recal
 My thoughts, and bid you look upon the night:
 As water does a sponge, so the moonlight
 Fills the void, hollow, universal air.
 What see you?—Unpavilion'd heaven is fair,
 Whether the moon, into her chamber gone,
 Leaves midnight to the golden stars, or wan
 Climbs with diminish'd beams the azure steep;
 Or whether clouds sail o'er the inverse deep,
 Piloted by the many-wandering blast,
 And the rare stars rush through them, dim and fast.
 All this is beautiful in every land.

SHELLEY.

CONTENTMENT.

In vain do men

The heaven of their fortune's fault accuse ;
 Sith they know best what is the best for them :
 For they to each such fortune do diffuse
 As they do know each can most aptly use.
 For not that, which men covet most, is best ;
 Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse ;
 But fittest is, that all contented rest
 With that they hold ; each hath his fortune in his br

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
 That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor :
 For some, that hath abundance at his will,
 Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store ;
 And other, that hath little, asks no more,
 But in that little is both rich and wise ;
 For wisdom is most riches : fools therefore
 They are, which fortunes do by vows devise ;
 Sith each unto himself his life may fortunise.

SPENSER

AUTUMN.

The tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil,
 The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field,
 Show summer gone, ere come. The foxglove tall
 Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
 Or when it bends beneath the upspringing lark,
 Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose
 (In vain the darling of successful love)
 Stands like some boasted beauty of past years,
 The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.
 Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk
 By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
 That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,
 Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-me-not !

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